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CHRONICLES
OF A
PEDAGOGUE

By

Joseph Crittenden Templeton



Published July, 1948

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Acknowledgments

Bruce King Templeton, our son, who did a fine job of typing the story.

Bruce completed the twelve year public school course. He took an active interest in athletics, particularly rugby football his first two years in the Palo Alto High School, and made the first rugby team his junior and senior years in the Modesto High. He seemed to have inherited the artistic faculty, excelling in the art courses. In all the annual school art exhibitions of both the Palo Alto and Modesto High he was given the highest grades both for originality and execution. Had he continued with his art study his teachers felt that he would have succeeded as a high class illustrator or portrait painter.

Erle Stanley Gardner, who graduated from the Palo Alto High School during my tenure as principal. I never had a more loyal pupil during all my years as a pedagogue. He has made a most valuable contribution in volunteering to write the "Foreword" to my story.

Mrs. Wallace Thayer Perham, of Glendive, Montana. For several years she was a pupil of mine in the Miles City High School, and later attended the Montana Wesleyan University at Helena. She taught for several years at Salt Lake and later at Butte, Montana, married an architect, Mr. Wallace Thayer Perham, joined him in his profession, as architect and they built a line of modern high schools between St. Paul and Portland which have challenged the attention of school men of this country. On a visit to us a year ago I showed her a chapter of "The Chronicles of a Pedagogue." She insisted that it be published in book form.

Mrs. Margaret Templeton, my wife, who started me on this errand, and has "lent a hand" all through its progress. One day she said to me: "Pop, you ought to write out these stories and have them printed for the boys; otherwise they will forget, when you are no longer around."

So I got to work expecting to write "thumb nail" sketches, only. But the story grew beyond all my expectations. Many times I have been in the way about the house, shaping up the story, but she has never complained; on the contrary, she has taken hold and critically read the entire manuscript, correcting improper punctuation and poor spelling.

Foreword

It has been almost forty years since I first met Joseph C. Templeton and his wife, Margaret.

Circumstances had cast me in the role of a revolutionist. In the small mining town of Oroville, where I started in high school, I had encountered instructors who, as I look back on it, were the original forerunners of what was to be subsequently recognized as "the stuffed shirt." In the light of the enormous strides that have been made in our educational system since then, it is almost impossible to conceive of the egotistical bigotry which wrapped itself about the rural high school principal of those days.

We had some pretty good women teachers, but there was a popular belief that the head of the high school should be a man, in order to "enforce discipline." I didn't get along well with this type of discipline.

My father knew that part of the fault was mine. He didn't know how much. Being a man who had traveled extensively throughout this country, who had learned to judge human nature with a shrewdly accurate appraisal, he interviewed the high school principals and knew that the fault wasn't *all* mine.

Then one day he came to me and said, "Erle, you're always in trouble at school. When I try to get at the bottom of it you put up such a good talk that I think the bulk of the fault lies with the teachers. I don't know, and I haven't time to investigate, but I do know one way of finding out. I have inquired around among representative businessmen, asking if there is one outstanding high school principal in the state. Several people have told me about Mr. J. C. Templeton, who is now at Palo Alto. I am going to send you to Palò Alto. If you have any trouble there, I'll know mighty well where the responsibility lies. Now get your things packed and get started."

I arrived in Palo Alto, as I remember it, in 1908. I met Mr. Templeton and made arrangements to board and room in his home.

As Alva Johnston, the noted biographer, stated in the SATURDAY EVENING POST; "*Besides several hundred pupils, the principal had eight children of his own, and one extra boy meant no more to him than one extra grain of*

dust to a vacuum cleaner."

The following year was probably the most important of my life. I experienced for the first time contact with a loyal, efficient faculty, and looking back on it I can realize how sorely I tried the patience of that faculty. I had unbounded energy, and my previous contacts with those "stuffed shirts" had resulted in my learning to resent all discipline as being an arbitrary infringement of my right to live my own life. That much they had taught me. They had been intellectually incapable of teaching me anything else—but that one lesson had been pretty thoroughly ingrained into my make-up.

I quote once more from Alva Johnston in the SATURDAY EVENING POST "*Templeton correctly diagnosed Erle's trouble as excess energy, and he harnessed the boy to a schedule that consumed his energy to the last candlepower. Erle got up early, read Blackstone for two or three hours before breakfast, made school on the run, and left it on the run for a law office, where he typed legal papers until 9:30 p. m., after which he did his homework.*"

By the time I graduated from high school, I was too impatient to get at grips with the world, to take a prelegal course in college, followed by the conventional law school education. I thought I could study law faster under the tutelage of some established lawyer. It is for that reason that these days whenever I autograph a book to J. C. Templeton, I inscribe it, "To my Alma Mater."

It is in one way a small thing, and yet in another way it isn't so small. J. C. Templeton's understanding of human nature, his patience, his tact, and his ability to command respect changed my entire life.

I have a considerable capacity for work, a large amount of energy, and if the channels through which that energy had started to express itself prior to 1908 had remained unchanged, my career would have been entirely different, not only as far as I am concerned, but as far as society is concerned.

It was when I was living at the Templeton home that I became, somewhat ex-officio, a member of the Templeton family. It was a very remarkable family, and, as events have subsequently proved, the Templetons had a way with them that did much to shape the careers of their children.

Virtually every one of these boys has made an outstanding mark for himself in the world.

They are not beetle-browed, anemic intellectuals, but big, lusty red-blooded businessmen who have achieved a relatively large amount of worldly goods and earned the respect of their associates and competitors.

And looking back on it, I can realize to what a large extent this was due to the quiet personality of Margaret Templeton.

This lusty young family was destined to make its mark first in the field of athletics, and then in the field of business. The boys were young huskies with hollow bones, who demanded food and more food. The salary of an educator in those days was hardly adequate to raise such a family.

Mrs. Templeton managed the household so that there was plenty of good, nourishing food, a homelike atmosphere, and an uncomplaining cooperation which unquestionably gave J. C. Templeton the opportunity to exercise his talents as an educator to the best advantage.

I never heard the slightest hint of inharmony in that household. The amount of work done by Mrs. Templeton was prodigious—cooking, washing, sewing, shopping, housekeeping and all the rest that went with it in the days before electric washing machines, vacuum cleaners or electric refrigerators. I don't think Margaret Templeton ever prepared a meal that wasn't appetizing, and I don't think there was ever a scrap of nourishing food that got as far as the garbage can.

There were plenty of amusing instances. I wouldn't want my reader to think that these boys were little Lord Fauntleroy's. There were plenty of occasions when they felt that they knew more than their parents, and out of a thousand tries a couple of occasions when results seemed to indicate there just might be some ground for their assurance.

I remember when young Joe Templeton, who subsequently became nationally known as a genius at merchandising, developed a constitutional inability to meet the strict standards of academic scholarship which his father believed would enable him to get some good out of a college education.

Because Joe was a little dull at arithmetic, his father

decided to educate him in the practical field of finance by an experiment which had to do with a manipulation of Joe's weekly allowance—putting it into an algebraic complication that would give young Joe a stern education of the manner in which arithmetic might be valuable in his future life.

Young Joe didn't know much about arithmetic in textbooks, but when it came to business manipulation he seemed to have a unique intuitive genius.

Young Joe told me about how his father's economic experiment had backfired, and since the father's side of the experiment became suddenly shrouded with an impenetrable silence, I gathered that Joe had perhaps demonstrated an innate business acumen which caused his father to believe the boy would not be a total loss, after all.

In any event, shortly afterwards, Mr. Templeton decided that his son had better embark upon a business career. Young Joe was sent to Seattle to serve an apprenticeship with a family friend who owned a harberdashery store. I can still remember that look on Mr. Templeton's face when the first report came back. The store had been stuck with some neckwear that had been purchased to sell at a dollar. It had been reduced to seventy-five cents and then to fifty cents, and still it wouldn't sell. The card read, "A BARGAIN. WAS \$1.00.—REDUCED TO 75c. NOW 50c."

Joe put the whole stock on the display counter with a sign that said simply, "\$1.48 WHILE THEY LAST."

The entire stock sold out in three days.

That, of course, is elemental merchandising now. Forty years ago, it wasn't, and young Joe, without any previous experience, had simply worked it out for himself.

There were moments of hilarity in the Templeton family, despite the fact that everyone kept pretty busy. I remember the time young Joe and I went duck hunting out on the tide flats at the upper end of the bay. We had no particular equipment except shotguns and shells and train fare to the nearest station.

Mr. Templeton didn't think much of our chances of success. However, he was mindful of the high cost of living, and by way of reward, he offered us twenty-five cents for each large duck we returned home to the family table, and twelve and a half cents for each small duck which could be

brought to bag.

It turned out to be a hot, windless day, exactly the opposite of what ducks wanted. Nevertheless, by dint of miles of walking and carefully stalking, we managed to bag three small ducks.

But there had been heavy hunting the day before, and the ducks were wild, highflying, and scarce. Along toward the afternoon, thoroughly wearied, I espied a small, dark object which looked very much like a dead Mallard drifting down one of the canals caused by the washing tide.

"Joe," I said, "what do you suppose that is?"

Joe took a long look, then moved over to take a rail from a fence. He said, "If I can spear him with the nail in this fence rail, and his eyes ain't too badly sunken, that's twenty-five cents that you see drifting down the channel."

It was.

The eyes were pretty badly sunken, but we decapitated him to remove that much of the evidence. Joe insisted his father had made no stipulations as to the time elapsing between the kill and the plate. A large duck was twenty-five cents. Therefore, my conscience didn't need to bother me, because as Joe so aptly pointed out, his dad had an education and if he had intended the reward to apply only to the ducks *we* killed, he would unquestionably have made that a proviso of the bargain. He also pointed out that what his dad didn't know wouldn't spoil his appetite.

So we collected the two bits, and somehow or other the word got around that the boys had better concentraate on the small ducks—what there were of them. The elder Templeton ate the big duck with great relish. There was, he concluded, nothing in the world like wild duck as a table delicacy. And he was particularly edified to note that out of deference to his position as paterfamilias the boys had taken it for granted he was entitled to the largest duck. He felt at peace with the world.

Mr. Templeton said grace at every meal. He had a great deal for which to thank the Deity, and he certainly didn't want Heaven to feel that he was ungrateful. With that mastery of the English language which characterized his every schoolroom utterance, he returned *complete* thanks for the food.

The boys, brought up in a religious atmosphere, fully

appreciated the necessity of saying grace, but as ravenously hungry young animals, realizing that they were living in a keenly competitive family, they recognized the necessity of not being left at the gate when time came to start eating.

Therefore, when it appeared the grace was drawing to a close, eyes would surreptitiously open and hands would tighten in a purposeful grip on the eating utensils. At the exact second of the final "amen," the simultaneous clatter of forks as they speared through the meat and against the platter sounded like a burst of hail on a tin roof.

And there were humorous stories whispered cautiously among the boys about things that happened during the saying of grace. I well remember one of the boys telling me about the time David Starr Jordan honored the family by accepting an invitation to dinner.

Mr. Templeton returned thanks in the usual terms, then after he had covered the usual ground, felt there should be some special tribute for the friendship of life and for the distinguished company. Momentarily pausing in the established ritual to find words with which to clothe his thoughts, he ceased speaking for a couple of seconds.

The family, knowing that these pauses occasionally took place, held themselves in a state of suppressed tension waiting for the "amen" which would signal their onslaught on the food.

David Starr Jordan, perhaps somewhat inattentive, due to preoccupation, noticed that his host had ceased speaking, took a slice of bread from the platter and started to butter it.

Then, as Mr. Templeton's continuing voice and bowed head made the distinguished guest realize his mistake, he sat there for an appreciable interval of acute embarrassment, holding the bread in his left hand, the knife in his right. Then moving very slowly so that no one would hear the motion, he gently replaced the bread on the platter, his knife on the tablecloth, and bowing his head with suitable reverence, listened to the final chapter.

I had no way of knowing it at the time, but more than a decade later I was destined to become associated with young Joe in a sales agency, and my experience with him at that time represents one of the most interesting associations of my life.

I think in many ways young Joe is typical of what the father and mother did for their children. They are the sort of citizens one can truthfully describe as being the backbone of a country.

Despite his ability as a salesman, Joe is never loquacious. His words, however, pack an enormous emphasis.

I remember one occasion when Joe had been East on a selling trip and returned to San Francisco at a time when the city was in the throes of a strike.

In those days, whenever there was a strike, the company promptly proceeded to employ strikebreakers. The strikebreakers tried to break the strike, and the striking workmen tried to break the strikebreakers. The public quite largely and prudently failed to patronize the streetcars. Joe had no way of knowing he had walked into the middle of a strike. He got off the San Francisco ferry, walked out to the circular loop in front of the Ferry Building, picked the car he wanted and climbed aboard.

That was before the days of the "Pay As You Enter" system.

Joe was the only passenger on the car. He was seated near the rear exit. The conductor came to collect his fare, and Joe found that the smallest he had in his pocket was a twenty dollar bill.

That, it seemed, was one of the ways in which the strikers were taunting the strikebreakers. They'd board cars in large numbers, each one presenting a twenty dollar bill and demanding change. The strikebreaking conductor made a disparaging remark and threatened to forcibly eject Joe from the car forthwith.

Joe is exceedingly deceptive in physical build. Of medium height, he apparently weighs only around a hundred and fifty pounds. Actually, he is built like the Rock of Gibraltar.

The strikebreaker gave Joe the bum's rush to the rear platform and then tried to catapult him bodily from the moving car.

Joe thought things were going too far and too fast.

He anchored himself. The strikebreaker got excited, drew a gun and charged, swinging at Joe's head with the barrel of the revolver.

The next thing the conductor knew, he was sailing through the air with the greatest of ease, gun and all.

There were no other passengers on the car.

Joe, moving with that slow deliberation which is so characteristic of his heavy-footed progress in moments of tension, walked the length of the car, opened the door and tapped the motorman on the shoulder.

The startled motorman looked up. Joe said, "I just had an argument with your conductor. He drew a gun and I threw him off. Do you want to make something of it, or are you going to let me off at Haight Street?"

The motorman sized Joe up and opined he'd let him off at Haight Street.

Joe finished the trip without incident.

I cite it at this time merely because it is typically Templeton. The boys were all athletic, all slow to anger, but when they start something they never back up. It was part of the training they received at home, part of the heritage passed on to them by two parents who represent the cream of America.

These biographical notes of J. C. Templeton are perhaps even more significant than he realizes. If this country could but get back to the *family* life of a generation ago, we wouldn't need quite so much paternalism in government. These boys were trained to work and learned to feel that without work there was nothing.

Throughout the pages that follow, J. C. Templeton has faithfully tried to minimize the part he played in making the schools he supervised outstanding examples of educational efficiency. But in between the lines, there stands a record of achievement which drives home the point he is too modest to make—that he is one of the most outstanding educational executives in the country. This was the testimony of David Starr Jordan in a letter to the Carson City Board of Education in 1906, then president of Stanford University.

Looking back on my high school days, I can remember the loyal devotion of his faculty there in Palo Alto, the coordinated skill with which the whole school was made to function as a unit.

Many of these teachers have passed on now, Mrs. Hor-

ine with her wealth of understanding, her shrewd knowledge of human nature; George E. Mercer with his patience, his loyalty, a heart so big that he simply couldn't comprehend the petty; Rebecca Greene with her selfless efficiency; Maude Stevens with her ability to inspire enthusiasm in her students.

Faculties such as these don't simply happen. They represent an over-all guiding spirit who must be an infallible judge of character, who has the ability to take men and women and weld them into a composite whole. This takes a specialized knowledge of every phase of the field, plus a deep understanding. A man who can command such loyalty must first be able to inspire respect. And the deep respect of one's day-to-day business associates is a tribute to the soul and mind which but few people are able to inspire.

And so I salute one of the most earnest, able, conscientious men I have ever known—J. C. Templeton, my Alma Mater, and Margaret Templeton, a woman in a million. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the things these people have done for me.

(Signed) ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Temecula, California
1947

A THUMB NAIL SKETCH

For five years (from 18 years of age) my program was to teach a district school "for the public money" in the fall, study to keep ahead of the class, then attend a high school or academy in the spring; return home the latter part of May to help with the crops until September, when I began with some school—always a different one for "better pay."

My first five years of teaching were spent in Kentucky. I taught each school five and a half months a year. Then I taught a year at Nichols, Iowa, as principal of the village school. I had the four higher grades and sister Alice, the primary grades. At the end of the year I moved to Maquon, Illinois, and for a year taught the Rambo School, a very delightful country school, from which emerged two brilliant Rambo girls: Amanda and Jessie. From Maquon (my home at McKenney's) I was called to Miles, Iowa, a typical country town of seven hundred, for the principalship of their two-room school. Miss Lottie Heberling, a meticulous young lady and an excellent teacher, had the primary department. At the close of the school in May, 1884, the board offered me an increase of \$20 a month to continue the next year; but, having saved enough money to pay for two years tuition at National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio, a thing I had been working toward for several years, I declined the offer and entered the Normal for the summer term, preparatory to taking the scientific course the following year. Graduating after forty weeks of the most intensive study I have ever done, with the degree of "B. S.," I accepted an offer from Prof. Ruric N. Roark, then president of Glasgow Normal School, Ky., at \$60 a month plus some possible bonuses, for twelve months. Then I found no relaxation in the intensity of my school work. In addition to six hours daily of class work, I met three debating sections a week, served as superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School, sang in the choir, attended faculty meetings every Monday night, taking with me a flock of the lady members of the faculty who lived on my side of town. I divided Sunday afternoons between reading Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Lowell, etc. (usually with Miss Irene Watson, a faculty member) and writing long letters to my "girl friend" (fiance) back in Bridgeport, Ohio.

It was entirely too strenuous to keep up indefinitely; so, I decided I could save time and conserve energy if I should bring my girl to Glasgow and stop surmises of "Madam Grundy" as to which lady of the faculty would become "Mrs. Templeton." For several months we worked jointly on that proposition and finally set the date for the "event" the seventeenth of August, 1886.

For some months there was an epidemic of whooping cough, but that didn't bother me. I was immune; had it when a kid. However, two months before the appointed "event," I was seized with a bad cough, and soon began to whoop, choke up, and turn black in the face—even in class. Then I began to worry lest I should be attacked with one of those fits when on the carpet and be unable to answer: "I do." But I had to take chances. I had no sooner crossed the Ohio River than every symptom of whooping cough faded and never reappeared—a sure cure for whooping cough!

A week later the "knot" was tied by Rev. Walter Hayes, a bachelor, and a Presbyterian preacher. He "threw the Diamond Hitch," I think, for it has held the "pack" over all the mountain trails and roads so far traveled. So, the "pack" has been riding sixty-one years this August 17, 1947. Now I fancy it is safe to ride until we get to "camp" and our "Guide" unties and "lifts it off."

J. C. TEMPLETON

September 24, 1947.

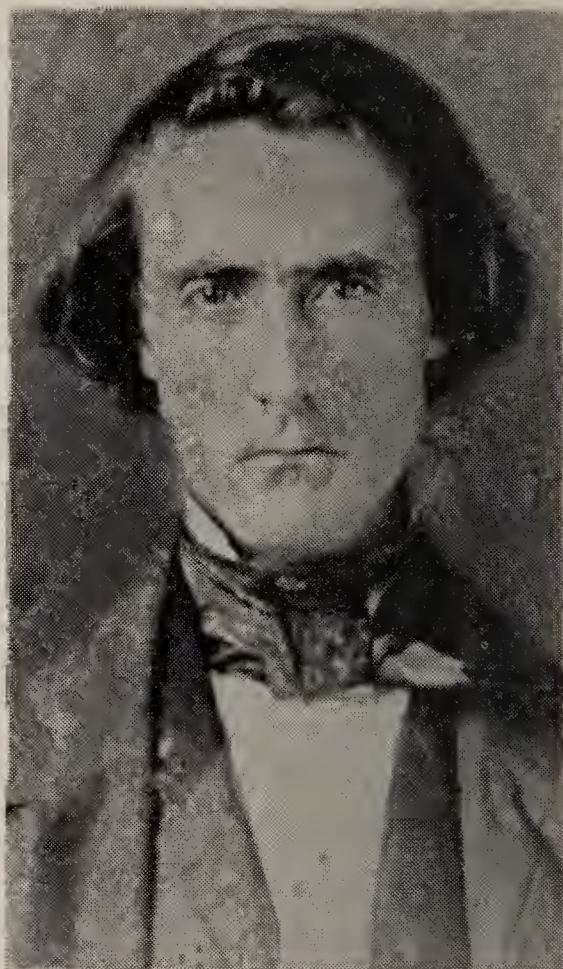
Chapter I

CHRONOLOGICAL—GROWING UP

I was born May 6, 1858, in a one-room cabin two miles from Alanthus Grove, Gentry County, Missouri. The family moved to town the following fall. Father was in the mercantile business in Alanthus Grove. After the birth of my youngest sister, Mother's health failed, and on May 13, 1863, the family left Missouri and moved to Greenville, Muhlenburg County, Kentucky, where her family, the Crittendens, with twenty slaves, had located before the war. The following year Father bought a farm (157 acres)



Mary Crittenden Templeton
Mother



John Wesley Templeton
Father

seven miles from Greenville, on the Russellville Highway. This was the family home until 1887, when Father sold it and he and Mother moved to Logan County, Kentucky, and made their home with my sister, Blanche, and her husband, Morton Rogers.

I attended the country school, a one-room log school house, a mile from our home, during the winter and late

fall months (after the crops were harvested) until I was fifteen. Supplementing my school work, when fourteen, I joined a country debating society composed of professional and business men. I took an active interest in fortnightly debates for the next two years. I was the "kid" dressed in a roundabout coat made by Mother. The coat was made of jeans woven by Aunt Becky Yonts, of wool which I sheared from our flock of sheep. To keep my place in the debating society, I read all the history I could get, and burnt the midnight oil in preparation. Not being able to understand English grammar and "parsing," I committed Butler's English Grammar to memory (questions and answers) without ever knowing what it was all about. Colton and Fitts Geography was committed in the same way and with the same results. I never got through fractions in arithmetic (too complicated) until I was sixteen, when I went to Logan County and attended another school under "Bev" Hutchinson, a typical country schoolmaster. After five months in that school, in January, 1874, I returned home to plant the crops, repair fences, boss the "cropper," finish arithmetic, grammar, geography, U. S. history, etc., by the "midnight oil" after a full day's work on the farm, preparatory to taking a county teacher's examination the following August.

Passing the teacher's examination under Charley Short, deputy county superintendent of schools, the next thing was to find a school. Application was made to a number of school boards, but I was considered too young to govern the big boys and I got no contract. I was seventeen. After the crops were harvested, I attended a country school five miles from home—taught by Joe Richardson, county superintendent of schools, a one arm, ex-Confederate soldier. After his right arm had been shot off at Shiloh, he entered the teaching profession.

Although I "pitched a larger crop of fuzz" on my face in 1876, I could not raise a beard, and still looked discouragingly young; but, I set out in earnest to find a school for the fall and winter. After many failures, I secured the five and a half months school in Myers' Chapel District, for "the public money and my board around among the scholars"—two weeks at a place during school session. I made my own blackboard and bought the chalk. The "Lit-

tle Red School House" was built of logs, and the student body numbered forty-five, aged from six to twenty. The principal equipment was a sheaf of hickory switches which stood in a sacred corner, and which were replaced quite often. When the school was "out," I was in doubt as to whether it was a success or failure, but when a petition was handed to me the following summer to teach the school the next year at an increase in salary, subscribed by parents whose big boys I had "licked," I decided that it was a success. However, I turned the petition over to a friend, married, who was unable to move into another county; then, I applied in Logan County, where I had attended school two years before. I was elected. This meant another county examination. It was oral and given me by "Old Doctor" Evans, a Baptist divine, with a "D. D." degree and a "stove-pipe" hat. I was asked to locate "Terra del Fuego" and tell what I knew about the "zoophytes." He gave me a first class, second grade certificate.

From this time on for several years, my program was teaching some country school in the fall and winter (5½ months), then attending the Greenville High School or Elkton Academy the next two spring sessions, returning to the farm in June to help with the crops. In March, 1881, I left the Elkton Academy to take the principalship of the Nichols (Iowa) public school—a village school of two rooms. My sister Alice was in charge of the primary room. After a year there, I went to Knox County, Illinois, and taught the Rambo School near Maquon, for a year and a quarter at an increase in salary to \$40 a month. The next year I was called to Miles, Iowa, to take the principalship of the public school at \$55 per month for nine months. During part of the summer of '82, I canvassed as a book agent in Iowa. I clerked a month in the store of Davis and McKenney in Maquon—making my home at McKenney's. After school was out in May, 1883, I made my first trip home for more than two years; and did I get a welcome from Ma and Pa! I visited my uncle, Dr. Crittenden, and family in Nashville, Tennessee, and met Ruric Roark and bride at the Louisville Exposition.

The year of 1883-84 was a success at Miles, an attractive village of seven hundred, composed largely of farmers who had rented their farms and moved into town to

enjoy church and school advantages.

When the Miles school was out (May, 1884), Mr. Kimball, the trustee of the district, asked me to take it again the next year at \$75 per month—a raise of \$20. But, by this time, I had saved enough to pay my tuition for two years and board for one year at the National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio. (Since leaving home I had sent my folks money as they needed it and as I could spare it).

I entered the Normal the last of May for the short term (8 weeks), 1884, and studied the entire summer. I taught a class in botany (*gratis*) for a time. The following September I registered for the scientific course which I completed in five terms (forty eight weeks) and received the degree of "B. S." The last two terms I earned my board as solicitor and collector for a high class boarding house: \$2 per week—the best in town!

Professor R. N. Roark, the most outstanding professor in Lebanon Normal, had accepted the presidency of the normal school at Glasgow, Kentucky, and several of the other professors had accepted positions with him. He offered me a place on the faculty at a good salary (then \$60 a month—twelve months later increased to \$75). I accepted. I was in charge of mathematics and debating at Glasgow Normal until January, 1888, when the superintendency of the city schools of Miles City, Montana, was offered me at a material increase in salary and a much larger field of activity. Professor Roark, president, very generously accepted my resignation, with the remark that such offers were not to be had every day, and if I would help him find my successor he would let me go. I found a successor, L. A. Ostien, in a short time. He was accepted and took over the following week.

Chapter II

CHRONOLOGICAL—OUT WEST

When I reached Miles City, then the metropolis of Eastern Montana and the center of the cattle industry (population about four thousand), I found that I was to be both the city superintendent and principal of the high school. For the remainder of that year there were many problems to be worked out: curriculum, policy, management, etc. By the beginning of the next year, 1888-89, everything had been "ironed out," and for the next two years the schools made satisfactory progress. I signed a contract for the year 1890-91. This was the year that Montana Wesleyan University opened and President F. P. Tower offered me the position of vice president and head of mathematics—at an increase in salary and freedom from political meddlers. I declined it, explaining that I had already contracted with the Miles City Board. The University Board then took action, wired me an urgent call, with the suggestion that my board would have time to secure my successor. I referred the matter to my board and was released by a majority vote, on condition that I would find my successor for the Miles City superintendency. I did. The same man who took my place in the Glasgow Normal accepted the superintendency of Miles City schools.

For eight years I was under a heavy load of teaching and administrative work at Montana Wesleyan University, particularly during the years from '93 to '98.

The school grew nicely until the financial crash in 1893, when the board sent President Tower East to raise money for the school, and the administration fell on me—assisted by an able member of the faculty, Mrs. Mary S. Cummins, a fine scholar and teacher. (For some years she served as the state president of the W. C. T. U.). By 1898 we had weathered the financial crisis and the school was in fine condition.

My health had become strained to the limit—I sorely needed a change of occupation and climate. We had done our work and it was time to pass to another field. So we resigned, with the recommendation that the board appoint a president and provide laboratories with adequate equipment for high grade scientific work. The resignations were

laid over for a month, with the request that we reconsider. But our resignation was finally accepted; so, the Templeton family emigrated to Palo Alto, California.

I registered in Stanford University for a year of graduate work in English and education. At the close of the year I received the degree of "A. B." in English, and the State credential for high school work and supervision.

Through the recommendation of the Stanford faculty (personal letters to the board), I was appointed city superintendent and principal of the high school at Santa Ana, California, in June, 1899.

After seven years of successful work in charge of the Santa Ana schools, I resigned, attended the summer school at Berkeley, accepted the principalship of the city schools of Carson City, Nevada, and, before the close of the year in June, the board offered me an increase in salary of \$1,000 to continue with the school the next year. (Total salary \$3,000).

Meanwhile, the board at Palo Alto offered me the city superintendency of the elementary schools and the principalship of the high school, which I accepted. I continued in that office for the next eight years, and signed a contract for the ninth year. The board of education at Modesto offered me the same kind of a position. Reluctantly, I considered it, and reluctantly the Palo Alto board accepted my resignation.

Modesto offered a material increase in salary and a larger field for the superintendency. I had been assured that there were no "politics" in the Modesto school system! Before the end of the first year I was told by a new member of the Modesto school board that my office was a political office, pure and simple. "It should not be so," he said, "but it is, and you should know it." At the end of the second year, I resigned.

Without applying, I was appointed principal of the Pacific Grove High School at an advance in the salary they had been paying. But I declined the position. The district was too small to promise much growth in the school.

Later, I accepted the principalship of the Downey Union High School, Downey, California. My second year I became district superintendent. After six years of work

I accepted the principalship of the Hughson Union High School.

While the Hughson school was smaller than any other I had served as head, it was located near my ranch which demanded my supervision. I could drive to it in thirty minutes. With the exception of the Carson City and Palo Alto schools, I later found the Hughson schools to be the easiest governed and in many ways the most pleasant I have ever supervised.

Fifty two years after I had taught my first school at the age of eighteen, I retired.

For the past four years, I have been connected with insurance companies: life, accident and health, automobile, and fire insurance; plus looking after the ranch. Although never a high-pressure salesman, I underwrote my share of business and supplemented my income by some hundreds of dollars.

Chapter III

CHRONOLOGICAL—REMINISCENCES

Having sketched a chronological account of my "days and years" to date, I understand that the account should be interspersed with divers and sundry episodes, adventures, and highlights to illumine the dead level of the daily routine. The succession of jobs according to the calendar, makes dull reading, but with an ordinary individual, the days filled with "humdrum," the writer should not expect to provide anything more than dull reading. No "best seller" is possible.

Naturally, along with the routine of a superintendent of schools, principal of high schools, normal school teacher or college professor and executive, he occasionally goes off on a tangent and for a few brief hours, challenges the attention of the public in various ways; though it may be in a small and rather obscure way. So, tracing back and beginning with my life in Miles City, I will sketch a few things I did which provoked the praise of my peers.

Before the end of the first year at Miles City, I was elected secretary-treasurer of the State Teachers' Association. From that time on, for the next ten years, I was never out of some office and membership on one or more committees. My last year in Montana I served as president of the State Teachers' Association (1897). Every year I was called upon to write one or more papers for the annual meetings. Most of them now sleep in my "barrel." They are on educational topics for institutes, state conventions, etc. As a licensed institute instructor in Montana I conducted county institutes at \$100 for five days, plus entertainment and car fare.

In 1892 the Prohibition Party sent me as a delegate to the National Convention in Cincinnati, when General Bidwell of Chico, California, was nominated for President. We had four delegates. I served on the platform committee and seconded the nomination of General Bidwell. The Cincinnati Enquirer had quite a spiel about my speech, referring to it as made by the "eloquent young professor of mathematics of Montana Wesleyan University." On my return home I met Miss Frances Willard on the train. She congratulated me on my seconding speech, quoting part of it,

much to my surprise and pleasure. She was a wonderful woman.

That fall I was nominated for Congress by my party—against my protest. Although I ran “away ahead of my ticket,” there was little likelihood of election on the Prohibition ticket. I had no time for campaigning.

During my first fifteen years in California, I scarcely ever escaped office in the State Teachers’ Association. One year I was president of the high school teachers’ association. The high school principals regarded me as the leader in organizing the California Interscholastic Federation (C.I.F.) which, now for thirty years, has controlled high school athletics. I wrote the constitution thirty years ago. It has been amended but little since 1913, to meet new conditions.

In Nevada, the Governor appointed me to the State Board of Education. The State Teachers’ Association elected me vice-president and chairman of the legislative committee. As such I served as lobbyist in the Legislature in getting the school law revised and vital new acts passed. Editorials came out in practically all the papers in the State commending the action of the legislature in revising the school law, particularly the section providing for the quadrennial adoption of text books—uniform for all schools in the State, in the interest of family economy. Four years later the Free Text Book law was passed.

But after all, the most worthwhile piece of work I ever did was on August 17, 1886, when I married Miss Margaret D. Enlow, a Normal University classmate. The raising of a family of eight children (seven sons and one daughter), the joint enterprise of the contracting parties, I consider the outstanding achievement in the lives of these two people.

J. C. TEMPLETON

Hughson, Cal., January 15, 1946.

Chapter IV

FOREBEARS—TEMPLETON-CRITTENDEN



The J. C. Templeton Family in Santa Ana, California, 1904.
Eight Children—Seven Boys, One Girl

Back Row Standing, from left to right: Ruric Ruskin, Joseph Tower, Eugene Crittenden, John Wesley. Front Row, sitting: Jos. Crittenden, Knight Claywell, Sarah Alice, Margaret Enlow. In Front: Robert Lyman "(Dink)"—Bruce King.

In July, 1893, while I was a member of the Montana Wesleyan University faculty, an agent from Chicago called on me. He represented the "Yaggy Physiological Chart Company for Schools and Colleges" and introduced himself as "J. W. Templeton." He had just returned from Scotland from a research into the "Templeton Clan." As far back as he could trace the family was 1066 A. D.

A soldier of fortune came over from Normandy with William The Conqueror; fought with him through the CONQUEST. As a reward for his bravery and loyalty, William gave him a grant of land 14 miles from Ayr, Scotland. His name was "*Templetown*." Templeton supposed that he was so named because he came from a town noted for its temples.

Templetown settled on this grant, married, raised a

family, and the estate passed on down through many Templeton generations, from father to eldest son, as shown by the army records for five hundred years. The “w” in the name weathered out, leaving it as it is now.

I took his story as authentic. Since I was planning to attend the World’s Fair in Chicago within a month, I accepted his invitation to visit him and take notes from his research; but, when I looked him up in the Chicago directory, I found thirty-five Templeton families listed—some with the same initials. These Templetons were engaged in business of many kinds; from that of partner of Marshall Field in his great establishment, to clerkships, trades, and professional pursuits; however, all seemed to be working and “on their own.” Since I had only a fortnight to see the Fair, buy a carload of furniture and supplies for the college, and keep a “weather eye” on the financial panic closing most of the country’s banks and wrecking business everywhere, I didn’t see J. W. Templeton then, and never since. But there is no question as to Scotland’s being the cradle of the clan.

This soldier of fortune, Templetown, evidently married a Scotch lassie and set the example for prolific families. As the generations grew up they developed “itching feet.” They emigrated to Wales (where our branch from North Carolina got a mixture of Scotch and Welch). Since Templetown emigrated from Northern France; England, Ireland, and America have all contributed to us.

This we know: The Templetons were pretty well scattered over the thirteen colonies prior to the Revolutionary War. Adam Templeton was perhaps the first to come to America. He was a wheelwright, and settled in Windham, New Hampshire, in 1715, having emigrated from Ulster County, Ireland.

Other branches of the Templetons settled in the South: Virginia, and North and South Carolina. The muster rolls of different colonies list many Templetons—from the French and Indian War down through the Revolution. In the army records of the Civil War we find that many of the name fought on both sides. Families split between the “Blue” and the “Gray.”

In the family records of Grandfather Templeton’s

family Bible, I found that he was born in 1778; and Ann Claywell, his wife, in 1777. John Templeton and Ann Claywell were married in 1798. According to the county records in Statesville, the county seat of Iredel County, I found that John Templeton bought a piece of land on "the north side of Rocky Creek, Iredel County, of John Cowdry, for seventy two pounds," and also of my grandfather's marriage the same year. He settled on a farm and brought up a large family. (There was another John Templeton who settled in Rowan County in 1727, paid fifty shillings for a hundred acres and got a year's time on three hundred acres. But he was of an older generation than my grandfather.) My grandfather some time later bought another farm a few miles from the original home. I remember this from a story Father used to tell us children. We were all "ears" when we could get him to tell it. Here is the story, as I recall it:

He and his father had gone to the "old place" for a load of shock fodder. As Johnnie stood alone under the eaves of the old log house, a flock of wild turkeys swooped over and lit before him. Instantly, he dashed out and grabbed for a big gobbler before it had time to spring for flight. Then the chase was on—up hill toward a rail fence, Johnny grabbing for the turkey's tail at every jump. They reached the fence at the top of the hill practically together, the gobbler tried to crowd through a crack of the fence. It was a fatal try for the gobbler. Johnnie was on him instantly; caught him by the legs and hauled him back. But the turkey was no small fry and threatened to break loose or fly away with the kid. Johnnie yelled; but when his dad saw the life or death fight the gobbler was making and the kid holding tight to the turkey's legs, it struck him as a comedy. He was so convulsed with laughter that he almost failed to join Johnnie in time to make good his catch. This adventure became a saga in both the Templeton and Crittenden families.

John Wesley Templeton, my father, was of slight build; five feet ten inches, and weighed 130 pounds. Although brought up on the farm with four older brothers; Lewis, Solomon, Peter, and Wiley, neither he nor any of the brothers became farmers. Lewis became a carpenter and contractor, Solomon a blacksmith, Peter a Methodist preach-

er, and John Wesley a merchant. None settled in North Carolina. The three surviving boys (except Wiley, who died at the age of twenty) and John Wesley who came later alone on horseback to Kentucky, and their four sisters crossed the Blue Ridge and located in the "Far West"—at that time Kentucky, Missouri, and Iowa. John Wesley was interested in books and business. He was the neighborhood foot racer, and contributed to the entertainment at "gatherings" by running the "sprints." He attended private schools in Statesville and Goldsboro and qualified as a teacher of the elementary schools. After teaching some months, he decided to go West and try his fortune in Kentucky, where several of the family had already located. So he packed his possessions in a pair of saddle-bags, mounted his horse and struck out over the Blue Ridge for the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

Among his first acquaintances in Kentucky was the Davis family in Butler County. Major Ben Davis was the progenitor of the rosy "Ben Davis" apple. John Wesley joined the Major's sons, Charles and Sam, and canvassed for "The Arithmetical Dictionary"—"sold only by subscription at \$2 per copy." He found one of the Davis daughters, Miss Martha, a young woman of beauty and charm, even more congenial than her brothers. The romance culminated in a happy marriage. A year later—tragedy! The young wife died in child birth and the babe went with her mother. Father was sorely stricken. The Davis sisters afterwards told me all about it. (His relationship to the Davis family, however, remained unchanged through life. There was always a warm welcome for him and his second family at their home. I spent many days there as I was growing up. It was a "red letter day" when Pa told me he was going to Grandma Davis'. This meant that I could ride behind him on old Dobbin. It was forty miles, bareback, in one day! I helped with many chores; as water carrier, cowboy in the evenings, etc.,—and liked it!)

Before his first wife's death, Father had served several months as a canvasser; then, decided to be a doctor. He entered Dr. Holland's office at Auburn, Kentucky, in preparation for later taking up studies in the profession. But, in a year or so he ran out of money; so, he accepted an offer to engage in the mercantile business at Winchester, Tennes-

see, with his cousin, Burgess Templeton. It was during this period that he lost his wife.

It chanced that the Rev. Thomas P. Crittenden was pastor of the Winchester circuit. He and Father had become intimate friends. The pastor invited the parishioner to be his guest on a vacation trip to the family home in Wilson County, Tennessee. The offer was accepted. Father enjoyed the hospitality of this Southern family—particularly the acquaintance of Miss Mary Frances. She was a young woman of about twenty-two, a sincere Christian gentle-woman, the brothers' "best loved" sister, distinguished both for her piety and her horsemanship. Up to the time of her conversion, the Crittenden home had been closed to preachers. But when she joined the church, her brother Tom followed her example, and became a prominent Methodist preacher. Most of the other members of the family followed him into the church. From that time on the "latch string" of the big Crittenden home hung out for the "circuit riders."

As might have been foreseen, in the course of a year or so, there was a wedding in the Crittenden family. John Wesley Templeton and Mary Frances Crittenden were "joined in the holy bonds of wedlock." Indeed, the knot was firmly tied—"for better or for worse." And there was plenty of both; but, the knot never slipped. "In sickness or in health, in adversity or prosperity"—no jangling note of jealousy or discord was ever heard between Father and Mother. Sorely afflicted by sickness, reduced by the Civil War from plenty to poverty, they bent under the load together and pulled with all their strength.

Chapter V

THE FAMILY MOVES TO KENTUCKY

In 1856 Father moved from Tennessee to Gentry County, Missouri, bought a piece of land on the prairie two miles from Alanthus Grove, and built a cabin. Under the clapboard roof, I was born on May 6, 1858—a “Puke!”

A few months later the Davis brothers, then book agents in Missouri, Uncle Peter Templeton, and Father pooled their capital and opened a general store at Alanthus Grove. They also acquired a blacksmith shop and a wagon shop. Father was manager of the business. He put his two brothers-in-law, Hill and Martin (husbands of Aunt Jemima and Aunt Sarah), in charge of these shops. He ran the store.

In 1863, Mother had a nervous breakdown. Alanthus Grove had no hospital or adequate medical service. Her mother, Grandmother Crittenden, a widow, and Mother's two brothers (then practicing physicians in Kentucky) advised that our family return to them where she could have better medical care. In order to bring this about, Uncle Dan (Dr. Daniel W. Crittenden) came from Kentucky to Alanthus Grove to assist with the move. It was a fine expression of brotherly love for his favorite sister and her family.

It was the thirteenth of May, 1863, that the family effects and the carriage for the passengers started for Saint Joe, fifty miles south—the nearest railroad station. It was my first big trip. Although only five, I remember some of the happenings vividly now.

We stopped for a basket lunch by a small steam fringed with willows. The lunch was finished and the passengers ready to start, but five-year-old Joe was nowhere in sight or hearing. The hunt was on for the lost boy. Uncle Dan found him and dressed him down with a willow wand. A week before, I had led a bunch of kids after a drove of turkeys and we had been told that those were the “chickens” that laid the pretty Easter eggs. We had never seen such birds before. Every time a gobbler would squat, we stopped dead still and watched for the egg. So it was at one of these moments a week later that a “ruffian”

grabbed me from behind. As I squirmed to see who had scared the bird while in the process of laying that wished-for egg, I caught a familiar glimpse of a savage face covered with a full crop of red whiskers; and, more to the point, I felt the sting of the willow. Uncle Dan was on the job!

As our train slowed up at the Hannibal station, Uncle Dan came down the aisle with frightful news: "Mary," he said, "there are seven hundred Indians at the station." For once I was scared as I had never been before. I was sure we would all be scalped. But no, we escaped! The seven hundred Indians (Sioux) were there all right; but—prisoners. Union soldiers were guarding them. In Minnesota they had gone on the war path, and this bunch was being taken to Indian Territory for their future home reservation. It was about that time that I began to wonder if the Indians would last long enough for me to get my quota of "scalps" when I got big enough to go West and shoot 'em down.

This ambition haunted me for years; until one December morning as I was stepping off the ties of the N. P. Railroad bridge across Tongue River at Miles City, Montana, I was startled by a giant buck Indian brushing past me noiselessly with a stride of four ties with less effort than I could step two. As he passed, facing straight ahead, with the typical Indian salutation: "Ugh"—my obsession began to fade out. A few months later I accepted the invitation of a cattleman and the loan of his pony to take a trip with him on the upper Tongue River and into the Cheyenne Reservation and spend several days as guest at the Indian Agency. There I met scarred heroes of Custer's tragic battle: old "Red Cherries," "Rain-in-the-Face," and others who had seemingly forgotten this glorious episode in Sioux history. After personally meeting these braves, the last vestige of this obsession faded like a dream.

From the hour we took the boat at Hannibal to the hour we reached South Carrollton, Kentucky (on Green River), I remember nothing until we were slowly mooring up to the wharf very early one morning. I was up and dressed and out on deck to see why the boat was going so slowly. The shore was only a step away. A couple of men were standing outside the guard with a big rope and were talking to a man on shore. Since we had stopped, as it seemed, the way to get to shore was to step off the deck

and wade. No sooner had the thought popped into my head than I ducked under the guard and was leaning forward to take the fatal step when a "ruffian" from behind grabbed me by the collar and yanked me back on deck. It was my bewhiskered Uncle Dan. Not having the customary willow, he made up for its absence by shaking my teeth almost out of their sockets. "Do you want to get drowned?" "Can you never learn to mind what you are told?" he said with an unction that stuck.

The barouche for the family and baggage wagon were waiting to take us to Grandma Crittenden's big brick house fourteen miles away. Tom Drew, a mulatto, one of Grandma's "niggers," drove the barouche. He had been freed by President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation only a few months before. But he and the rest of her twenty slaves chose to stay with "Good Ol' Missus," same as ever.

Grandma greeted us most affectionately. She was a small woman; lame, walked with a crutch, had a kindly face and wore a cap—something new to me. Martha, the colored maid, took us to our rooms and arranged our things as Tom Drew unloaded them. But I didn't stay in the room long. The big brick house set back from the Greenville and Russellville road a hundred yards. I had to see what was going on out in that yard. There I met Cousin Al Crittenden (my age) playing with Manda, Tom Drew's six year old daughter. I didn't like her at all; or the way she and Al were carrying on. A hound was baying something out in the corner of the orchard fence. Al listened. "I think Old Towser's got something treed," he said, and started on a run. I followed. Sure enough, Old Towser had a mother possum in a fence corner, and, protected by a dense patch of blackberry vines, she kept the dog at bay. Al drove Towser off, crawled through the vines, struck the possum with a club (killed her, I thought), and pulled her out by the tail.

"What kind of a varmint is it, Al?" I asked.

"It's a possum," he replied, "and she has a lot of little ones in her pocket."

That was the first possum I had ever seen. He turned her over on her back as though she really was dead instead of just "possuming," and took out of her pocket a dozen

little possums. Then he gave her a boost toward the brier patch. She woke up and trotted off as if nothing had happened. We both were delighted with the prospect of having such nice pets. Al gave me two and took the rest home in a basket. I put mine in a box, covered them up and left them on the front porch. Next morning they were gone, and were nowhere to be found. We heard one crying under the house. It had crawled into a ventilating space in the brick wall and couldn't get out—neither could we get in—so it died there, and the porch was vacant for some days until the odor faded. Al came over distressed. He had found all of his little possums dead! He thought one of the “niggers” had killed them.

Thus, for all through the summer of 1863 and into the fall, every day brought its adventure to Al and me; likewise brought worry and anxiety to my poor, ill mother. Father had gone to Illinois and engaged in the warehouse business, buying and shipping grain, until laid-up with malaria. He came home for treatment and rest. The war showed no signs of ending; so, since there was no prospect of our returning to Missouri until the country was again at peace, he decided to buy a small farm seven miles south of Greenville, Kentucky. It was five miles from Uncle Robert's, who gave us all our medical service free. Father reciprocated by collecting his bills. The new home was a half mile off the highway and probably would be secure from guerrillas.

Chapter VI

PRE-SCHOOL DAYS

When Father came home from Illinois ill with malaria and shaking with ague every other day, he found me in bed; also a victim of that dreaded disease. For months I had alternate day chills followed by fever. I ate quinine, drank Hostetter's Bitters, and finished up with Fowler's solution of arsenic. That was before we had moved to our own "country home." I seemed to shrivel up. They told me afterwards that I was bigger when I was six years old than when I was eight. Nothing would break the chills. Something must be done, or I would surely die!

One day I drifted into old Bob Ridley's cabin in the back yard. He was one of Grandma's ex-slaves, the cobbler for the negroes. He was black, of pure "Guinea nigger" blood, and versed in all of the "wisdom," "conjer," and superstition of his people.

"Josie, am you still habin' dem chills?" he asked.

"Yes, Uncle Bob, ever' other day."

"I tells you how you kin scur 'em away."

"How do, Uncle Bob?"

"Well, w'en you feel Mista Chill comin', and you start gettin' in de baid, jist make a quick jump *under de baid*—and Mista Chill will jump in de baid to ketch you. You won't be dar. You kin lay still and laff how you fool 'im."

I took old Bob's "conjer" the next time I felt my chill slipping in and dodged under the bed. Now, as I remember, it was the beginning of the break. But the real break came later.

We soon moved into our new home; but, the moving made no impression on me except the big plank door hung on wooden hinges, with a long wooden latch and wooden ketch, a buck-skin thong for the latch string hanging out through a hole in the door. But the conventional "latch string" was not always "hanging out." At night we pulled it in. This locked the door. But we had an additional safety.

In the door jam at an angle was an inch and a half auger hole, and tied above it was a hickory pin that fitted into this hole, which made us doubly safe inside.

There was a window on the west side of the room, but no glass—only a board shutter which we opened for light and ventilation when the weather was not too cold or the wind blowing from the west. A ten-foot open passage connected this living room with a larger “house” (“pen” we called it), but it had no chimney or stove. In cold weather we couldn’t use it except for sleeping quarters. There was a loft which we used for storage, reached by means of a ladder. The kitchen of unhewed logs set at right angles to the passage, about fifteen feet away, and was connected up by a two slab walk. It had a chimney and a cook stove for wood—and *more wood!* As I grew older, Mother discovered that the job of providing the wood for the cook stove was just my size. The smoke house where we hung the pork for smoking into bacon, and the hind quarters of the beeves to dry, was in the northwest corner of the yard. After “hog killing day” it was my job to turn the sausage grinder in the cold kitchen until the late hours of the night. Then, as I grew taller, I helped hang up the pork to be smoked into bacon with hickory chips. This took a month. The ash-hopper for lye, hard by the smoke house, was to be filled with hickory and white oak ashes for soap making in the spring.

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As I grew so I could use an axe without cutting myself, I chopped and carried in the fire wood, fed the stock, and Ma milked the cow (or cows, when there were two).

Much of the time Father was away from home. Whenever able, he solicited orders for: Fruit trees for Dr. L. Stallard’s Nursery, A Youth’s History of the War, Rand and McNally’s maps, and Smith’s Bible Dictionary. Also, he took time for collecting Uncle Robert’s doctor bills. He never fully recovered from the effects of the malaria and pneumonia. My sister, Alice, made Irish point lace handkerchiefs, which she sold for \$25 apiece. It took her three weeks to make a handkerchief. Sister Blanche knit socks. The yarn was made from our own sheeps’ wool. She could turn off a pair a day, and sold them for forty cents a pair. Alice complained that point lace making was hard on her

eyes and hard to find customers at \$25 per handkerchief. Blanche's job was more practical—all wool and quicker sales. Mother, brought up in a home of plenty, with slaves for all the work on the farm and in the house (Wilson County, Tennessee), had no urge to learn housework or any vocation whatsoever; but did so as a useful accomplishment. When poverty gripped the family after the Civil War, she became an expert at the spinning wheel, and an efficient coat maker. Many a coat she cut and made for men of the county—made out of the jeans they brought her. Long winter nights I remember waking as the clock struck twelve, and looked out from my trundle bed to see Ma hand-sewing on some man's coat by the dim light of a tallow candle. Sewing machines had not been thought of then. She got \$2 for a jeans coat, guaranteed to fit: \$1 for pants.

During and after the Civil War, sugar was very scarce—nothing but brown sugar even for coffee. Maple sugar was more plentiful and cheaper. When we could make a swap of one pound of maple for one of brown we were in luck—it was usually two of maple for one of brown. I remember well the first granulated sugar I ever saw. Green Eads, a general merchant in Greenville, was telling Pa about it and showing him a “scoop” full of it out of the barrel. It looked like salt to me, and I tasted it gingerly.

Mother kept our little stock of sugar in a “kit” with a capacity of ten pounds. The top fitted very tight, and she always saw that it was on, and the “kit” returned to a shelf high up on the wall. We had several black sugar maples in the yard which were tapped in the spring for the sap which Ma boiled down to sugar or syrup. I had been told that brown sugar was made from sugar cane in the South. I got the idea that I could take care of our sugar supply myself, and save money. So I selected a spot of fertile ground under a sugar maple, dug it up and put it in condition for planting. Then I watched my chance when the rest of the family was away (for I knew no one else had the idea and I wanted to spring a surprise on them). I climbed up on a chair, got the kit and found just about enough sugar in it for “seed.” I planted it in little rows like peas. We had coffee only for breakfast. Ma and Pa took sugar in their coffee. Ma took down the kit, opened it, and lo: It was

empty! I kept silent, but very active on my mush and milk. I watched my plant and watered it daily. After a fortnight or so, when the "seed" didn't come up, and I couldn't find a single one that had sprouted, and after Pa had replenished the kit, I told Ma what I had done—and how disappointed I was over the failure. I didn't know what I would "catch" for wasting the sugar, but I couldn't keep still any longer. Much to my surprise and joy, instead of taking me out to the wood pile, she laughed, told Pa and my sisters, and they all laughed together. Then Ma explained the difference between *sugar* and *seed*.

Alice and Blanche were both going to school and having lots of fun; saying speeches, playing games with the girls, memorizing poetry for their next speeches the coming Friday. Sister Blanche recited to Ma so as to get it perfect. (Blanche was gifted—really a poet.) I remember one poem on Spring went: "Spring, why art thou tarrying now? Why art thou so long unfelt? Winter went a month ago, when the snow began to melt." Then came further chiding of Spring with the information that the "Ge-nats" were on the wing. That was the line that challenged my curiosity and stuck in the back of my head. Here they were having such a good time and I was lying around home with the ague, eating quinine, drinking Hostetter's Bitters, taking Fowler's solution of arsenic and castor oil!

Chapter VII
SCHOOLDAYS

Finally the chills were broken, and I began to mend and grow. So, in the fall of '65, when Squire Gilbert Leigh opened school in the little log schoolhouse on the hill, I was able to start in with my sisters.

I never see a picture of "Uncle Sam" that I am not reminded of Squire Gilbert Leigh, my first and one of half a dozen of my best teachers during my school days. I feel that he must have sat for the artist who made the original portrait of our "Uncle Sam."

The Leigh schoolhouse was of hewn white oak logs, the cracks "chinked" with white oak "chinks" a foot long by a half inch thick, and pointed with lime. It was eighteen by twenty-four feet. The seats were constructed of poplar logs a foot or more in diameter; six, eight, and ten feet long; split—two "benches" to a log. The split section was hewn with a broad-axe, and the edges rounded off with a drawing knife. The under side was barked. Each "bench" had four legs of white oak. These legs were for all of the "benches" and were the same length. Only the big boys and girls could reach the floor with their feet. We little kids sat the day through; sometimes sideways, sometimes straddleways; but, either way, swinging our feet a foot or more from the floor. Straddling a twelve inch board bench was a strain on the crotch of a seven year old kid; so, we had the boy by us turn his back as we turned (back to back) to sit tailor fashion until our little knees cramped and we turned sideways again. The benches for the big kids were placed against the walls; so they had a "back" to their seats.

My only book was Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book, beginning with the alphabet (to be learned by heart), then words of three letters, then words of two syllables, on up to eight syllable words which we had to spell and syllabicate. The boy sitting by me was Lawrence Yonts. While I sat wondering what to do, staring into the open page, Lawrence turned facing me, curled up tailor fashion, laid his book down on the bench, and began to spell: "Log, hog, dog, bog," etc. I looked at him in admiration and wondered how a kid like him (or me) could be so

smart! With the help of my sisters and Mother, the "trick" broke on me. I caught up with Lawrence and even Bob Leigh, then passed them and got to the head of my class! Then it became a game to stay ahead and get most of the "head marks." By the end of the term I had read through Goodrich's Second Reader; learned to "mind my stops" (counted "o-n-e" at a comma, "t-w-o" at a semicolon, "t-h-r-e-e" at a colon, and "f-o-u-r" at a period).

The term closed with an exhibition. Bob Leigh (my age—the "orneriest" kid I ever knew, even though he was the teacher's boy) and I were the "stars" of the exhibition. Bob was dressed to represent "Old Father Grimes, that good old man," etc. I represented the aristocrat of the Colonial Period: Knee breeches, silk stockings, with silver buckles, and my father's old blue broadcloth coat, with brass buttons down both sides; a family heirloom. The recitation (as I recall it) ran like this:

"When this old coat was new, it was a goodly dress,
All lined through and through, cut rounding down the
breast.

The buttons were of brass, the cloth Kentucky blue.

Oh those were golden days—when this old coat was
new!"

for six or eight more stanzas, all set off with appropriate gestures which Ma and Pa had taught me.

School out; Squire Leigh retired from the "profession." Some were sorry and some were glad. Our family sided with the first group. There would be no more school until spring, and only then if enough of the parents were willing to pay for it. No more public money was available for that year.

Miss Fannie Moseley, my cousin on the Crittenden side, applied for the spring term, and a subscription paper was circulated. The necessary money was subscribed and the board hired Cousin Fannie for a three-month term. She, an "old maid" of twenty-five, had taught several schools, and was known all over Muhlenberg County as one of the really great talkers of the county. My folks expected me to forge ahead from where the Squire had left me in my books. Not so. During the winter vacation, before the spring term opened, my enthusiasm had oozed out. Cousin Fannie had

too many headaches: Made too many rules, too many threats for trivial violations which she couldn't detect, and when she did catch the kid and licked him as she had threatened to do, he felt sore because he had done no worse than a dozen others who were not caught. The rest of the kids felt that she had picked on him and he became a hero.

I droned along with the class, marking time but getting nowhere except through the *pages* of the *Third Reader*, a review of the Blue Back Speller, the addition table, and some Bible verses. But I hadn't learned to read: only to *pronounce* the words.

The last day Cousin Fannie lined up the kids and bade us all a tearful farewell until fall when she hoped to meet us all again for the winter term. She made us promise to read a chapter in the Bible every week day and three chapters on Sundays until she saw us again the next term. She admonished us not to break our promise: "Or the Old Bad Man will get you!" I believed her implicitly. One hot day I picked dew berries in my bare feet, went home tired, and forgot to read my chapter. In the middle of the night I dreamed that the "Old Bad Man" was after me, and woke up frightened. Then I remembered that I had not read my chapter. I rose, lit the candle, turned to the shortest chapter in the Bible, read it, closed the book, blew out the candle, and finished the night with the sleep of the just. I had foiled the "Old Bad Man!"

Later, Cousin Fannie and a much be-whiskered gentleman rode up to our front gate; alighted, hitched their horses, and were met on the walk by her "Aunt Mary" and "Uncle Templeton." Then Cousin Fannie gave us the surprise which I have never forgotten: "Meet Mr. Watkins, my husband!" They spent the night with us. Mr. Watkins was a wealthy cattleman in western Texas. Cousin Fannie had married rich. Soon she would leave for her Texas home and would never be our teacher again. Then I stopped my regular Bible reading—until I was seventeen and had joined the church.

The trustees hired Squire Jones to teach the fall term. He was a small man, lame, walked with a cane; smoked a cob pipe even during school hours. I am unable to recall anything that happened during the term except one afternoon as I sat facing Webb McCown, pretending to study,

and when the Squire's back was turned, Webb took a "chaw" of tobacco and a new slate pencil out of his pocket. He whispered: "Joe, I'll give you this slate pencil if you'll chew this tobacco till recess." "Sure!" I slipped it into my mouth and began to "chaw." Soon I had to spit. The old Squire kept looking at me all the time! So I swallowed the "ambier." At recess I fainted, fell unconscious, and *puked* it up. The whole school gathered around me. A girl, watching my show, said, "Joe has had a fit." I have never tasted tobacco since. It was one of the best lessons of my life, given by a kid of my own age. He *gave me the pencil, too.*

Squire Jones was a kindly man about sixty-five years old. He sat behind the stove, heard the lessons, stroked his whiskers, and sometimes smoked during recitations. My course consisted of a review of the stuff I had been over the session before. The Squire believed in thoroughness. School closed without an exhibition!

The next summer our teacher was one of the most beautiful and attractive young women in the county, Miss Nannie Bradley. She unconsciously taught us much needed manners, for she was a lady of the finest grain. But we learned little or no arithmetic besides the multiplication table. I had memorized Colton and Fitts Primary Geography the term before, and learned to read (pronounce the words) but never got the sense. She continued as teacher for the fall term, boarded at Squire Leigh's where she got the best accommodations; but, unfortunately, was beset with too much social life of a kind. Four of the Leigh boys, ranging in age from the upper teens into the lower twenties, "split their pants," we used to say, to show Miss Nannie a good time. They were all upstanding swains of the soil, and all fell for Miss Nannie. But she was a diplomat, with the intuition of her sex, and strategy for every occasion. She parried every gesture of all four without compromising herself or dulling their admiration. But, Miss Nannie had a real beau: A wealthy young tobacco buyer of South Carrollton. He visited her week ends at her home; was regular and devoted.

Occasionally the "teacher" came home with my sisters to stay all night, and their chatter was always interesting even to me—a mere kid. Only one of the funny stories that Nannie told our girls stuck to this day. It

seemed that during certain seasons Miss Nannie's farm home suffered the affliction of swarms of fleas.

On one of those occasions her fiance spent Saturday night at the Bradley home. Tormented to distraction, the young man was shown to his room earlier than usual. It was not the last Nannie saw of him that night, however. She, solicitous for his comfort, was curious to see how he would rid himself of those infernal fleas. Hearing an unusual rustle and bustle in his room, she stole to the door and through the key hole saw what the racket was inside. He had stripped to the skin (except his shirt) and was chasing the bloody vermin through his scattered wardrobe. "How he would shake his shirt tail," Nannie dramatically recited to the screaming laughter of sisters Alice and Blanche. But the episode didn't queer her love or dim his devotion. A year later they had "made the grade;" a quiet home wedding, and Miss Nannie retired from teaching.

Our next teacher was another beautiful young woman, with black ringlets. She was always dressed in the latest fashion and seemingly well groomed; that is, all but the ringlets. She was a great reader of novels, a fine story teller; also, a grand niece of Captain Craig, General Washington's aide-de-camp in the Revolutionary War. She spent the noon hour reviewing her latest novel to the girls that gathered around her. One day I took a problem to her for help. She was busy helping another boy, so as I stood behind her to wait my turn, I discovered that her head was densely populated! What a shock! I didn't wait any longer for help. It wasn't long before the entire school was as lousy as the teacher! Ma sent me into the paw-paw thicket for a basket of paw-paws which she mashed and rubbed into my hair, hermetically sealing the vermin. It was ten days before a comb penetrated my hair. The only thing that I learned that session was the paw-paw antidote for lice and the Aladdin Lamp story she told.

Our next teacher was a jack-leg carpenter, a seasonal school master when there was no carpenter's work in sight. Only one thing I remember about his scholarship: He pronounced "thrifty" as "thristy." He had bought some pigs and was telling Pa how "thristy" they were. When he mispronounced the word, his brother-in-law said, "He drives nails with very hard licks." By this time I knew just what

next school work would be: "A thorough review of all previous work." It was a recurring stalemate with me.

In 1870 the State public school fund for the district had dwindled so that there was only sufficient to pay a teacher for three months (\$18 to \$20 a month) in the fall. School in the spring, of two or three months, was financed by subscriptions. The people were poor; likewise, the school. I was twelve and was passing into the adolescent stage (the "gosling stage," Pa called it), and had begun to size things up. The school didn't interest me. I went because I was sent.

Chapter VIII

*FARM BEGINNINGS
DEBATING A REAL SCHOOL FOR ME*

Our first farm consisted of fifty three acres, half cleared and badly worn out. (Later, Father bought the adjoining farm; 109 acres). Half was in hardwood timber: hickory, oak, walnut, maple, and some poplar. From the washes in the hills were croppings of coal. Years later a large company of capitalists bought our farm and adjoining properties and developed one of the best coal mines in southern Kentucky. It required ten years to exhaust the thick stratum of coal under our farm—which Father bought five years after the war for less than \$1,000. He sold enough hardwood timber to pay for the land. Father knew the coal was there but he had no way to get it to market and there was a small demand for coal in any market in reach of us. He later sold the land for a few hundred dollars.

When I was thirteen years old, the spring of 1871, Father, no longer able to do farm work, rented the west half of the farm to a "cropper," old "Father Mize." He worked the west end and I, the home place. My crops were: Corn, oats, wheat, hay, apples, vegetables, chickens, turkeys, a pen of pigs, and a small flock of sheep. The next year I added tobacco as a money crop. Mother, now in good health, took over the garden and orchard as well as the housework; including sewing, washing, spinning, etc. My older sisters helped Mother with the house, yard, and flower garden. Certainly Mother was one of the most efficient women I have ever known. This is quite remarkable since she was reared in a home where there were twenty or more slaves before the war.

While I irregularly attended part of the fall session of school after the crops were "laid by," it was largely a "gesture." My chief interest was in a country debating society. It was the dominating factor in whatever education I got in those "teen age" years from thirteen to sixteen. I, the "kid" of the club, was yoked up by accident with mature men of different vocations. For several months a year we held monthly debates at three school houses. If I held membership I had to "fish, cut bait, or go ashore." I chose to "fish." And I had to work to stay "on the stream." It

was a fine substitute for a real school. The importance of this "accident," as previously suggested, in my life, as a real educational influence may interest the reader who has gotten this far in the "Chronicles of A Pedagogue." So here are some details:

It was on a bright moonlight night in the spring of 1872 that the club met at the Leigh School to debate this question: "Resolved: That Columbus deserves more credit for discovering America than Washington does for defending it." I was there merely through curiosity, with no thought of taking part in the debate. I didn't dream of having a chance to do so; I, only a small fourteen year old, in jeans trousers and a homespun round-a-bout jacket fabricated by Mother from spinning wheel to finished garment. So I was just another one of the "kids" slithering around among the men as the two captains checked up on their speakers and jockeyed for the judges. The session was to run to ten o'clock. One of the men chosen by Rev. Will Taggart, the Columbus captain, had gotten "cold feet" and didn't show up. Taggart canvassed the crowd for a pinch hitter, but no one was found. When he had despaired of finding anyone, someone in the crowd said: "Will, here's Joe. Maybe he'll take the place." So Will came to me and asked if I thought I could say something for that great man, Christopher Columbus. Indeed, I was so flattered that my pride got the better of my judgment. It was too much of a compliment to decline. But after the event I got the force of that line in Byron's famous poem: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

The meeting was called to order, the judges named and Taggart opened up with his argument for Columbus. As each speaker delivered his arguments I was in a fog trying to frame up something to say when my time came. It came too soon. I walked out as if asleep. Standing there in silence for an unconscionable time I tried to state the question; but my mouth was "full of cotton," and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth and refused to loosen. Finally, as the sweat poured out of every pore, I got it loose, and in a voice that sounded like a ventriloquist (so strange to me—was it my voice really?), I said: "Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen! The question for debate tonight is: Resolved: That Columbus deserves more

credit for defending America than Washington for discovering it." I heard a titter from the crowd, and sensed that I had made a wild shot right on the start. I undertook to correct my blunder, but made it worse. I tried to swallow, but the "cotton" refused to go down. Then, in desperation, I said, "I've got to have a drink if there *are* any." *The* water bucket was standing on the long writing desk at the end of the room. A long handled gourd that every pupil had "kissed" for days on end was in the bucket, the handle hanging over the rim. I seized the handle and dipped for water, but the dull thud of the gourd against the dry bottom of the bucket "rang my knell." I was dumb. The house was still, as if at a funeral, as I groped in humiliation into a back seat. Poor Columbus! He lost out.

The captains chose another subject for debate the following month. It was: "Resolved: That the desire for honor has greater influence over men than the desire for wealth." While they were choosing their speakers I kept very quiet on the back seat. There was no call for me to argue for either side. But I decided that I would not yield to this fiasco; crumple up and liquidate. Instead, I would prepare speeches on both sides, and maybe, if someone was absent, I might get a bid to pinch hit again. So, I went to work. When the night came for the debate I was ready to accept a call from either captain. Father had been very helpful in suggestions as to biographies of great men and rich men.

So it turned out that one of Will Taggart's men was absent again and Mr. Taggart invited me to "take the place and do the best you can, Joe." I was ready when called; but as I took my place on the floor, I was blind for a minute, then everything cleared up and I filled my allotted time without hesitation. At the end I got as big a hand as any of the speakers.

From then on for two years, I, the kid, was on one or the other of the regular teams. It proved to be a better school than any I had ever known up to that day.

In the spring of 1874 I put in a larger crop and hoped that with our share of the renter's crop there would be better times for the Templeton home. Possibly an opportunity to attend some good school. Maybe Prof. Burnett's

private high school in Auburn, Logan County. Sister Blanche had married Morton Rogers the November before and their home was six miles out of the town of Auburn, an old town around which romance had grown in my mind.

Father, as a young man, had read medicine with Doctor Holland in Auburn for a year before joining his cousin, Burgess Templeton, in the mercantile business at Winchester, Tennessee. He had planned to practice there when he got his diploma. But his money was spent and he had to take a job and earn the money for medical college. He expected to return to practice in Auburn, but he returned only as a welcome visitor. Father was much liked by many friends. He was esteemed as a fine gentleman. I have heard his acquaintances say he was regarded as the most courteous man in Kentucky. He was a leading citizen in his community and a successful business man before his health was broken. (Rick Templeton, in mixing with people, reminds me very much of his grandfather.) Both Father and Mother grieved because they were unable to give their children better educational advantages.

At sixteen I was more mature in mind and purpose than any of my neighborhood boy friends. In Greenville I had two intimate associates: Ruric N. Roark and Ben Allison, both far in advance of me in school and scholarship; but not in ambition and foresight. Their homes were in Greenville where they had the advantage of good schools. Both were a year younger than I, but we looked into the future from the same angle; often spending week ends together, building our "castles in Spain." This association helped each one more than we could foresee to keep our eyes on the mark we had jointly set up. But until I could find some way to get more schooling, I could never hope to reach it.

In August, 1874, Henry Leigh and his sister, Margaret, were going to Auburn to enter Prof. Burnett's private school, and invited me to join them in their covered wagon. Our families were neighbors. Their father had been my first teacher. They knew of my ambition to get an education; so they suggested that I might find a way to register in that school with them. We talked it over at home very seriously. It was my first chance to attend a real school.

But who would harvest the crops? If that could be

taken care of; then, what about money for tuition? I could work for my board. My shoes were worn; I needed a new suit; I would have to have books and a little money for incidentals. The prospect faded. Anyway, I might take the trip and if unable to make plans for school, I could return in the wagon with the driver. This would give me a few days visit with Sister Blanche in her new home. So it was decided that I should make the trip at no expense. But if I had the good fortune to register in the Burnett school, I had better take along all my belongings; including a cowboy saddle, a pair of Father's Sunday shoes, and his unused saddle bags. I had saved seven dollars.

The day came for me to meet the wagon on the Russellville road half a mile from home. It was raining; a slow, drizzling, Kentucky rain. Father was unable to go with me, but no rain could stop Mother from seeing me off. It was my real "breaking of home ties." As she threw her arms around me and kissed me good-bye, she burst into tears. Every time I see that world famous picture, "Breaking Home Ties," that scene comes again vividly before me.

It took two days behind a pair of slow mules for the trip. When we pulled up at the big farm house of Father Rogers, my sister's new home (Morton, my brother-in-law was manager of the farm), Sister Blanche was over-joyed to see me. Morton and the old folks were very cordial.

I was not able to make satisfactory arrangements to register in Prof. Burnett's school in Auburn; but, rather than return home, I accepted Morton's suggestion that I stay with them and attend the local school. Beverly Hutchinson, an excellent teacher, had been hired to take the five-and-a-half month session of their district school. I could live with the Rogers, help with the chores, and thus pay for my board. My tuition would be \$9, which I could pay when I sold my crop of tobacco. I accepted the offer. It proved to be a good arrangement.

Mr. Hutchinson was a thorough-going schoolmaster. One class I remember particularly: Towne's Analysis of the English language. The class was about half and half boys and girls. The latter scored much higher grades on their recitations for a fortnight than the boys. After a couple of weeks of slumping along at this pace, Mr. Hutch-

inson notified us that we should stay after school that evening. He said he was disappointed and disgusted with the kind of work we were doing. He would give us one more week to measure up to the girls. If we didn't come through we could depend upon getting a dose of "hickory." This didn't appear to be a bluff, either. We came through. That put a lot of pep in me and boosted all my other studies. At least I had found a real schoolmaster, and I made good.

School was out the tenth of January. Instead of an exhibition the closing day, we had a blizzard. Mr. Hutchinson and I were the sole attendants, and we put in the day. As we ate our cold lunches by the red-bellied stove, he gave me a piece of advice that stuck. "Joe," he said before he 'dismissed school' and we parted for the last time, "I hope you will keep on with school. If you stick to it, there is no doubt in my mind that you will receive a diploma from one of the leading universities in this country." Such confidence on the part of this austere schoolmaster, with no motive for insincere flattery, set the goal of a college education for me. It took years of work, economy and patience to realize it; but I never lost sight of this goal, and earned two university diplomas.

Now there was to be no more school for me until the next fall; if then. But why shouldn't I continue with my studies evenings at home? This I resolved to do. I kept this good resolution and completed the common school branches by the midnight oil. So, the first Monday the following August (just three months after I had passed my seventeenth birthday), I passed the teachers' examination.

Chapter IX

*MORE PREPARATION FOR THE LIFE OF A
PEDAGOGUE*

Monday January 10, 1875, the storm was still raging. I was homesick to see Pa and Ma; so, I gathered up my belongings, packed the old saddlebags, and bridled the mule that Morton Rogers had loaned me to ride home and keep for farm work. This mule had been in harness several times with a broken mate, but had been ridden only once or twice. I was anxious to get home; so, I figured the forty mile trip home would serve to break him to the saddle. I didn't know the hazard I was taking. When the storm eased up, I cinched my cowboy saddle on the mule, fastened the saddlebags safely, dressed double from the skin out, bade the folks "good bye" at sunrise, and started home. I had neglected to provide a whip. A quarter of a mile from the house, I came to a patch of brush on the side of the road—around a large sink hole. The mule headed for that brush, and my pulling on the reins had no effect. We reached the bottom of the hole together. The hole was some eight or ten feet deep. We stopped! I dismounted, cut a limb, remounted, and larruped him until we climbed out and hit the road again—covered with ice and snow. With occasional stops and persistent beatings, I made seven miles of uncertain going to Russellville and a couple of miles beyond, when I met some teams hauling bark to a tanyard. My mount started to bray and turn across the road in front of the first team. Pulling on the reins had no effect. The drivers got out of their wagons and with their combined help I got out of the way and let the wagons pass. It was 10 a. m. and I had thirty miles yet to go. It seemed doubtful if I could make home that day, but the only thing to do was to push on and get as far as possible. Within five miles of home and an hour after dark, I came to a farmhouse. The mule stopped! I applied the "persuader," and he lay down and brayed. I larruped him, twisted his tail; no result. He had made up his mind to sleep there in the middle of the road! The folks in the house, hearing the racket, came out to see what it was all about. It chanced to be a family I had known some years before. They laughed good naturedly at my dilemma and helped me get the beast on his feet. I think the boy got a bundle of oats, tolled him

into the barn, and fed him corn. The wife gave me a hot supper, which, indeed, I appreciated immensely.

After breakfast next morning, thanking the friends for their hospitality, I saddled up and hit the highway for home; expecting plenty of trouble on the road. But to my surprise and gratification, the "towhead" mule responded to the bridle as docily as if he had been under the saddle for a year. I used him on the farm for all kinds of service during the year and he never gave any trouble. The forty mile ride home did the trick; but, I never want to repeat this method of breaking a beast.

I got a heart warming welcome when I reached home. After a day's rest we blocked out my program for the spring and summer. Fences were to be repaired, timber for rails cut and split, brush grubbed up and burned, wood chopped and piled for the burning of tobacco plant beds, fallen trees in the new clearing for tobacco to be chopped for the neighborhood log rolling, the ground broken and prepared for the sowing and planting, etc. It seemed rather a large order for a seventeen year old.

But that was not all I had in mind. The advice of Beverly Hutchinson, my teacher, when we spent that last day of school together and alone during a blizzard, had stuck in the back of my head. I told Ma and Pa my plan to keep on with my books at night. They were pleased but cautioned me not to undertake too much. But nothing could be cut out. The farm was our dependence for "bread and meat." Tobacco was the money crop. We had no money to hire help. I had gotten a start in my books and, even better, an interest. I couldn't allow myself to slump and lose my five months schooling as I had done previously. Besides, I had learned some things that were not in books. I was older by more than the six months that I had been away from home; more mature and self reliant. I could go on with arithmetic, continue in grammar and geography. I knew U. S. history through my debating preparations. I had learned how to study. "But, son," my folks asked, "when can you find time for all this?" I replied, "at night." "After you have worked all day on the farm?" "Yes, I can put in a couple of hours after supper." "But, son, you must not sit up late and lose your sleep; you can't stand it." But my interest held and my ambition to catch up with

Ruric Roark and Ben Allison had much to do with it.

In a few days I got things lined up. Starting in with arithmetic, I finished Ray's Third Part Arithmetic in six weeks, and felt that I could teach it better than it had ever been taught me. I had a curiosity to see what algebra was like. For a time I got on fairly well. When I got stalled on a problem I went to see John Love, a neighbor farmer who had been to college. In grammar, Milt Whitson, the model debater and young preacher, would give me the low down. On Sundays, sometimes he would invite me to dinner in his one room cabin, and we would spend the afternoon reading Shakespeare. He owned Shakespeare's complete works. It was a rare treat; those Sundays.

And so, day in and day out I stuck to both day and night jobs, and Ma found that I could "take it." But many times the lesson was too hard to finish by nine or even ten o'clock. Then she would call and order me to bed.

About the last of July I told Father I would be ready for the teachers' examination the first Monday in August (election day), and to notify Charles Short, deputy superintendent, I would take it that day if he could give me the time.

He did. In a two hour oral test over all the subjects required in the public schools, he said I had shown qualifications for a first class second grade certificate—the highest grade allowed to an inexperienced teacher. I was very happy. Now I would never set out another tobacco plant. I would teach school in the fall and winter. It didn't occur to me that I would have trouble finding a board that would hire me. Now I could ease up on the night work. But the growing crops must be cared for. The worms were eating up the tobacco; the corn was laid by, but the wheat and oats must be harvested.

I took time; however, to see Uncle John Stewart, trustee of the Green school. He was the neighborhood cobbler and father of six sons. The youngest one was quite a chum of mine. This, I figured, would be a strong recommendation with Uncle John. I was confident that all I had to do to get the school was to let him know I was available. But I hadn't figured right. "Bud" was a year older than I

and just as smart. If I taught school; then I would put "Bud" in the shade.

The word had gone out that I had passed the examination and had gotten a certificate. I had hoped Uncle John would send for me and offer me the Green school. Since he hadn't done so, I went to see him. I found him on his bench, pegging a half sole on a shoe. Many times before I had watched this process without any special interest, but now I was all attention. When he had finished the shoe and didn't ask me if I wanted the school, I told him my errand. He straightened up, raised his spectacles off his nose and looked at me for about a minute in silence. And then he said in a fatherly way: "Joe, do you want me to give you a piece of advice?" Really I hadn't come for advice; I had come for a job. But I said, "I would be glad to have any advice you would care to give me." Then, in measured words, he proceeded: "Joe, you think you want to teach school, I see. Now, I advise you: If you want to git a school, you'd better go somewhar whar you ain't known." That let me out for the Green school, for everybody knew me in the district. I had thought that would be a strong point in my favor. I was disillusioned; but, I had the courtesy to thank him for his fatherly advice. I said, "Good bye, Uncle John;" and struck for home.

When I told the folks that I had gotten advice but no school, Mother resented it. Father said there was something in it of worldly wisdom. Although I was seventeen, there was no trace of a beard on my face, and I didn't look my age. If I got a school where the kids knew me intimately they would probably not mind me, and I'd make a failure. But Father said that he would get me a school where I wasn't known. He was well known and respected all over the county.

Father found a school where I was known only as Mr. Templeton's son; but, when I showed up for the contract and further information and instructions, I got some more friendly advice. "No, the scholars don't know you; but you are powerful young looking, even for seventeen. I would advise you to wait a year or two before undertaking to keep school." That was my last hope—and it had faded along with all the other prospects. So I rang down

the curtain for the year and went home, disappointed but wiser.

I returned to the farm and its ever unfinished work, and to my studies. I had gotten hold of Quackenbos' Rhetoric and Cutter's Physiology. They were something new. I was interested. Also, I continued my membership in the debating society, with its monthly meetings.

After my failure to secure a school, I had a chance to attend the Driscoll school, under the county school commissioner, Joe Richardson, teacher. Aunt Matilda Crittenden invited me to board with them during the school week. I entered for the last six weeks of the term and joined the classes in rhetoric, physiology, hygiene, algebra, and English.

The county school commissioner lived in Greenville (three and a half miles from the school), which meant a seven mile walk daily. One day I spoke of this waste of time and energy. He replied: "No! It is recreation and an opportunity for thinking while I tramp—planning tomorrow's work—all of which I would not do if I didn't have this spare time walking to and from school. A normal mind is active all through the waking hours; so, instead of allowing ourselves to indulge in vagrant, desultory thinking, it is better to form the habit of utilizing this time in purposeful thinking."

Another thing that stuck in the back of my head was his definition of "eloquence." "What is eloquence?" No answer. When we realized our inability to define the thing we had supposed we knew, he answered his own question: "True eloquence is sublimity of thought and simplicity of language. Example: God said, 'let there be light, and there was light.' There is no better illustration of 'eloquence' in the Bible or any other literature."

Joe Richardson was an ex-Confederate soldier. One of his arms had been shot off at the battle of Shiloh. At recess and the noon hour his custom was to gather the boys around him and entertain us with war stories—"to prove a point or adorn a tale." This was good pedagogy: It stuck.

The school closed without an exhibition—almost as informally as my last day with Bev. Hutchinson at the Rogers school two years before. Then I went home to plant my crop and continue night work with my books.

Chapter X

SCHOOL TEACHING BEGINNINGS

Early in the summer, as I could find the time, I began to scout for a school. I found that most of the trustees had applications from experienced teachers. They said: "It is poor business for a farmer to buy an unbroken colt when he could get a well broken horse for the same money." My youth was insuperable; a jinx seemed to be on my trail.

I heard of one vacancy that had not yet been filled. It was at Clifty Creek, five miles from home. It bore a bad name. For five years the big boys had taken the teacher down to the creek when it froze over, broke the ice and put him under. That is only a sample of the fun they had with the teacher. I knew that there would be a dozen or more boys in school that fall as old as I—and some larger—but it was "Hobson's choice;" my last chance. So I made a personal application.

The trustee happened to be Lycurgus Whitson. He had attended the Leigh school, was one of the big boys when I was a little kid. For several years Father had hired him to cradle our wheat and oats, and I had "bound behind the cradle." Now Kurg had come to be a prominent citizen in the county. He had married the sheriff's daughter, Victoria Mahone. ("Buck" Mahone had been elected sheriff, had turned his farm over to his son-in-law (Kurg Whitson), and moved to Greenville). Kurg met me cordially. But, when I stated my business, he was silent for several minutes. I had begun to think that the "jig was up." Then, he spoke: "Joe, Henry Leigh has applied for the school. He is six years older than you and has taught several schools. He seems to have given satisfaction." (I was sure now my name was "Dennis".) Then, in his slow, Kentucky drawl, he continued: "But I'm going to give the school to you." The thrill I got that moment surged through every nerve; it paid for all my turn-downs and disappointments.

Kurg took an hour to relate the troubles they had had the past five years, and what I might be up against. He asked if I felt that I could manage the toughs. He would be right back of me. I replied: "Kurg, I'll do my best. I'm sure I'll come out on top with you back of me."

Then he said my salary would be the public money (he couldn't say just how much, but it would be about \$22 a month cash) and my board "around with the scholars"—two weeks at a place. I would get 50% of my wages about the tenth of December and the balance a month later. He said that I should come to his house the Saturday before school started; bring my things and stay there the first two weeks. He wanted to help me get started. He had no children of school age but he wanted to see the school get off to a good start. (God bless you, Kurg;" I didn't say it, but I felt it. More than ever before in my life I resolved that I would make good or "bust a hayme-string" trying.)

School opened on schedule with about forty "scholars"—ages from six to eighteen years—with twenty recitations a day to hear. School hours were from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. There was no clock and my old watch was "off" a good part of the time; so I had to guess the time of day both morning and evening. When the days got short I let out at about four. When Friday afternoon came, ending the first week, I left for home saying: "If the good Lord will help me out of this scrape I'll never tackle another job like it." But since I was in for the duration then, I would drop in my tracks before I'd let Kurg Whitson down. The second week was easier, and by the end of the month it had become a game that I enjoyed, but not so much that I would play it for my life work—never! However, when I had finished my job and turned over the key to Kurg, I thought I might teach another term or two.

Now, looking back through the fifty years of my life as a pedagogue, I think I have never received such unanimous approval as that given me by the people of that backwoods district. Although some of the wrathful fathers had sent me word they were going to lick the tar out of me for licking their kids, I saw to it that they never caught up with me until they had cooled off, forgot their grudges, and fell in line with my staunch supporters. Then days after school closed in January, I had notice from the county commissioner that I would receive one hundred and twelve dollars from the state school fund which would be paid in two installments. This averaged \$1.02 cash for each school day, and "board around among the scholars"—two weeks at a place. In some homes I had one bedfellow; sometimes two

kids were in bed with me. It was a new experience for me, but in the long run, good for me. The "Hoosier Schoolmaster" had nothing on me as "Clifty Creek Schoolmaster."

I closed the Clifty Creek school with an exhibition in the church, Myers Chapel. In a few days I received my first installment of salary, about \$65. The question: what should I do with it? I needed a saddle horse, a new suit, overcoat, and boots. Then I would settle down on the farm for another crop; or, had I better enroll in Prof. Hayes' private high school in Greenville for the next five months? I couldn't do both. I thought I could continue with my home work and night studies, as I had been doing; teach another school in the fall, and then go to an academy or high school.

Father won the argument in favor of attending school. He would get by with the farm until the last of May, when school would close. Then I could take over the farming until September. I finally saw that he was right, and entered Prof. Hayes' school in Greenville.

Prof. Hayes was a bachelor. He invited me to room with him at the Methodist parsonage—room and board: \$2.50 a week; tuition, \$20. I had just gotten well started when taken down with measles, and lost a month of school. Mother came and took care of me until I was able to go home. My convalescence was slow. I was impatient to get back to school and returned too soon, with the result that my eyes were affected for years afterwards. But I made the grade. I also made a full hand on the farm until September.

Kurg Whitson came to see me on school business. He said the people wanted me to take the school again at Clifty Creek. The threshing party would be at his place on a certain day and I could meet the patrons then. I thanked him for the invitation but said I would have to have more salary than the state school fund—at least \$50 extra. He agreed to circulate a subscription paper. When I arrived at the threshing, they stopped the work. Kurg told the men what I wanted for salary: The public money and a subscription of \$50. Then, to my amazement, Bill Cox spoke first. He said: "I want my name to go down on the paper first; for \$10! We've got to have Joe back for school this

year. Last year he gave us the only school we have had for five years."

During the former school session, Bill Cox had threatened to lick me for licking his boy, Levi. I had sent Levi Cox and Dick Acock to Green Welborn's for drinking water which had to be "toted" a quarter mile. When they returned, Dick's sleeve was very bloody. I found that they had had an "argument," and Levi had stabbed Dick through the wrist with his barlow knife. Levi was the aggressor, so, there was only one thing to do, and I did that thoroughly before the school. When he showed his welts to his dad, Bill Cox, that night, and told his side of the fracas with Dick, his dad swore that he would lick the tar out of me the first time he caught up with me. He never caught me. Probably it was because Mr. Acock, Dick's dad, had sent Bill word that "he would be thar at the time to see it well done."

Now, six months afterwards, Bill Cox was the first to give me the highest praise—and he backed it up with a \$10 subscription for the next year! More gratifying still, everyone in the district was with him. The money was subscribed then at the threshing party. I planned to teach the Clifty Creek school again. Later I learned that Milt Whitson, my good friend and the keenest debater in our club, was having a hard time finding a school. He had taught several terms, was married, had two small children, and needed a job. So, with the permission of my subscribers, I turned over the contract to him and took chances on locating a school in Logan County. Milt thanked me for turning over the contract to him when the people were so anxious for me to take it again. It was a life saver for him; he couldn't leave home even though he found a school in another county.

I learned that the trustee of the Rogers school, which I had attended three years before under Beverly Hutchinson, had appointed a day to see applicants for the teaching job. Several applicants were on the ground. We drew lots for our time to make a ten minute talk to the patrons. I was last. A few minutes after I had spoken, I was called in and told that I had received the majority of votes and would be given a contract when I had gotten a Logan County certificate. I passed the examination, got a teacher's certifi-

cate, and signed the contract. The school term was to have been for five months, but the public money was not sufficient, and the term was cut to four months. I made my home with my sister—"free gratis"—but I was anything but a "parlor" boarder.

It was an easy school. Lighter work and discipline than at Clifty Creek. Closing before Christmas, I stayed for the holiday festivities before going home to take up my "farm-study-debate" program and "planting" activities. I found that I couldn't grow tobacco and teach school the same year. The schoolmaster job was better; so, I increased the acreage of the other crops.

In July the next year, 1880, word came from Uncle Dan Crittenden at Gordonville that the Gordon district had built a new schoolhouse and the board was looking for a teacher. I investigated personally. The district was in Todd County. The entire community was Uncle Dan's client. They swore by Doctor Crittenden. He arranged for a meeting of the board and took me out to meet them at the new school house. After introducing me, he left to visit some patients. Then, for an hour or more it was "questions and answers." The most interesting question, both to the board and to me, was the salary. Of course it couldn't be any more than the public money, which all agreed couldn't be reduced or supplemented except by adding board. John Miller, one of four or five Miller families in the district, said that he hired the best farm hands for \$15 a month, and "found." The hired man worked for six days a week (from sunrise to sunset) and helped with the chores. It was *hard work*. But, he pointed out, a school teacher puts in five days a week, has an hour off for his dinner, two recesses, begins at eight o'clock and dismisses at 4 p. m. He gets the public money for five and a half months of school. He also gets his "board around with the scholars." Most of the time he is sitting down on the job. An easy job: too much wages!

I didn't argue the case. I said: "Mr. Miller, while the law states the hours of school a day, I want to say that if I get the appointment to teach your school, it will be my only business. Since I enjoy the school work I will not limit the time to the legal hours but will hold school from

an hour by sun in the morning to an hour by sun in the evening. Even better than that: If the trustees will provide lamps and oil I will keep the children till eight o'clock at night."

I was elected unanimously, but they didn't provide any lamps. Uncle Dan had a good laugh when I told him how I had answered John Miller. It was a delightful school. The parents insisted that the teacher should put in full time (two weeks) board at their homes. The chairman of the board had no children, but invited me to board with them the first two weeks to get off to a good start. It was a real home. The next two weeks were at William Gordon's; their younger girl and three boys attended school. As my two weeks there were closing, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon gave me a cordial invitation to live at their home for the rest of the school term as a member of the family. But I couldn't accept without offending the rest of the patrons. It was a great temptation and I came near falling for it. There were times later in my itinerary to some of the homes that I berated myself as a super-sensitive fool for not accepting the Gordon invitation.

The school closed in January and some of the patrons circulated a subscription paper for an extension of three months to the regular term; but, the subscription fell short of the salary I could accept. Then Uncle Dan advised me to see Rev. A. L. Johnson, principal of the Elkton Academy in regard to entering for the spring term, which I did. The school had a boarding department. I was assigned a room in the attic. Board, room, tuition and laundry amounted to \$4 a week. I registered for Latin, geometry, and university algebra. I paid half my expenses by teaching arithmetic, penmanship, and spelling. On Saturdays I hoed weeds in the garden at ten cents an hour. The boarding department was managed by Mrs. Johnson. I remember one dish that was staple on the unwritten menu: "cush." I think Mr. Frank Johnson brought the recipe from Berlin where he had taken his graduate work for the "M. A." degree. It was much like bread pudding, except the sweetening. This was replaced with gravy. It was what we called a "steady" Sunday evenings for supper and about half the week days.

It was a small school; quite select. Some of the boys

were preparing for Vanderbilt, some for West Point, and some for other colleges. The student who became a national figure was James Clark McReynolds, afterward Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. His brother-in-law became an "M. D." While Elkton Academy was a sectarian school (Christian-Campbellite), and under the auspices of the church, I never knew of any "preacher-student" being enrolled in the school.

With school out, I again returned home to take over the farm and keep on the alert for a school. I was twenty-one, had taught three schools—held three teachers' certificates in three counties. After the corn was laid by, oats and hay harvested, potatoes dug, etc., I was hired to teach the fall term of the Lewisburg public school. For several years previously Prof. Baker had conducted a joint public-private (tuition) school; a full year of two five-month terms. The community was known as "Coon Range." In walking through the woods to and from school to my fortnightly boarding houses, I was never surprised to flush flocks of wild turkeys, spy a litter of raccoons looking at me from the forks of a hollow tree, and spot gray squirrels on a limb chatting at me as I passed. I was permitted to teach alternate Saturdays in order to get out by Christmas. It was a difficult school; forty or more ungraded boys and girls from six to eighteen years of age. My program required twenty six recitations a day. Some of the young folks were sore at me for not going to their weekly parties and playing "post office, snap, old miller," etc. (kissing games) with the lads and lassies; but I didn't have time. It was a great relief to me when I tapped the last bell.

The holiday vacation over, I boarded the train at Russellville for Fulton, Kentucky, to take a position as part time assistant to Prof. J. S. Hayes, my old Greenville high school principal and teacher. I was to receive my lodging, board, laundry, tuition for three courses, and as much cash for salary as the patronage would enable Prof. Hayes to pay me. I had unlimited confidence in Prof. Hayes' generosity and ethics. At the end of the term he was able to give me all he had promised plus \$20 and a fine pair of calf skin boots, made to measure by the best cobbler in Fulton—price \$10. I was satisfied, thanked him, and took the first train home. I let the hired man go and took his job

myself. Most of my salary from the Lewisburg school (about \$130 for the five and a half months), I had sent home to Pa and Ma to hire help putting in the crop. Prof. Hayes had given up the Fulton Academy as a financial failure and was looking for another location. I had to get a school for the fall term. If he succeeded in locating as head of a good school, I was assured of a place with him for the year at from \$30 to \$35 a month.

After waiting in vain to hear from Prof. Hayes, I started out to prospect for a vacancy. The county teachers' institute was in session in Elkton and I attended as a visitor. County School Commissioner, Rev. Gant, was chairman. He spotted me as I entered and "bawled me out" by asking me to make some remarks on the subject under discussion. It was "Class Instruction vs. Individual Teaching." I realized then how fortunate I was to have had the debating experience throughout my teens and also to have taught in the Fulton private school. Well, for ten minutes I was surprised and gratified at the close attention I received from a full house, and at the congratulations of the commissioner. When the meeting adjourned I was delighted to have "Jim" McReynolds, my old academy schoolmate, meet me with a lusty hand shake and felicitate me on my remarks. He was home from Vanderbilt University for his vacation. I was all the more pleased because I had never known him to congratulate anybody before. He was a trenchant critic—a "dissenter." (See his record for many years as a member of the U. S. Supreme Court).

When Commissioner Gant found that I was looking for a school, he wrote me an introduction to two boards which I should see at once. He said that he was very anxious to keep me in the county, and that either board would be fortunate if they would engage me for their next session. This was re-inforced by Prof. Frank M. Johnson, principal of the academy at that time.

The better opening was on Pond River, Bartlettville, twenty-five miles from Elkton. The next day was the Fourth of July and there was to be a "bran" dance (sawdust called "bran" was spread over the ground for the dancers to keep down the dust, which gave the name—"bran dance") at Bartlettville, and a typical Kentucky bar-

becue under the beeches down on the river. I reached there while the dancing was in progress, but some were at the "trencher." As I was making my way to the table there was a flurry of excitement: a negro boy was running directly toward me and a white man was in hot pursuit and shooting at him at every step. Automatically I jumped behind a tree. When the shooting stopped, I peeped out to see what had happened. The negro had fallen and was bleeding profusely, and the white man was saying, as he flourished his smoking pistol: "No nigger can sass me!" Dr. Bartlett, the school trustee, was taking care of the negro while the gunman was disarmed and put under arrest by Deputy Sheriff Armstrong. As the sheriff and posse were taking him (Winters, the gun-man) to the lock-up half a mile away, he made a break, outdistanced the posse, tried to escape through a store; but the back door was locked and he had trapped himself. After the row and the picnic was over, I hunted up Dr. Bartlett, handed him the notes, which seemed to interest him. He invited me to stay all night and he would talk school with me.

Dr. Bartlett was a typical country doctor with the manners of a Southern gentleman. He wore a long black beard; he was very hospitable. His son, eighteen, was home from a military school; sophisticated, sported a cane, and went about humming: "O, 'tis nice to be a father—and don't you wish me joy?" His manners provoked my curiosity. On inquiry afterward, I learned that he was defendant in a suit by an unwed mother; that he was out of jail on bail, and that his dad was helping him to escape the responsibility for the "woods colt" (as illegitimate children were called in Kentucky).

The evening was spent first in discussion of the school position, which it seemed had been promised to another man, but if he didn't accept, I would be offered the place. Then Dr. Bartlett branched off into personal reminiscences—amusing, interesting and disgusting. The son listened with marked attention and a grin. One episode was about a risque experience the doctor had had as a boy with an old negro woman of sixty, as they replanted corn together. He told it with Fallstaffian relish. Then he knelt down and said his bedtime prayer silently and we retired, all three in the doctor's office. I slept with the boy. The

doctor, I was told, was a deacon in the local church. (The other applicant got the job.)

Next morning, as I was starting back to Elkton, Sheriff Armstrong and his posse with Winters, the gun-man, overtook me and added me to the deputies for the trip to help guard against an attempt to take Winters away from us; but there was no interference and the man was safely landed in jail in Elkton. After some months the negro recovered, Winters was released with a light penalty, returned home, joined his moon-shine pals and kept busy on the job until raided by U. S. Excise Tax Officer, Major Church, Greenville headquarters. It was no major crime to shoot a sassy "nigger," only a misdemeanor; but, the moon-shine raid was real trouble for Mr. Winters.

After losing out on the Bartlettville school, I applied to W. R. Bearden, trustee of Winters cross roads school, a farmer and tobacco buyer. He offered me the school; salary:—The public money for five and a half months, and "board around"—two weeks at a place. It was a large district with about forty to forty-five pupils of all ages. The only trouble I had there was to stop the big boys from chewing tobacco and squirting "amber spittle" over the floor. They seemed to feel that they were being deprived of their natural rights. "If they chewed they had to spit somewhere!" But they were finally convinced that they should abstain from chewing during school hours.

This was my fifth and last "destrict" school in Kentucky. I was quite successful in spite of the multitude of classes I had to hear daily. I was anxious to get through by Christmas so that I could enter Elkton Academy again the first of the spring term; so the trustee allowed me to hold school every alternate Saturday. He thought the children would be better off in school than running wild at home. There was no time for social functions. During the evenings, I read "Browne's Mental and Moral Philosophy"—in two large volumes. I succeeded with a reasonable degree of understanding for a youngster of my education and age.

One of the hard working girls in the school was six-foot Maude Kirkman. She had a brother, Frank, also a six-footer. I wondered if she wouldn't make something of herself. I neither saw nor heard anything of her for four

years; then she was taking the scientific course at the National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio. Several years later I learned that she was director of the agency department for an old line life insurance company at a salary of \$5,000 a year, and expenses.

There was another girl, Miss Bobby Winters, who for years was the belle of Winters cross roads, whom I neither saw nor heard of for nearly fifty years. She had never married. Her fiance had died and left her \$25,000 while she was still a young woman. When she was three score and ten, she moved to Elkton, rented a luxurious apartment and settled down to take life easy. In 1929 I stopped over-night at a hotel in Elkton. In the afternoon, Miss "Bobby" dropped into the hotel and recognized me! I never would have recognized her. The next hour was filled with reminiscences!!

I entered the Elkton Academy the second time at the opening of the spring semester. Rev. Johnson had retired from the school, and his son, Frank M. Johnson, was in charge as principal; assisted by his brother, Robert Johnson, vice-principal. Rev. J. W. Gant, a minister of the Christian Church, had bought the property and financed the school in connection with the county office of commissioner of Todd County public schools. My schedule was the same as two years before, viz: university algebra, Latin, trigonometry, and solid geometry. My daily schedule was as instructor three hours and three hours as a student. The only way this session differed from the session before was that I was paid both board and tuition for the three hours of teaching. There was no work in the garden at ten cents an hour.

Frank and Bob were young bachelors, fine men, several years older than I but very companionable and congenial. Frank had gotten his "A. M." from the University of Berlin, in German Language and literature; a classical scholar. They had a large room on the ground floor, with a double bed and a couch. Bob asked me if I would be willing to room with them and sleep on the couch (comfortable as any bed). I accepted at once.

While this arrangement afforded me social and professional companionship, it cut into my sleeping hours.

These brothers were thorough going hard workers; spent long hours on their papers and executive interests until 10 p. m. Then it was their program to read a chapter in the Bible before retiring, in which I jointed them. Frank read from the Greek Testament, translating as rapidly as he could read English. Bob translated from the German; and I used the King James translation. It was truly an eye-opener to me in more ways than scholarship; a delightful half hour. But we never got to bed before eleven o'clock. This was too late for me with the six hours class work, teaching, recitations, and with stiff lessons of my own to prepare. I was sleepy too much of the time. I saw that I couldn't stand the "gaff" as my two professors did, and would have to move into a separate room—not at all to my liking.

After more than two months of this grind, and while I was considering what to do, I got a letter from my sister, Alice, then visiting old friends in Nichols, Iowa. She wrote that she had been elected to teach the primary grade of the Nichols public school; that the principal had resigned, and that the board had offered me the principalship on her recommendation; but, I would have to come in time to take over the spring session the last of March. I should write her my acceptance at once. She was very anxious that I should accept. No salary was mentioned, but I assumed the principal's salary would be at least \$50 a month. (I guessed wrong, but too late.)

I took the letter to Professors Frank and Bob Johnson, told them I was very loath to leave in the middle of the term and would not do so unless they should release me. The three of us talked it over for half an hour. I said that my heart was set on the West, that this might mean the only opportunity I would have for a long time, if ever. Also, if I accepted, I would be in line for the next year's principalship. Meanwhile, I would be associated with my sister. They said they hated to have me leave; but they understood that such an opportunity didn't come every day; and so they gave me their blessing and let me go. The next day my trunk was packed and I was on my way to Iowa.

(It was forty-six years later that I saw Elkton again. I drove through in a Ford one bright Sunday morning,

en route to see my people in Auburn, Kentucky. The academy had been transformed into an apartment house, and the town had changed along with the academy. In the old home of Dr. McReynolds, where James C. McReynolds, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court was brought up, I saw no change but age. I was told it was still the home of his sister who long years before had married Dr. John Zarecov, a former classmate of mine. The neighbors told me that "Jim" came to see his sister every summer. I have some personal letters from him while he was Attorney General under President Wilson.)

Chapter XI

EMIGRATE TO IOWA—1882

The home folks were much surprised when I rapped on the door; thought something was the matter. When I told them my story, they were relieved; but distressed that I was going so far away. After a few days with the home folks, I again broke "home ties," and it was almost as heart breaking as the first time six years before.

I took the train in a snow storm early Friday morning and arrived at Terra Haute, Indiana, Saturday evening after the last west bound train had departed. There were no more trains until Monday. Sunday I attended my first Catholic service—a strange kind of meeting to me. Monday morning I took the west bound train for Maquon, Illinois, where I lay over for a day, visiting my friends, the McKenneys. I had never seen any of the McKenney family except Mr. McKenney. It was a delightful rest after bucking the blizzard for four days.

Then on to Nichols, Iowa, via Burlington. I reached Nichols at night during a blinding snow storm; streets full of drifted snow and the houses almost buried in drifts. Mr. J. W. Lendrum, an old Kentucky friend, met me at the station. We plowed our way through the drifts to the Lendrum home where a warm welcome from Mrs. Lendrum and my sister awaited me. This was a strange land!

Before I could take charge of the school, I must pass the teachers' examination at the county superintendent's office in Muscatine the following Saturday. They told me Superintendent R. W. Leverich was very rigid and sarcastic—and I was too tired to think.

When I handed him my credentials (three county certificates in Kentucky and recommendations), he observed that he couldn't understand why any school board should go to Kentucky, the most backward school state in the U. S. to find a principal for any school in Iowa; that Iowa ranked among the highest educationally, in the Union. However, since I had already come with good intentions, I could have a chance at the examinations. So he gave me a seat at a table, and a set of questions—with a time limit. Then I realized

more than ever that I was *tired*. But I answered seven correctly; the minimum to pass. I must pass six other sets. I wrote continuously until after four o'clock. Mr. Leverich graded the papers as I finished them. When he had read the last one, he said: "Well, I guess—." Then he paused. (That was a new word to me to be used in this connection. I had always considered it a Yankee provincialism used only in cases of insufficient data. Did they grade up to a minimum of 70%? If so, then there was no occasion to "guess." Later, "guess" filtered into my vocabulary for my own use.) Mr. Leverich started again, slowly: "I guess I'll give you a second grade certificate, which will allow you to finish the spring term which Principal Reynolds left up in the air when he walked out at the close of the winter term. I'll visit your school after you get started and check up then. I hold a three-weeks teachers' county institute in the summer and shall expect you and your sister to attend. It will put you onto the Iowa school system."

Then he wrote out my certificate: "Second Grade; good for three months." After teaching five public schools in three counties in Kentucky, attending a good high school two terms, an accredited academy for two sessions, and being rated as one of the best country teachers in those counties; this was the first "Second Grade" certificate I had ever been granted or ever did receive. I have it yet, as a souvenir.

It was two months before I heard anything more from Superintendent Leverich. Then, one morning he walked into my room during a recitation and took a seat in the back of the room. I apologized for not offering him a chair, since the board allowed no chair in the room. The board said: "The principal couldn't sit down and earn his salary—\$25 a month." (I didn't know what the salary was to be until I had arrived in Iowa. If I had, I should not have left Kentucky.)

Superintendent Leverich visited all day and became complimentary—even cordial. I never saw a more radical change in a superintendent's attitude. Thenceforth, I had only the most pleasant relations with the county superintendent of Muscatine County.

Sister Alice and I attended Superintendent Leverich's

Institute in July. It was a Normal school with a special faculty under his direction. At the close, I passed the examination with the highest grades of any of the one hundred teachers in attendance (99% in arithmetic). I took my paper to the superintendent and asked him the error that cut my grade to 99%. He replied: "You forgot to dot an 'i'." Then he explained that he never gave anyone 100%. One of the Appel girls (there were three old maid sisters, all teaching in the Muscatine schools) was overheard by some of our boarders to remark: "What do you think?—that man, *Simpleton* made 99% in arithmetic!"

Before the Institute closed, one of the professors, who was also superintendent of the West Liberty schools, asked me to apply for the principalship of his largest grammar school, where a vacancy would occur at the end of the year. If I wanted to teach in Muscatine County next year at a maximum salary of \$40 a month for eight months, I would have to have more than a temporary teachers' certificate. Superintendent Leverich granted me a new certificate, the highest grade issued by the school department of Muscatine County.

The winter session of the Nichols school was for eight months, closing in March. It proved to be one of the most difficult schools I had ever taught. Nichols was a railroad junction with a population of five hundred consisting of seven nationalities, quite a good percentage of whom were unable either to speak or understand English. They had no idea of school discipline, except by the rod. However, by no means were the majority to be classed as undesirable citizens. A majority were excellent people; but, mixed with them were enough riff-raff to make every day a headache. Sister Alice fared better than I. She had the primary grades: also taught a class in Sunday school. I was superintendent of a Sunday school and also taught a Bible class. I was indeed delighted when the time came to close the door for the last time and take the three o'clock morning train for Maquon, Illinois.

The day before I was to leave Nichols, I stopped in to say "god-bye" to Miss Nina Olds, a bright young school ma'am who taught a near-by country school. She and her mother were paying a visit to her grandfather, "Father Olds," a shriveled old saint of three score and ten, and her

grandmother. They graciously invited me to spend the evening with them—they, too, were planning to go to the far West: Fargo, Dakota.

For a time both Miss Olds and her mother joined in telling me of the marvellous country that would be their future home, and of the opportunities it offered to young men of ambition, energy and character. Then the mother retired to spend some time with the grandparents. Time slipped by; the mother returned, apologized for coming in again; but, the only entrance into the bedroom was through the parlor and, as the only means of ventilation apparently was through the door, she left it ajar. Another hour sped by. The mother awoke as the clock struck twelve and apologetically mentioned the hour and the strenuous duties awaiting Nina on the morrow. Nina hadn't finished her story. She promised to continue it by mail and give me a real description of this land "flowing with milk and honey and buffalo." I thanked her and promised that I would respond and tell her about Illinois. Then, with a lingering handclasp (nothing more), I took my leave. As I turned the corner, I looked back through the unshaded window and saw Nina standing before the mirror, taking down her long hair, and indulging in one of the most expressive and protracted yawns I had ever seen on the handsome face of a lady! Perhaps I had stayed too long!

Nina was true to her promise. She wrote fine letters, all descriptive of the country; and I replied promptly, the best I could. She played up the opportunities for young men in Dakota—far superior to anything that Illinois could offer. I believed her; but, I had to go to school before I moved any farther West. After I had my college degree, I would go West and "grow up with the country." Her letters still came but farther apart; until the last one contained an invitation to her wedding to a German banker. I, unable to attend, sent my "regrets" in a letter of sincere good wishes; never expecting to see her again.

(Several years later—in January, 1889—on my return trip from Bridgeport, Ohio, I stopped over at Fargo for a few hours visit to the Olds family. Her sister, Verna, hitched up old Dobbin to the sleigh and took me to Nina's; she was then the doting mother of two boys. She was just

recovering from a spell of grippe. The next year I offered Verna a place in the Miles City schools, which she accepted, and she continued there until Superintendent Young of Helena gave her a better place in the Helena schools. Two years later, Miss Verna Olds became "Mrs. Young." A Cinderella climax!)

Sister Alice declined to continue with the Nichols school, and enrolled in the Normal at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, preparing more thoroughly for the life of an old maid school ma'am. But she never taught again. Through an unexpected "turn of the wheel" she became the bride of John W. Black, a farmer in the Nichols township, and settled down to the life of a housewife.

Arriving at Maquon in time for supper the same day I left Nichols, I received a warm welcome from "Cousin Ben McKenney," wife Rose, and seven children. It was like getting home again. Indeed, it was home for me for the next eighteen months. The scene of my uneventful life had been shifted again. New contacts, new friends in the making; and within a week, a new school job to begin with. It was the Rambo district school. And now my tale, chameleon-like, changes color again.

Chapter XII

*RAMBO SCHOOL—BOOK AGENT—
RAMBO SCHOOL*

Soon after landing at Maquon, I started "scouting" for a school. Meanwhile, I tried to pay for my keep by working in Davis & McKenney's store; the latter member of the firm (a relative) assuring me that I would soon land a job, and in the meantime I was welcome to make his house my home—just as a member of the family. I accepted gratefully and tried to make myself useful around the store and the house. I knew nothing about the mercantile business, but I could learn and I did learn.

In a few days Asa Rambo came into the store. He was the trustee of the Rambo school, four miles in the country from Maquon. Mr. McKenney inquired about the school session. Mr. Rambo replied that they were looking for a man to finish the year. Their teacher had left; he didn't pay his bills and was fired. In an hour's time I had accepted the job of finishing the term and the promise of the place next year if satisfactory. I was to board at the Rambo home for \$2 a week, board and lodging. Week ends I was to come "home" and work in the store on Saturdays and holidays.

Meanwhile, I had to take the county examination in Galesburg, under Miss Mary Allen West, county superintendent of schools in Knox County (later internationally known in Chicago and elsewhere as editor of the *Union Signal*, the official organ of the W. C. T. U.). Her greeting was very different from what I received a year before from Superintendent Leverich in Muscatine. It took her only three hours to decide to give me the highest grade certificate that the law allowed an outsider.

This little Rambo school was delightful; there were no problems of discipline. This was a mystery to me for there was but one church-going family in the district. The community was composed of kind hearted, honest, frugal, tobacco-"chawing," "cussing," farmers. I was treated with genuine respect personally and professionally. I was my own janitor, but the girls did the sweeping voluntarily. I chopped the wood, built the fires, and dusted the boards.

When the term closed, the trustee offered me the highest salary they had ever paid if I would continue the following year. I accepted.

As the end of the spring term approached, and I had signed a contract to take over the school for the next year, I was casting about for ways and means to earn my keep through the summer vacation. A general agent for a publishing house had been writing me about an agency job to canvass in Eastern Iowa for a medical cyclopedia for household use. I decided to accept his proposition.

He would give me ten days training free. Then take me out in his buggy into my assigned territory and supervise my practice for a week or more, in showing the work. We would take alternate prospects. By watching him I could correct my errors and "get the hang of it." It seemed my best bet; so, I went back to West Liberty, Iowa; put in the ten days training, and then Mr. Price thought I was ready to go with him. He took me in his buggy early in the morning. He tackled the first prospect; labored hard to land him, but in vain. The next man was mine. He signed up for the eight dollar set. So we put in the day. When we got home that night I had taken three orders. Mr. Price, one of the best agents in Iowa, was "skunked!" He reported to the company that he had discovered a "phenom solicitor."

I was assigned the township of Wilton, including the town of twenty-two hundred inhabitants. My quota to write was one per cent of the inhabitants in three weeks. I made good. Then I was given a larger town, Tipton. Mr. Price sent his son to work with me. For the country work he furnished the horse and buggy. We worked harder than ever and fared poorer. We struck a colony of Scotch. Fine farms, blooded stock, imposing houses and barns: but they evidently never ventilated their houses from one year's end to the next. Such cooking! Corn bread, potatoes boiled in their jackets, sow-belly and buttermilk! The bill for lodgings overnight was \$3.50, double the charge of the native Iowan. We couldn't sell a set in this colony!, mostly Scotch.

Young Price was a strapping big, hot-headed youngster of twenty-two. Sometimes when we had paid the bill he would get in the buggy, take the lines; then, before

clucking to the horse, he would bid our host farewell with a hot cussing. When I remonstrated, he assured me that it was the one part of our bill he enjoyed paying. As we drove from farm house to farm house, canvassing "cold turkey," hardly making enough to pay expenses for days on end, Price grew more and more profane and discouraged. He finally drove back to West Liberty to see his girl. He never came back. I continued alone in the town of Tipton. By selling various boarding houses the book, I cashed in on expenses. Everything over that was velvet; but not enough to clothe myself withal in "velvet and fine linen."

As the days went by, none too fast, I was getting fed up on the job, and the day for me to unlock the door of the Rambo school house drew nearer, I "praised the Lord" that I had signed up to take that little country school for the year at \$40 a month. I delivered my books, deducted my commission, and took the train for Nichols for a visit with Sister Alice. En route, a couple of my friends, newly-weds, returning from their wedding tour, got on the train. I knew nothing of their wedding, but I could see in their faces that something important had happened. They were returning to her home for the "infair" and pressed me to accompany them for the night. The father-in-law, James Black, a typical Iowa farmer, lived a mile out of town on a little hill overlooking fields of corn. As we drove across a big drainage canal we saw a dozen or more wild ducks (Mallards) swimming down the ditch. I asked Mary, the bride, if her dad had a shot gun. "Yes, he has." I lost no time in doffing my coat, grabbing the gun and sneaking through the corn to the canal. I infaladed the flock. Some were killed outright, and others crippled and unable to fly. The current was surely carrying all along to the river! I had to retrieve those Mallards. Something had to be done, and quickly. Jump in and get 'em? No. I had only the clothes I was wearing for the "infair." The dense corn hid me? Yes. Then, I could shed off, get the ducks, put on my clothes,—nobody would be the wiser. Good strategy! I took to the water. As I began to chase the cripples and throw the dead ones out on the bank, I heard an awful lot of yelling in the direction of the house, and looking up—there was not only the house in plain sight, but the whole wedding outfit on the porch, yelling their heads off! I don't know, but I probably turned as red as an "Injun"

all over. However, I wasn't "figgering" to lose any of those ducks, even if nobody spoke to me again.

As the last duck was salvaged I looked up and there were a couple of guys. They had come down with a towel and to help me carry the ducks up to the house. The crowd on the porch had disappeared (they probably were inside looking out of the windows). As we approached with the Mallards they all swarmed out to count the game. The men said I was a good sport; but the women looked at me and—grinned! But by the time we got our feet under the table, they had all forgotten the incident. But I had not. That, and my first day's canvassing can never be forgotten by me. It was "alpha and omega," the beginning and the end, as I thought then.

For a fortnight I took time out to visit Sister Alice Black and family on a large farm near Nichols. During these two weeks there occurred an unusual rise in the Mississippi. The waters of the Wapsienonock Creek backed up and covered acres of the farm. Early one morning I looked out and saw the sky darkened by immense flocks of ducks lighting on the water, backed up within a quarter of a mile of the house. It was an exciting moment for me. I grabbed Black's ten-gauge double barrel shot gun, pulled on his hip-boots, and called back to Sister that I would be back to breakfast with a mess of ducks. I had no dog to retrieve the ducks and I had no boat. I had plenty of shots, but the pesky birds managed to fall in the water out of reach. It was tantalizing. I followed the flocks, hoping for better luck, hour by hour. I had gone about a couple of miles when I ran on to another guy on the same jaunt, and having the same luck. We were both hungry; it was about three o'clock in the afternoon and we had had no breakfast, no lunch, no water to drink. As we slumped along we came to a watermelon field, literally covered with those melons which gave Muscatine County a national reputation. It was just at the close of the season and the hogs had not been turned into the patch. We began with an appetite that I never experienced for watermelon before, much as I liked the fruit. Indeed, we gorged. My eyes began to shimmer. After we each had eaten the heart of eight melons, I said: "Sam, let's go home. I've had enough for one day." And such a night I had! It was all of ten years before I could look at a water-

melon without a pain—and it wasn't "in the neck." I didn't take many ducks home; most that I shot floated down to the "Father of Waters," via Cedar River.

I was glad when the day came to meet my little flock of boys and girls at the Rambo schoolhouse for another enjoyable "pull-together"—this time for six months. The year (1882-83) inter-larded with work in the store on Saturdays and holidays, was a happy one. Some of my "children" afterwards distinguished themselves in their chosen life work.

One, Jessie, five years old, the only child of the Rambo family with whom I boarded, so persistently pestered her mother to let her go to school with "Joe" that she finally gave her consent. She never missed a day. I had no scheduled time for her lessons, just took her on my knee between classes as I could find five or ten minutes to hear her lesson. At the close of school Jessie had read several first and second readers, had done some number and drawing work. She always knew her lesson and liked school better every day. (Later she attended two universities "on her own" from choice. Her folks were able to pay her way but she wanted to work her way. She received two diplomas; after which time she was principal of two high schools; then, she was appointed head of Home Economics Department of Illinois State Normal), retiring after eighteen years tenure. The last year, after she had resigned, the Board of Regents of the Bloomington Teachers College erected "The Home Economics Building," and christened it: "THE JESSIE RAMBO BUILDING."

Another incident connected with my year in charge of the Rambo school made me very happy. The McKenney home was just across the street from the town graded school with eight teachers. It was a very good school—on a par with the same type of schools in the county. However, instead of sending their oldest daughter, sixteen, and their oldest son, thirteen, across the street to the town school, they sent them out to the Rambo and paid their board for the school weeks. Because, their parents said, they wanted them to take certain fundamental subjects from me.

(Several years afterward, when I was a member of the faculty of the Glasgow Normal school, they sent the

same two children and another daughter to take the scientific course at the Glasgow Normal, Glasgow, Kentucky. This daughter, the oldest of the family, developed into one of the finest cultured gentlewomen I have ever known.)

During the term, the new county superintendent visited the school for a day. He appraised the work very highly, remarking as he left that he hoped I would remain in the county, but that I should have a better place. A month later he offered me a much better place in the county.

Superintendent Steele offered me the school at Summit in Knox County, at \$60 a month for the year 1883-84. But, a week before I received this offer, I had signed a contract with the board of the Miles, Iowa, school at \$55 a month. This was a "bolt out of the blue." I had never heard of the place until I received a letter from Mr. Frank Slade, originally of Nichols. He had three boys in school during my tenure there. Later he had moved to Miles, Iowa, and engaged in the mercantile business. He learned that the principal of the school was resigning. At once he interviewed the board, recommended me for the position, and wrote me that I could have the place, but I should submit an application. As it was the best prospect I had, I sent an application. A contract came back by return mail. I signed it and mailed it out. I was relieved now that I had a job for the next year: Now I could go home and spend a vacation with my folks. Then came Mr. Steele's offer. I tried to get released from the Miles Board, but without success. "A contract was a contract." So I declined Mr. Steele's offer regretfully. Now I could spend the summer free from the worry as to a job for the next year.

Chapter XIII

HOME AND OLD FRIENDS IN KENTUCKY

When I was ready to start on my vacation, Mr. McKenney was called to Chicago on business and wished very much that I would stay a week or two and help out in the store until his return. I couldn't refuse. So that time was cut out of the visit to "My Old Kentucky Home." I finally got off and arrived safely. Then, for the first time, I noticed the difference between the "Yankee" dialect which I had acquired unconsciously, and the Kentucky "lingo," as the Northerners called the Kentucky dialect.

When I finally arrived at home after being on my own for so long, it was so good to feel Ma's arms around me and the affectionate "welcome home" of Pa, that I reproached myself for not managing in some way to get home more frequently. It was the welcome expressed in laughter and tears that showed me the depth of love in their hearts for their only boy. Sister Molly was still with the old folks. She, a little while before, had performed a miracle, the neighbors said.

The foxes had been breaking into the chicken coops at night and killing the chickens. They seemed unable to fence Reynard out. One night he got in without safe-guarding his line of retreat. In the middle of the night there was great excitement among the chickens. Molly was the first one at the coops in her "nighties;" a large red fox was still inside the coop. She had neither gun nor club. When she saw him in the coop she had no time to look for a club; she closed his only exit. Evidently, he thought he could out-fox an unarmed girl and get away; so, he dashed for his freedom; but, for once in fox history, the girl out-foxed Reynard. As he made the dash past her, she grabbed him by the back of the neck, got both hands around his throat in the only hold that rendered him helpless—he could neither bite nor scratch. Although he was as large as a medium sized dog (as red foxes grow to be), she held her grip on his throat, choked his wind off and beat his life out against the ground! When I asked her if she wasn't afraid to tackle the varmint with nothing but her hands, she said: "Well, I guess I took chances of getting scratched or bitten in the dark, but I was mad at the brute for killing

our chickens and waking us up nights." It struck me as even a greater experience than father's in running down the wild turkey gobbler, when he was a boy.

After a week or so with the old folks and neighbors, I owed visits to Sister Blanche and family at Auburn, Uncle Dan Crittenden and family, and the Gordons. And there was a very pressing invitation from my cousins and their father, Dr. Thomas Crittenden, his son, Dr. George Crittenden, and two sisters at Goodlettsville, Tennessee, to visit them. So I took Nannie Crittenden, Uncle Dan's daughter, for a few days visit with them just outside of Nashville. Every hour was filled with a "thrill." One of these gave me a sensation that I had never experienced before.

One day we visited Nashville, saw all the historical spots and institutions. A charming young lady friend of the cousins had joined the party that day. She was very vivacious and entertaining. The Capitol was one of the sights we must see. There we might see Nashville from the look-out on top. We climbed ladders from the last of the several flights of stairs, *the men going ahead!* All at once we came out on the little platform on top. There was no railing! The city spread out in every direction, a beautiful sight! Then I looked straight down, over the edge, five or six hundred feet! I dropped flat on my belly! The strange impulse to jump unnerved me. Weak and jittery, I didn't dare trust myself to stand up. George wasn't much better; but, the girls had no such foolish reactions. They walked all over that "crow's nest." How I marveled at their self-composure. They would stand on the ledge, look down at the people on the street who seemed the size of five-year olds, and call us to come see. Nothing doing! I was non-plussed as never before. I felt disgraced by my weakness, particularly in the presence of this beautiful young lady before whom my cousins were anxious for me to appear a hero! When they were not looking, I slid back to the man-hole, feet foremost, and called back that I was dizzy and going down. The effect of the incident faded as soon as I got my feet on terra firma. This trip to Tennessee was very worth while.

I returned home for a few more days. Ruric Roark had written me to meet him and his bride at the new Standiford Hotel in Louisville and to spend a couple days with

them at the Southern Exposition. I was delighted to accept. Several students had come down with him to see the exposition. It was the first time I had ever put up at a first class hotel, and my first exposition. It was a wonderful show to me, but I felt disappointed at Ruric's divided attention between Mary, the bride, and me. They were together all the day. I could be with him only with her, on the other side of him. I invited him to come to my room' after dinner. About nine o'clock he came. I had a lot to talk about; he listened. But he didn't seem to have the normal interest in my stories as in olden times.

After an hour, he started to leave. I was surprised. I said, "Croot, I want you to stay all night with me." He replied: "Thank you, Joe, but Mary wouldn't know what to think; she expected me back before this." Then I realized that he was married indeed; "hog-tied" to a woman! I realized then what an ideal marriage was. Their's was tested through the next twenty seven years of very mixed prosperity and adversity, but each one happy and heartened by the presence and camaraderi of the other.

(One Saturday in the spring of 1909 at Palo Alto, my faculty had invited me to an afternoon picnic. While the informal stunts were in progress, a Western Union messenger came and handed me a telegram. It was from Mary Roark: "Ruric died suddenly this morning in Cincinnati. Doctor said he was convalescing from an operation ten days ago. My light has gone out." My light seemed to go out too. No more picnic that day for me. And there lodged away down inside of me a sadness which I sense whenever Ruric Roark's name comes to me.)

The next day the company split up and went their several ways, I for my year's work at Miles, Iowa. I must arrive a week before the opening, survey the situation, take my examination, meet my board, the primary teacher (a two teacher school), check up on supplies, etc. Mrs. Slade had a room with board for me at \$2.50 per week. That would leave me \$45 a month. I could send \$10 a month home and have \$5 left for my incidental expenses. I must save \$30 a month for the year in order to attend the National Normal University the next two years; to take both the scientific and classic courses.

Chapter XIV

*NATIONAL NORMAL UNIVERSITY,
LEBANON, OHIO*

When I arrived at Miles I had from \$25 to \$30. My teacher's examination gave me the highest grade certificate. My assistant, Miss Lottie Heberling, was a fine grained, old maid primary teacher — very efficient. She had been there for several years. Her sister, Allie Heberling, was younger and socially more attractive, very comely. My predecessor, as principal, had fallen for her charms; had carved her name on the principal's desk and many other places about the premises. A year later they were married. They were good people. The town had a population of over seven hundred; it was a typical prohibition Iowa town. Most of the citizens were well-to-do farmers still operating their farms; but living in town for more conveniences: schools, churches, etc., than they could have in the country. It was one of the cleanest little towns I have ever known. The country beautiful; climate salubrious part of the year (but not that winter). For three or more weeks in mid-winter the mercury stood twenty degrees below zero. That was unusual, they said. That eliminated Iowa as a possible future home for me.

The year closed so successfully that the county superintendent wanted me to take a larger school at a better salary. (That was W. M. Welch, for years afterwards the head of a large school furniture and supply house in Chicago.) Mr. N. A. Kimball, the school trustee, offered me the same position for the next year at an increase of \$20 a month in salary, but my program read: "Strike for Lebanon and enter the N. N. U. for the summer session."

En route to Lebanon, I stopped for a couple days visit with the McKenney family at Maquon. There I met with another temptation. Mr. McKenney offered the management of the London Mills general store, a full stock of goods provided by Davis and McKenney and all running expenses paid, including the salary of a full time clerk. Profits were to be split fifty-fifty between the proprietors and me. I declined, and proceeded on to Lebanon and a year or more in hard study at the National Normal University.

The year before I had deposited \$90 at 8% interest with the N. N. U. management for two year's tuition.

I arrived at Lebanon in June, 1884, in time for the summer term. Prof. and Mrs. Ruric N. Roark met me with a whole-hearted welcome. From boyhood up through the years he and I had been "closer than brothers." He lived in Greenville and I, seven miles in the country. When the weather was good and the roads passable we managed to get together for a night once a fortnight at his home, at which time we planned our "Castles in Spain." He was the only child of a prominent lawyer and his mother was a sister of my father's first wife. For years we thought we were real cousins. His cultured, God-fearing parents were ambitious for the future of their gifted son. Greenville was noted throughout Kentucky for its schools, and Captain Roark's son attended uninterruptedly while preparing for college. He led his classes and laid a broad foundation in English and the classics while I had only three to four months in the winter to attend our very inefficient district school, and the rest of the year work—full days on the farm and do what studying I could at nights. The principal stimulating influences for me were his ideals and examples; also, the country debating society, which challenged me to read and think. Too, I never forgot Beverly Hutchinson's advice to me as his country school closed in a blizzard: "That if I held to my purpose, I would some day graduate from one of the great universities."

And now, at the age of twenty six, after many vicissitudes, avocations, jobs; I had arrived at this university, and having paid in advance my tuition for both the scientific and classical courses, I had \$200 in my pocket for room, board, books, and incidentals. I was sure I could realize my long cherished ambition. It was a thrilling moment in my life when Ruric and Mary met me and gave expression to their delight, both in words and looks. I had reached the "door step" of the university through a long, hard pull. No one knew better than he how long and hard it had been. They took me to their dainty boarding house for dinner.

As we entered their boarding house, Mrs. Roark introduced me to Miss "Maggie" Enlow, who was waiting for the other boarders to arrive. She was a student; slim, shy,

modest, silent. Evidently she was from the country and a home of good breeding. This was only my reflex, superficial reaction, my semi-conscious habit of sizing people up.

(The next time I chanced to meet Miss Enlow was on the bank of a gully where some of the boys and I were geologizing for Trilobites. We heard someone talking above us and there stood a good looking couple. They also seemed to be geologizing or botanizing—we couldn't tell from their low pitched conversation just which. I recognized Mr. Auton at once, but I had to take a second look at the companion, for her face was hidden partially by a big sun-bonnet. Then I recognized the young lady I had met at Mrs. Parshall's dining room a fortnight before: Miss Enlow. After satisfying their curiosity as to our finds in the wash, they walked on. My only impression as they walked away was that they were a very nice looking, congenial pair. I had not thought of Miss Enlow since our introduction until that chance meeting at the wash. She disappeared after commencement. Likewise, Mr. Auton with his diploma; he had finished.)

I registered for a full program for the short term, six weeks, and I got the feel of intense, concentrated study as I had never gotten it before. So when the fall term opened and I registered for the scientific course (one of 132 members), I knew the pace I would have to take to earn the "B. S." degree at the end of the year. About half of the subjects (everything was required in this course) I had studied before with reasonable thoroughness, either at the Elkton academy or under Prof. Hayes. So I had the advantage of a majority of the class in those subjects, but not to the extent that I could relax or take it easy. I could go deeper into those subjects than the majority, and I did.

I registered for geometry under Prof. E. E. Keech, keen, logical, trenchant. At the time he was unpopular. He proved to be one of the best teachers I have ever had, and one of my best life-long friends. As our section of about eighty assembled for roll call the first morning, I had taken my seat in the second row of chairs on the right of the rostrum and was looking around at a full house when Miss Maggie Enlow and Miss Nettie Brown came in and took seats directly in front of Butcher and me. And those were

their seats for the session. I was behind Miss Enlow! But I had no idea that would be our order for life—still marching behind her!

For a fortnight or so the geometry hour functioned normally; the recitations and demonstrations were called alphabetically. No one stood out as better or worse than the majority. Then Prof. Keech assigned some *originals*. When he called for a show of hands of those who had the answer, there were less than half a dozen came up. Some of the strongest of the class hadn't gotten the answer, and I was among them. But how come? Miss Enlow's hand was up! Keech looked around, seemingly amused. I felt chagrined that I couldn't lift my hand right behind her. "Did she really solve it, or just think she did? I'll be sorry if Keech calls on her to put the solution on board." Then he said: "Miss Enlow, will you put your solution on the board?" She walked (that peculiar walk of hers, which I had never noticed before) across the room to the board, in front of the whole class. In five minutes she was ready. Mr. Keech said: "Miss Enlow, will you explain your solution, please?" She took the pointer and went through the solution without a surplus word or gesture. Keech's face lighted up as he said: "That is a perfect solution." And I said (to myself): "That little unsophisticated country girl certainly has more brains than most of her sex." I think the class felt the same way, only they wouldn't have limited it to her sex. From that time on she took rank with the upper seventh of the class.

That seemed to be the beginning. First, respect for her intelligence and sincerity; second, admiration for her modesty and ingeniousness. This was as far as I had ever gotten before in my association with many lady friends; but what kind of a "bug" had gotten into my eyes that I couldn't refrain staring at her when she was in sight? It was strange, even annoying, that I was gradually losing control of where I looked! And I couldn't expel the "bug." So, I decided to take it up with her and see if she really was a witch, and if it was she who had thrown a spell over me. So, Thanksgiving holiday, when we could take a little time off one evening, I presented my "case" to her.

Indeed, she was greatly surprised; bewildered! She had been having the same trouble with her "eyes" too. But

she couldn't believe that she had anything to do with my case. She, a plain country girl whose only social life had been attending church twice on Sunday and an occasional Punch and Judy show in the school house. There were other girls in the class who had been in society for several years and were cultured; she never dreamed that I would overlook them and pick on her. She couldn't understand it. Neither could I, except, I somehow, was never impressed very deeply by girls who had specialized in social culture.

Well, after several days of "thinking it over," but with no relaxation of her class work, we got together again. She thought I might be right, but really it seemed too good to be true. So, it wasn't very long afterwards that I dropped into Roark's study. He was alone. I had something to tell him. For years we had been absolutely confidential in our association from boyhood up. But then I seemed nervous. He sensed my discomfort and said: "What is it, Joe? Out with it!" Then I said: "Croot, yes, I have something to tell you, but it is a profound secret and you must not breathe it to any living soul." "Sure, what's on your chest?" "Maggie Enlow and I are engaged!"

I had expected surprise on his part. No, not a scintilla of it. He beamed, put out his hand and said: "Put it there, Joe. That is the best job you have ever put over. But you must let me tell Mary. She will be delighted." My silence he construed as consent. But how come? How did he ever get the idea? We had been very circumspect; "circulated" with the rest of the class as much, or possibly more, as with each other. I couldn't think anyone else had any suspicions at all!

The next time I met Mary she didn't say a word. Just put out her hand, and as she *gripped* my hand she looked so pleased. She beamed on me. I knew that he had told her, and her congratulations were beyond language. But nobody else knew; we were sure of that. The plain gold ring that I slipped on her finger, she deposited in the bottom of her trunk so curious eyes couldn't see it.

So we scrupulously kept our secret locked safe in our cerebellums and hit our books the harder. My chemistry laboratory section had been shifted to 3 a. m. (from 3 a. m. to 5 a. m. twice a week). I had to get to bed by 9 p. m. or

else go to sleep over the test tubes. No time for social calls except to drum up custom for my boarding house after Christmas.

Mrs. Roark had heard of a fine farmer with a wife and four daughters (fifteen to twenty-two) who were renting their farm and moving to town to take advantage of the schools and church. They could feed twenty boarders at \$2 per week, and give them real gravy instead of "mucilage" (which was served as a substitute for gravy at the \$1 a week Tanner House). They raised their own hogs, fowls, mutton, beef, wheat, corn, vegetables, etc., on their farm. The mother was a fine cook, the girls all were good "pinch hitters" and waiters. So, what more did they want for a perfect set-up? Just one thing: An agent to rustle boarders, pick and choose the best, and collect. So Mary told them she knew the very man for the job—if he *would consider* it. He could have his board free for his services. Yes, I was already beginning to walk on my uppers. I was already beginning to wonder what I was going to do—"what I was goin' to say when the rent came 'round." I didn't lose any time in seeing the good old farmer and his splendid wife. They both seemed delighted that they had gotten the "pick of the bunch" to take over the job. I didn't trust myself to show my joy. It was like "manna from heaven" to me, even though I had to take time off every day to "gather it up." I went to it and made out a set of my prospects with good results. It was a gastronomic success from the first breakfast of the New Year to the last supper at commencement. Keech, Roush, Swan, Young, Clark, and a full quota with but little persuasion. When it came to Miss Enlow, however, it was "a horse of another color." She hated to leave her old boarding house. But what was more to the point, she was afraid the boarders would suspect that we had a "case on each other," and that would be embarrassing! This meeting three times a day: she would enjoy it herself, but could we keep from showing our feelings for each other? "Anyway," I said, "you might come and try it for a week." She came. And being a good actress, she stayed through to commencement. If anybody suspected anything, they said nothing to us about it. Maybe it was because of Dr. Roush (a medical student) and Miss Swan. They most always came together; *a little late!* One day

after dinner they left the table early and Miss Nannie Young from Alabama, observed: "The Swan on still Saint Mary's Lake, Floats double, Swan and shadow." I wonder if my boarders ever forgot that line.

I made the collections, filled the vacant chairs as some dropped out, and kept the books. I saw that my farmer broke even at \$2 per week. That was all he asked. It soon was recognized as the best table in town; no exceptions.

As the spring came on and the days grew longer they seemed to go faster. With monthly reunions of the entire student body, promonading (no dancing) every month, fortnightly debates, a National Presidential Convention to nominate a candidate for President on a Woman's Suffrage ticket (a hot question then), the course running through several weeks for the purpose of teaching parliamentary law (the best device for this that a school can use), we found little time to think about school yells, athletic games, a senior ball—all this was taboo. There was one extra, however, that lingers yet in my memory. It was a States banquet. About thirty states were represented by members of our class. One representative from each state was allowed five minutes to toast his state. I had registered from Iowa so I used my five to toast the State where the tall corn grows and the "Hawk-eye girls look through the male veneer while their smiles reveal their pearly ivory." That was a time when oratory, elocution, rhetoric were in the saddle. And as I sucked the soup off my flowing moustache, I felt that I had done a pretty good job for the great corn State of my adoption. But when W. W. Barnett, from Lexington, Kentucky, had finished his peroration for Kentucky, the wind all went out of my sails, and I left the hall with my "tail down."

His was the closing number and he took extra time, finishing his oratorical enconiums with the following peroration (which I remember to this day): "Kentucky! There she lies! A fair maiden! Her head pillowed on the Appalachian; her feet washed by the Mississippi; and blue-grass and coal in her interior!" That was the real stuff! What a hand!

(His older brother, C. S. Barnett, a good student but not noted for "golden speech" as W. W.; concentrated on

his studies and on the courtship of Miss Ada Hendrickson, a very comely brunette and a good student, to whom he was happily married afterward. W. W. Barnett was later elected as superintendent of schools of Houston, Texas. He died three years later.)

Now we began to look forward to commencement. We "scientifics" tidied up our herbariums of a hundred pressed specimens of the flora of the section, and our cabinets with trilobites, rhinconnella capexes, etc.—outcrops of the Lower Silurian), also our notebooks in physics and chemistry, and carefully packed. We were admonished not to lose any of these, or else we would have to return to the N. N. U. and take the course all over again!

Incidentally, I never looked at my notes and I gave the herbarium and the cabinet away after carting them around for years over a good portion of the United States.

It was time to train for commencement. The class was allowed to elect ten representatives of the class to speak to the public on topics assigned by the English faculty. Miss Enlow was elected as one of the speakers and I for a debate on "The Tariff." H. C. Ostien was my opponent. He argued for a *protective tariff*, while I spoke for "*A Tariff for Revenue Only*." I have my manuscript yet—not so bad for *present consumption*, as our politics are shaping now.

I called for the refund of the money I had deposited with the N. N. U. for tuition for the classic course, since I had accepted a place on President Roark's faculty when he had been elected president of the Glasgow Normal school at Glasgow, Kentucky. This was another god-send. It was all the money I had for August vacation, railroad expenses, etc. I agreed to canvass for students during half of August, on my own, receiving a bonus per head for my catch. I caught a dozen.

Keech, Frye, Miss Watson, and I left on the same train for Glasgow with Prof. and Mrs. Roark. (She was to be vice-president.) We made the trip in chairs; no Pullmans, and no money to buy if there had been. We arrived at Glasgow the next day about noon. "The last rose of summer" had nothing on any of us. The bus took us to a medium priced hotel, distinctly second or third class. We went to bed.

Chapter XV

GLASGOW NORMAL SCHOOL; GLASGOW,
KENTUCKY

We awoke within the corporate limits of Glasgow, Kentucky, greeted (attacked) by a platoon of bed bugs! "Not good!" I said, as I rubbed my eyes and scratched my back, and watched the attacking army retreat in a rout. I dressed, took the key, and descended to the parlor. A few minutes later Mrs. Roark appeared, eyes bloodshot, flashing the vials of indignation. I said: "Good morning, Mary. Did you have a good sleep?" "Sleep? Joe, in a bed filled with bugs! I would as soon be in *hell* as to try to sleep in a bed swarming with bugs." I asked: "Where is Ruric, is he gone?" "Gone? He's snoring away, regardless."

Soon Prof. Brooks, a hold-over teacher from the former management, a bachelor of twenty eight, called and gave us some good advice as to board, lodgings, etc. He invited me to share his room at Mitchell's, an imposing white house on the hill overlooking the Normal school. I accepted with avidity. It was within easy walking distance. So gathering up my grips, he took me to one of the most charming families in Kentucky. After a bath, sleep, shave, and a clean shirt (all in time for dinner), as we stood waiting for the family to assemble (this was no boarding house but an ideal family home), the daughter appeared. Prof. Brooks introduced me to Miss Susie Mitchell, really one of the most beautiful, charming young women I have ever met. She was an alumna of the previous administration of the G. N. S. So on the same day we had samples of the slovenly and unkept service offered to the public on a commercial basis and the delightful hospitality of the private homes. For a week we enjoyed the hospitality of this delightful home. I "wondered" to Brooks if we couldn't persuade Mrs. Mitchell to take us as boarders for the coming year; but to no avail.

So we found board and lodging in another fine Southern home on the other side of town—with Mr. and Mrs. Redding and their vivacious red headed daughter, Miss Flossie, a charming young woman, full of energy and smiles. Brooks and I had a large room with a window opening out on a big pear tree. We could reach the fruit from

the window. Mr. Brooks was a gentleman and a congenial room-mate, but in the middle of the night he would wake up and strike a match to see his fiancé's picture, which he kept under his pillow. She was a Mississippi girl, and had Brooks "hog-tied." Some of the mothers seemed to think that we were two eligible bachelors, but we had both been "spoken for." Brooks advertised his status, but I sat tight and said nothing.

Now I was being introduced to all and sundry as "Prof. Templeton." It was an embarrassing change from a student in a big class, and known only as "Templeton," to "Professor Templeton" over night! Roark said I'd get used to it, and I'd have to take it. I liked the people and their willingness to co-operate in building up an efficient institution on the campus. Prof. Mell had vacated after some years of hardship, to take over a similar plant in a neighboring city, Bowling Green. He had neither the personality nor the scholarship of Prof. Roark. So with an enthusiastic faculty (about half hold-overs acquainted with the terrain and inhabitants thereof, and the other half fresh from the national fountain head of independent Normalism), we were going places.

The President called a faculty meeting, outlined in brief the scope of the work for the year, and explained the trial program on the board. The following program was my assignment: Algebra 1 (one section), plane geometry, beginning Latin, Caesar's Commentaries, advanced geography (teachers' course), drills, debating (three sections a fortnight), penmanship (three times a week), class teacher (advisor of the "preparatory class"—one section).

With my assignment lined up, I toured Southern Logan and Todd Counties. When the school opened in September, I found that I had harvested a dozen boys and girls. Mr. Brooks reported none! I was disappointed, and so were the Roarks. He knew the "ropes" and a large number of people. He was a man of good address and folks liked him; but, when it came to a *pinch* he didn't seem to have the "punch."

After we had been in session a month his class took a petition to Pres. Roark to be assigned to my class, already the larger of the two. Mrs. Roark asked me if I would take

them. I did. I expected Brooks to feel sore at me. Not so. He congratulated me. However, this exhibition of good sportsmanship didn't help his remaining classes. They had no enthusiasm for their work and his strong recommendations as the most efficient teacher in the previous regime failed to "click."

One bleak Monday afternoon in November, Mr. and Mrs. Roark asked me to take a walk with them. I accepted the invitation, having no idea what it was about. Mr. Brooks had become a serious problem. He drew the highest salary of any member of the force, except Keech, but he hadn't brought in a single student, his classes were pepleless, and the meager finances of the school (tuition being the only source of income) were rapidly approaching the red. They had signed a year's contract with Brooks, and he was not paying his way. They must stop this leak. It wouldn't be good tactics to discharge him; he had done his best. He was the victim of friends who liked him and who gave strong recommendations for a kind of professional service that they knew nothing about and had no standards for judging. He had been sinned against. Moreover, a discharge for incompetency would anger his friends and forfeit their respect and support of the school. So the situation was a serious dilemma for Mr. and Mrs. Roark; their first experience with this type of problem. So, after giving me the low-down, Mrs. Roark turned to me and asked wistfully: "Joe, what can we do?"

I knew more about the financial condition than Brooks. Both of our salaries were in arrears a month or more; so, I answered: "You have got to cut your expenses, and the place to begin now is to get Brooks to resign. I will see Keech, the highest salaried teacher, and put him onto the situation. I will agree to hand in my resignation in good faith if he will do likewise; then go to Brooks and say that Keech and I have decided that Roark's income cannot pay salaries and current expenses, that the enrollment has been quite below the minimum which Roark was led by the trustees to expect; so, if a full faculty hangs on through the year, there will be no money to pay salaries. We don't want to leave, but neither do we want to stay at the peril of our salaries; so, we feel that several of us, the highest priced teachers, had better hand in our resignations and leave the

acceptance of one or more (whatever is necessary to put the ship on an even keel) to Roark, himself. And the sooner the better in order that we can have time to find a job that *will pay wages.*"

They accepted this plan with avidity. I assured them that my resignation would be in good faith, and if my "room" was more necessary than my "company" they should so judge and I would go back to Illinois.

I put it up to Brooks. At first he was skeptical, thought the patronage would increase, and we would be paid in full. He had implicit confidence in Roark as to efficiency and honesty. Then he said that all the faculty had full loads and if one dropped out it would throw a heavier load on those remaining. I replied: "It is not a question of efficiency or integrity as to Roark. He is able and honest, but if enough money to meet his obligations doesn't come in he can't pay his bills. I can't afford to work for nothing. The school has been going now ten weeks, and my salary is a month behind. I am sure the enrollment for the rest of the year will be less than at the opening, and at the close of the year much of our salaries will be in I. O. U.s, all that Roark can give us. No boarding house will take them. We must eat to work." Then he saw the situation in a different light, and agreed to hand in his resignation along with Keech's and mine.

It was not long before our resignations were handed to Roark. Although sure that he would be able to pay up at the end of the year if he could save Brook's salary, I was not so sanguine about it. I had the advantage of him in the "school of hard knocks." While I was "scratching gravel" on the farm, teaching country schools in three states, and "sweating blood" as a book agent in Iowa, he was attending school—leading his classes. Upon graduation he had married and entered the faculty of his alma mater. He had been on the receiving end of the financial line. His acceptance of the presidency, with the obligation of its running expenses with no income except tuition was a "white elephant" any way it could be figured. He had had plenty of grief in collecting his salary from the Holbrooks, and should have demanded a reasonable guarantee from the trustees of the Glasgow Normal School for the

first year or two before accepting the management. Now the three resignations were before him. He couldn't let but one teacher go and still carry on the present schedule; so, he paid Brooks off and distributed his classes among the rest of the faculty, according to their qualifications to take them. Mr. Brooks bade me a very friendly farewell and left for Mississippi to visit his fiancée. I never heard from him again. I felt lonesome in that big room at Redding's, for Brooks was a fine room-mate; so, I notified Keech I was moving and suggested he see Mrs. Redding—since he was looking for a good home place for his family; wife and baby Helen. I moved to Ford's—closer to the school.

Now I had six hours a day of regular class work, and practically every night taken for some kind of school activity: faculty meeting, debating section, rehearsing for some play we were putting on for a library fund. The school had no library at the time. We put on two successful plays: "Courtship of Miles Standish" and "The Turn of the Tide." They "saddled" the leading role of each on me. These plays brought in several hundred dollars with which to start a library, but they took time and energy. Keech persuaded me to join the Good Templars' Lodge and help the Drys stop bootlegging. Glasgow was a local option town. This took two evenings a month. My Sundays were spent as Sunday school superintendent of the M. E. Church, South, largest church in Glasgow, and I *sang in the choir!* In the afternoons I wrote my fiancée a long letter—and another one home.

The riff-raff had broken all the street lamps in town. When there was no moon the streets were like the modern "black-out." The police were almost as worthless as I found them in the city government years later at Downey, California. Respectable folk took long chances for their safety on the streets after 9 p. m.

One night I was going home after hours in a teachers' meeting. A few days before an ice cream parlor proprietor had hung a lantern sign over the street door. The hoodlums wouldn't stand for any light on the street. Just as I was approaching this parlor two of these roughs loosened the sign and ran off with it down the street in front of me and disappeared in a stairway. The proprietor came out and, as

I thought, would chase the rowdies and take his sign away from them. He was walking behind me cautiously, inspecting every stairway and alley. When I reached the stairway where the hoodlums had disappeared, I saw a very small point of light coming from the lantern. I turned to the owner of the ice cream parlor and said, "There is your sign." It was too dark to see anyone on the stairs. I supposed the hoodlums had dropped the sign there and fled. Instead of going ahead and taking the sign, the proprietor backed up. Seeing this, I started on home, then I met one of the hoodlums. He thrust a pistol in my face and threatened to blow my brains out for giving them away. I knocked the pistol out of my face and was grabbing for his wrist when the other guy broke in between us, pushed his pal back against the wall, and with an oath: "You G—D— fool, you're going too damn far," parted us. For the moment I wasn't scared or even excited, but by the time I had reached home I was both scared and mad clean through.

I got Mr. Ford out of bed and told him what had happened. He dressed, got his gun. I borrowed a Colt from one of the boarders, and we started after the roughs. For an hour or more we combed the town for them. It was a foolish stunt, for we should have known they wouldn't stick around after the tiff with me. Next day I swore out a "John Doe" warrant. The sheriff arrested a suspect and put him in jail. When the case came to trial he was charged with criminal assault with a deadly weapon. He testified that it was a *tin dipper* he had and not a pistol, and the handle which he thrust in my face was what I took for a gun. The liar! I knocked the *gun* out of my face with my hand. He was convicted and sentenced to a fine and six months in jail. Some days after he got out of jail, he tackled a man who cut him to pieces with a knife. That was the end of this drunken tough.

In the next letter I had from Margaret, she wrote that on a certain night she had dreamed that I had gotten into trouble with a man and had been shot. She didn't believe in dreams and very seldom dreamed, but this one was so vivid it troubled her. She wanted to know if there was anything to it. Well, she was dreaming about the fracas the very night (perhaps hour) I was having it. Who can interpret it? For once she thought telepathy might get an

inning—or the so-called “G sense” could function under serious stimulation—but she had no key to unlock the uncatalogued variety of my dreams. A few I could mention could parallel her one unusual sample. Many were the times when my mother would “sense” happenings when they occurred and later the report would come to us—by letter if it pertained to a member of the family or near relative, or a news item if it was “news.” I fancy I inherited this psychological quirk from my mother.

During our first year at Glasgow, we had a pupil from Memphis, Tennessee: Laverne Mitchum. She had unusual dramatic talent and had looked forward to the stage as a career. She was eighteen. For some years she had studied elocution and dramatics under noted teachers and had taught some classes herself. She enrolled as a part time pupil, but her principal interest at Glasgow was to organize classes in elocution, both in the school and outside. She wanted to get her name on the faculty roster. Somehow, I was able to find time for a lesson once a week. This meant extra work, but it was worth it if I could manage it, which I did for one quarter. (Miss Mitchum and her mother later went to New York; then, after more training and practice, they turned up in London. There, for three years, she starred in a play written especially for her—six exhibitions a week to crowded houses. She returned to America wealthy; built a country home (a mansion) a few miles east of Altadena, California, where, years later, Mom, Lorry, Barbara and I called on her by appointment. She received us with *open arms* (no figure of speech), and for a couple of hours she gave us a vivid sketch of her life for the years between her eighteenth and sixty second birthdays. It was as interesting as any tale in “Arabian Nights;” but more authentic. At the time of our visit she was recuperating from an auto accident some months before and was looking forward to another trip around the world. She had been twice married and was then a widow. Her suit for damages was pending. I heard afterward she lost out. This didn’t mean, to me, that her claim was not valid. (I have seen enough suits to expect any kind of verdict, regardless).

Our vocal music teacher, J. A. Burchit, (also part time pupil), claimed to be an agnostic. Twenty years later I had a church bulletin from a large Methodist church in

a city in New York State. This bulletin showed: "J. A. Burchit, pastor," and a complete directory: Assistant pastor, secretary, standing committees, official board, trustees, etc. It was one of the surprises of my life. He had been converted and had "about-faced."

Chapter XVI

A WEDDING TAKES PLACE, BRIDGEPORT, OHIO

Mr. and Mrs. Roark were "under the bent," both with classes and administration. He had been elected president of Kentucky State Teachers' Association and had to write and plan programs for that on top of his two-man load and lecture dates from Nebraska to Florida.

Margaret's letters showed her enthusiasm for school teaching was cooling off. She had paddled a coal miner's kid, and the big Irish mother parked herself at the edge of the school grounds to catch the teacher as she passed on her way home and beat her up, which would have happened if the principal had not escorted Miss Enlow home and had the irate parent arrested and fined.

It was at this time I decided that we should get married at the end of the year. I would be twenty eight, and she twenty one. She agreed.

The question of money for expenses loomed up before me. My salary was still in arrears. Roark hoped he could pay up by the end of the year, but the money wasn't in the till. My fiance had designated August seventeenth as the "fatal day." There was nothing to do but go forward. I figured: Two new suits and haberdashery, a ring for the bride, railroad and hotel expenses (double one way), \$10 fee to the preacher, \$2.50 license, reasonable incidentals and "pocket change." I didn't figure any "dowry" from Margaret; if she had saved enough to pay for her outfit, out of her \$35 a month salary, it would be fine. The best I could do for an inventory, I was short \$50; so, I made out a note to J. W. Black, my brother-in-law in Iowa, and enclosed it in a letter to Sister Alice, explaining my need. She replied with congratulations and her husband's check. Roark had rented me the best room in his home, the rent to apply on his debt to me. Roark had increased my salary from \$720 a year to \$900 plus some possible bonuses for bringing in students. Out of my \$75 salary, I estimated expenses as: Room rent, lights, fuel, and laundry—\$16; eats \$20; church \$2.50; incidentals \$5; total \$43.50. This left \$31.50 to put in the "sock." I made

no allowance for sickness or bad luck or insurance, etc. So much for the financial set-up.

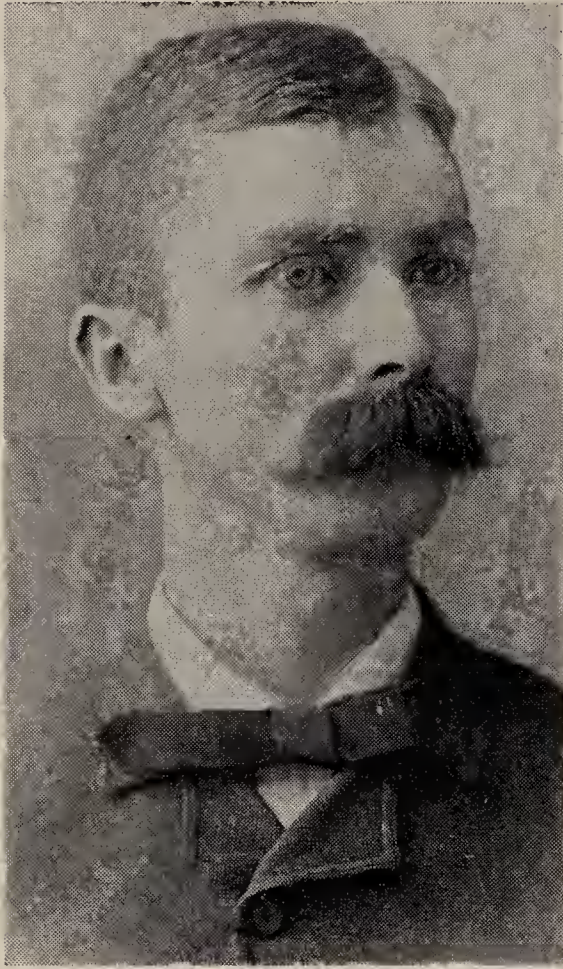
In the hectic months of June and July, I had fallen victim to the whooping cough, sometimes having severe spasms of strangling even in class. What if I got no relief before August seventeenth and I should take a spell when the knot was being tied? It worried me no end. The doctor said there was no remedy; I would just have to wear it out. So, with a grin, I did just that.

A short visit to Uncle Dan's at Gordonsville and to the home folks and back to Glasgow; then on my way to Bridgeport, Ohio. The report was out that I was leaving to get married. No one knew about my engagement except the Roarks, and they let people guess and gossip. Mr. Ford, who had helped us out in the Miles Standish play, congratulated me on getting the finest woman he had ever known! I looked at him quizzically—I knew he had never known my girl—but I said nothing. So, he said: "Everybody knows it is Miss Watson!" She had gotten leave to go home to Rome, Georgia, a month before school was out and so they concluded she would return to Glasgow as "Mrs. Templeton." It was amusing to all three: Margaret, Miss Watson, and me. Our friendship began at Lebanon, continued through the years at Glasgow and then on to Montana through all the years to this day.

As I crossed the Ohio en route to Bridgeport I suffered my last paroxysm of whooping cough. Nettie Brown joined me at Lebanon and was a most welcome guest at the Frasier home. She was a congenial traveling companion on the train and on our voyage down the Ohio to Cincinnati on our return trip.

The wedding went off without a hitch. Rev. Hays, a bachelor though he was, tied a "Diamond Hitch" which has "held the load" now for more than sixty years. The marriage took place at the home of Margaret's sister, Sarah Frasier (Mrs. T. T. Frasier), on the National Pike, a mile west of Bridgeport. It was a merry bunch that joined us in a late breakfast and for several hours loaded us with good wishes and substantial gifts.

And now I was married! Was it possible? Indeed,



J. C. Templeton
When Married—1886



Margaret Enlow Templeton
When Married—1886

yes, and “for better or for worse.” And it will always be for *better*. It was strange: This thing of being transformed from a bachelor to a benedict! But it was done by the magic of a few simple words of a Domine, a bachelor himself!

After we had dressed for travel and packed our trunks (several of them because Margaret’s sister, Mary, was going with us to enter the Normal for the year), Margaret gave me a most unexpected thrill—a shock! She handed me her purse, as I supposed for safe keeping, since women had no pockets; and said: “There is \$65 in it. What’s mine is yours. Use it as you like.” What a surprise! Since that day, however, she has reminded me numerous times that she shouldn’t be held accountable for that act, for it occurred in a moment of mental aberration. But that was only a bluff; she has repeated the act many times since in moments of *normal meditation*.

Now the “hack” was at the door for the baggage and the barouche for the happy quartette: The bridal couple,

Mary, and Nettie. Some of the guests, having wished us every impossible joy on the journey over this mundane sphere, departed genteely. Why had some tarried? As we stepped out and started for the carriage we learned why these loafers had hung around so long. Rice! Rice!! Rice!!! Everybody was doing it! The carriage had waited so long for us we wondered if we would make the boat, but Capt. Batchelor had been waiting too when we arrived, which added to our feeling of importance even on this occasion.

Six bells! The whistle! The C. W. Batchelor glided into the current and the bridal party was off for Cincinnati. For two days and three nights we glided down that beautiful "Mother of Waters." Capt. Batchelor and his gracious wife treated us as though we were near relatives. It was a glorious voyage and a never fading memory. The moonlight on the changing shores of Kentucky and Ohio suggested both romance and fairy land. Early on the morning of the third day we arrived at Cincinnati. We bade Nettie "good-bye," not to see her again for forty years, as she boarded the train for Lebanon, and we took our train for Louisville.

Arriving late in the evening, we took the bus for the Standiford Hotel. The wedding chamber was vacant and what should the clerk do but assign us that room! How did he know? The next morning "Maggie" and I started out to find a combination book-case and secretary. The maximum price I could pay was \$25. It should be of certain dimensions for books, folding top for the secretary, and drawers below for the file of letters, papers, note books, etc. The material: Black walnut and glass doors. We walked block after block and finally found a second hand furniture store that had the specimen I was looking for—a new piece that had been damaged in shipping and the price reduced to my figure. When we left Kentucky for Montana I sold it to Mr. Frye, the commercial teacher, for just what I paid for it.

The three of us arrived at Glasgow about 10 p. m. The Roarks were up waiting to welcome us with genuine affection. They had reserved a place for Mary Enlow so she would be with us. The Glasgow friends seemed disappointed that it was not Miss Watson who returned as "Mrs. Templeton,"—particularly Mr. Ford; who knew so much

before the event as to the identity of the bride, and who had played John Alden to Miss Watson as Priscilla in our Courtship of Miles Standish play for the school library. He had sold me my wedding suit on credit unlimited! He was badly disappointed. One old timer met me with the observation that he couldn't think of any excuse any man could have for leaving Glasgow to get a wife, since the handsomest girls to be found anywhere were right here in Glasgow! (He was the father of three girls himself.) I passed on down the street without giving him an alibi.

Chapter XVII

GLASGOW NORMAL—AFTER THE HONEYMOON

The second year at Glasgow opened with an increased enrollment. Some came from states hitherto unrepresented in the student body. This was encouraging. My program continued with the same number of hours, but with more mathematics. I was relieved of some social and dramatic stunts and entered Keech's class in surveying to prepare for teaching it the next year when Keech was to retire and move to California. That meant seven hours a day for me, beginning at 7 a. m. It was an inspiration to work with the students who were purposeful, enthusiastic, capable. If the income could have been increased to balance the outlay, I should have been very happy to work with these young men and women for many years to come.

A month after school opened I was stopped on the sidewalk by a dignified, cultured looking gentleman, gray hair and grizzled whiskers. He introduced himself as John G. Webb, representing the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Philadelphia. "Yes, Mr. Webb, happy to met you, but I am in somewhat of a hurry." "Can you spare five or ten minutes?" "Yes, I suppose I can." Then he said: "I have just written Prof. Roark, president of the Normal, an application for a nice life insurance policy. He spoke of you as one of his successful teachers and also said that you had recently been married. It occurred to me that you also would be interested in a good insurance policy. I would like to submit a set-up of what the Penn Mutual can offer you for a reasonable premium."

"No, Mr. Webb," I replied, "I cannot afford such a policy now. Besides, I don't feel the need of it." "Well, perhaps you have not needed it so far, but now you have more responsibility than ever before. Your income depends on your time. If you are laid up, or if the worst should happen to you, what provisions have you for your young wife? What would *she* do? How would your doctor's bills and funeral expenses be paid? And while she is getting her bearings, how would she live? Go back to her folks?" "No; I don't intend that she shall ever become dependent on her folks."

Then, for the first time, I began to think in a serious way of life insurance. When we parted, Mr. Webb had my application for a \$3,000 Twenty-Year-Pay-Life insurance policy at a premium of \$87.27 per year. He allowed me sixty days for the first payment. It was a long, long "road to Tipperary"—October twenty-seventh came around for twenty years as "blue Monday" when the \$87.27 was due; but, I met the obligation and put the policy "on ice." It is there yet, adding dividends to the principal, just as it has done for some forty years past. I look back now at that meeting with Mr. Webb as one of the most profitable street confabs I can recall in a long lifetime. So I followed this up as I was able to do, and the increase in our family made it more and more necessary to "barricade" the door against the "wolf"—until I had acquired an "estate" of \$10,000 in life insurance policies.

By December salaries were in arrears. Prof. and Mrs. Roark were skimping themselves to pay their teachers, which they did in part. The year closed with a fine graduating class. Keech left for California before the short session and two of his classes were assigned to me—and two of mine given to other teachers. Miss Watson had gone home to Rome, Georgia, to visit her family before emigrating to Miles City, Montana, where she had been appointed to a position in the high school.

Soon after the close of the year Prof. and Mrs. Roark and baby, Cregan, left for Greenville to visit his old home for a few days, until he started on his lecture tour over several states. The roomers had gone. The Templetons were the sole occupants of their home.

At midnight, July 23, 1887, I rapped at the door of Dr. Grinstead, the accoucheur whom I had engaged; for the great event in our lives was approaching. It was customary at that time for confinement cases to be cared for at the home where there was room and privacy, rather than at the hospital. We had the whole house.

Late the next day the cry of our first born announced his safe delivery, and sweet relief for the brave, young mother. Thank God that she lived through it! Now we felt all danger was past. She had been advised by some of the "modern" mothers that in two or three days she could get

up and take care of herself. Ignorant of her wrecked physical condition, she followed their advice. Within ten days she was seized with a chill. The doctor pronounced it malaria. Within a few hours her temperature rose to 106 degrees. For several days her life was in the balance and her recovery slow and uncertain. We decided to go to Louisville to a specialist. But where could I get the money to finance it? I must find it! Then, when I was racking my brain for the answer, we received a letter from "Aunt Sally" saying the administrator of their father's estate had set aside \$350 as Margaret's share up to date. She had been acquainted with me for three years, had lived with me for a year, but had never mentioned any estate, or anything coming to her. I never had a more welcome or complete surprise. It was manna from Heaven. Now we could get the best treatment.

Mrs. Roark recommended a hospital and a doctor in Louisville. Our landlady, Mrs. Owsley, volunteered to take care of Enlow. I took Margaret to the hospital, saw her comfortably located, met the doctor, and departed for home with a heavy heart. Five weeks later I made my last trip to the hospital, paid the bills and brought her back home; not strong, but gaining some every day. Her delight in getting back to Enlow and her gratitude to Mrs. Owsley for her motherly care of the baby during those five long weeks were touching scenes which I can never forget.

It was late in October when I received a letter from Miss Ione Watson saying that her superintendent at Miles City, Montana, Mr. Porter, would resign at the end of the semester to become a member of a law firm in that city. He had formed a law partnership with Attorney J. W. Strevell and was to begin his duties in February. He had asked Miss Watson to write me about the vacancy. The salary was \$1,500; \$600 more than my salary at the Normal (promised but not paid). Her letter indicated that I could have the place if I wanted it. Interested? Very much so! But I could not apply until I had President Roark's consent, as I was under contract to teach in the Normal to the end of the year. Mr. Roark advised me to go ahead and send in my application. Of course he didn't want me to leave, but he had his doubts about my getting the job for the asking. Mr. Porter had been a classmate of his in the National Normal University and he knew him as a

politician. However, it would be good practice for me to make the application (with credentials) and see what happened.

I wrote my application, collected testimonials, and sat three times for a photograph. The first two were too young (I was twenty-nine but looked about twenty) for a superintendent of a system of city schools the size of Miles City. So I went the third time and told Bottomly, the photographer, to make me look thirty-two or thirty-three if possible. He was an expert and got me 'upped' to thirty, and I mailed my photo with the application. I felt that it was a gamble, but not to the extent it proved to be. Instead of my having a monopoly of the vacancy, the board received more than thirty applications; most, if not all, "*confidential*."

The board sifted them down to two, mine and one from a Mr. Schmidt of Minnesota. He was about forty years old, had more experience in school work than I, and was highly recommended by Mr. Porter. The board spent the evening trying to decide between us two. It was a stalemate. Finally, McIntyre, the clerk, took a silver dollar out of his pocket. "Gentlemen," he said, "suppose I flip the coin to decide it." The president, "Ice Charley Brown," gave the order: "Flip her, Mack, heads, Templeton; tails, Schmidt. Two out of three, wins." Three flips! twice heads came up. Next morning a telegram came: "Elected! Wire acceptance." It was signed by H. W. McIntyre, clerk.

I took the telegram to Mr. and Mrs. Roark. Their expressions were a mingling of surprise, congratulations, and regret. The salary was \$1,500; the job, superintendency of the schools and principalship of the high school. I should take charge at the beginning of the second semester, the first of February. Mr. Roark said: "I congratulate you, Joe. That is too good a chance to refuse." Mrs. Roark, thinking of the Normal, said: "Yes, but you have a contract with us for the year. How can we get on without you?" Roark replied: "Mary, we can't hold Joe to our contract in the face of this offer." She acquiesced, but with foreboding. They agreed for me to accept, but finish out the term and help them find my successor. It was a "glad-sad" moment for me. Somehow, for years I had a "hunch" that some day

I would live in Montana, and now, strangely, my "hunch" would be realized.

It was evident that no experienced teacher with qualifications for my position could be found at a salary the Roarks could pay. My salary was in arrears badly. There was a senior who had taken all the mathematics offered by the school, a good debater, and a hard worker. He could teach all the mathematics and debating. He would take the job at half my salary, and finish his two remaining subjects for his degree. The deal was made in confidence. But before the holidays, the secret leaked out. It seemed for once that I was the most popular teacher in the faculty.

Chapter XVIII

*A TENDERFOOT IN MONTANA.
SUPERINTENDENT OF MILES CITY SCHOOLS,
MONT.*

Before leaving for the far West, Margaret and I must visit my people in Auburn, Kentucky. They had never seen Margaret. I had never had the time for a visit since I was married. I couldn't think of leaving Kentucky until Margaret had met my nearest of kin. Also, I planned to take Enlow with us. We were very proud of him, and wanted very much for his grandparents, aunts, and cousins to see the first Templeton grandson of the family. But the weather was too bad to expose him. So again, Mrs. Owsley volunteered to care for the youngster while we visited for a few days. She refused any compensation for these motherly services. She was a noble woman. I have found very few in her class. It was a delightful visit, but all too short. The last one I was to have with Father and Mother, Mollie, Blanche, Morton and children—all of the tribe except Alice, who was in Iowa. They all fell in love with Margaret at first sight, as most people do. They seemed to be proud of me and my prospects, but shuddered at the thought of my going so far away. I tried to console them with the prospect of future visits, since my new salary would enable me to come back in any emergency. I was sincere; but when the emergencies came, insurmountable obstacles held me back.

While Roark was trying to raise the money to pay my back salary, a letter came from "Aunt Sally" enclosing a check for \$500. The administrator had made another apportionment and this was Margaret's share: Another shower of "manna"—and just in the nick of time. "Sally" also gave us explicit orders not to take Enlow into that frigid climate. I should bring them to Brookside and leave them there to visit until spring. We accepted her invitation with thanks.

Our packing done, and my farewell talk to the school finished, we started for the station, half a mile out of town. Prof. Roark dismissed the school and he and the faculty and student body marched down to the depot to bid us

“good-bye.” It was a gracious gesture. It touched us deeply—never to be forgotten.

Arriving at Bridgeport, “Uncle Tom” Frazier was at the station, waiting with the carriage to take us to his Brookside home. A sojourn there for a few days and I had to be on my way. The trip would take a week to Miles City. Sally and Margaret filled a lunch basket as a “safety.”

Early, on a Tuesday morning, I woke up in St. Paul. The ground was white and the sun was shining its brightest. My train was due to leave for Portland at four in the afternoon. It looked so warm on the outside that I decided to see the city. Taking a closed car I rode out some miles in comfort, and returned on another line in an open car. The last mile I feared I would freeze before I reached the station. I saw no more of the city.

For three days on the N. P. we bumped over the ties toward the western sun, and listened to bag-pipe music by a Scotch Highlander in his native togs, blowing hours on end as he strode up and down the aisle. On the same car I met my first Chinaman, dressed in the fashion of his native country, silks and satins. Several cowboys were in the car. When we stopped they would go out and gather snow balls. I wondered what for. When “Mr. Chink,” as they called him, started for the wash room they pelted him in the back. As he turned to see who had insulted him, his expression of contempt was the acme of scorn. I fancy he was an aristocrat in his own land; perhaps a Mandarin.

I had bought a tourist ticket and a Pullman berth, but the conductor (a new man on the line) refused the sleeper ticket from tourist passengers. So I was sentenced to occupy the day coach to Miles City and listen to the strains of the bagpipe. The weather cleared as we passed into Dakota, and the view from the car window grew clear and wonderful. Why the “Bad Lands?” Good for nothing but to hold the world together! Then the marvelous rolling prairies of Eastern Montana—with the air so clear that I seemed to see the curvature of the earth as I gazed out of the window.

At last the welcome call of the brakeman: “Miles City!” was the signal to gather my grips and get away from the bagpipe. It was the brightest sunshine I had ever seen,

and the bitterest cold I had ever struck, it seemed. The Maqueen Hotel stood just across the plaza. I registered, was shown to my room, and went to bed. It was 2 p. m. when I woke up. Breakfast was served at the Maqueen—and what a breakfast! It was my first hot meal since leaving Bridgeport. For five days I had lived out of the basket Sally and Margaret had packed for emergencies (and economy). I have graded the quality of my steaks ever since by the juicy one I had served me my first breakfast in Montana Territory.

On my way to church a sign over the sidewalk stopped me. It was the notorious “four-inch sign:” “LICENSED GAMBLING HERE.” A chill of shame and disgust passed over me. Can it be that I have cast my lot in a Sodom of immorality? Surely this is not a true index of the character of the people whose children I am to teach. Ye gods! what have I gotten into? Farther on there was another, and another, of the same sort, mixed with a different kind which read: “LOTTIE’S PLACE,” and “ANNIE’S HOME,” etc. Blue!—and asking myself if I should go ahead with my agreement as I had promised the board, or take the next train back to the Normal, a wiser but an humbler man? Surely, if Miss Watson could live here and work with these people, I should be able to do it. At church I found a sample of the better class. Mr. Porter was superintendent of the Sunday school. He met me with a cordial handshake and a smile. The pastor, R. W. Snyder, welcomed me to the church and to the city. Mr. Porter introduced me to a number of the congregation. They were good people. He invited me to take dinner with him at the Larson Sisters’ boarding house. At the table I found a dozen or more cultured, high class men and women. Surely, there were more than fifty righteous people in Miles City; notwithstanding the signs on the street. “O yes, I have put my hands to the plow and will not look back.” But I could never forget my shock when I first saw the “FOUR-INCH SIGN” over the sidewalk. A fortnight later I didn’t see those signs at all.

The next evening I met the board and got my bearings on the schools, asked if there were any specific instructions as to my duties. Mr. McIntyre was the only one that had any. He said there was one thing that had become a nuisance: The boys smoking around the school and down the

street. It would be good to stop a lot of it; but if I couldn't he would apply to the board for a permit to build a tobacco joint on one corner of the school grounds. It was putting the cow-boys to too much trouble to have to walk down town for supplies. He was a typical Yankee from Massachusetts. The board offered no instructions. I wondered if I could manage the cow-boys who enrolled during the winter term, when not working on the range. I not only had no trouble with them; I enjoyed them very much.

A day with the county superintendent of schools, taking the teachers' examination. I made a 97% average, and Miss Cooley, superintendent, volunteered the compliment that I had set the highest mark so far during her term in office. Next, I signed the contract for the completion of the year, beginning February first. Then I had a week for visiting the schools, sizing up the teachers, and getting acquainted with them. I made a memo-index enrollment of every room from primary to high school. This covered the names on the registers, but I added the name of the father or mother, the location, and kind of home, so far as the teachers were able to give the information. I found this to be a short cut into the teacher's interest and efficiency. I carried this pocket register with me, so that when I visited a room I could locate pupils at their desks. It helped me greatly in getting acquainted, not only with the children but also with their parents.

The winter of 1886-87 had been very severe. Some of the ranchmen lost as high as 80% of their cattle or sheep. People moved away, sacrificing their homes or renting at cut prices. I was lucky in finding a five room bungalow, furnished, for \$15 a month. It had previously rented for \$50. I took possession and "batched" for the next two and a half months, until Margaret and Enlow arrived.

During my first six weeks I worked out a complete course of study, had it printed, placed a copy with each teacher, and distributed copies to the patrons. I sent a copy to Governor Leslie. He was a former Governor of Kentucky, and a resident of Glasgow until his appointment as Governor of Montana Territory by President Cleveland. In a fortnight I had a letter from him thanking me for the course of study and saying he had read it with much pleasure. He

prophesied a successful career for me as a school man in Montana. Since then I have formulated many courses of study, and much better ones, but this is the only one that I have ever known a Governor to read and compliment.

My right-hand man was H. B. Twombly, the janitor. He was loyal, efficient, and dependable to the "nth" degree. For seven years he was a cavalry soldier in General Crook's army, as a scout and an Indian fighter. After the Sioux were subdued and coralled, his command was stationed at Fort Keogh, across the Tongue River from Miles City. There he had nothing to do but drill, and hunt buffalo. One day he pointed out the place where he stood in his tracks and shot down 32 out of a big herd as they milled around him. "Why did you do it, Twombly?" "I salvaged the hides and tongues. The hides brought \$2.50 each, and the tongues \$1." (Years after I had left Miles City, and was city superintendent of schools at Palo Alto, one day Twombly walked into my office. I had not seen him or heard from him for twenty years. "How come, Twombly?" "I learned you were here, Mr. Templeton, and resigned at Miles City and brought the family to California." "What are you going to do?" "That's what I came to you to find out." "Do you want a job as janitor with me again?" "I sure do," he replied. A week later he reported for duty. For more than twenty years he served schools in Miles City and Palo Alto—the best janitor I ever had. He dignified his office. When he had reached the retirement age he entered the Old Soldiers' Home. For years he took care of an invalid wife and sent his two daughters through college. One became a high school teacher, and the other a professor in the San Jose State College.)

Now back to the story: I was a new man with new methods, different standards of grading, discipline, etc. I had the approval of the majority of parents, for the work was moving along even better than I had hoped; but, I became aware of fault finders: Judge Milburn was sending his sons to a private school back East. He had no objection to the new superintendent, but he wouldn't expose his boys to the association of the riff-raff in the public school.

"Ice Charley" Brown, president of the board, after a month expressed his opinion to McIntyre. If he had known Others couldn't "see" the new man or his methods.

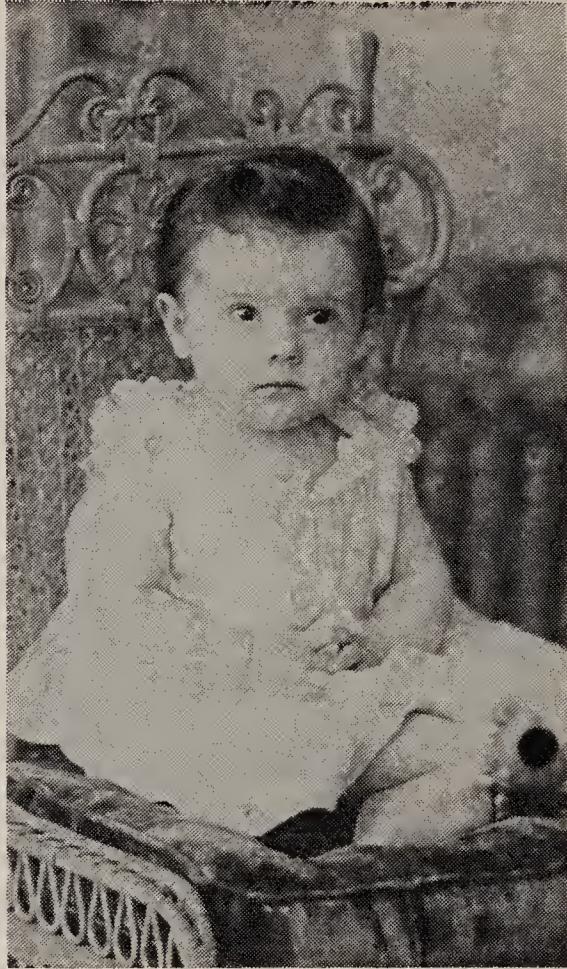
that Templeton was born in Missouri he never would have voted for him. "He'll never make it," he said. When McIntyre reminded him that he came from Missouri himself, Charley replied: "Yeah, that's just the reason I wouldn't a voted for him. Missourians ain't no good as school teachers." Mr. Brown grew more and more offish until I returned from an outing one morning with a string of a dozen prairie chickens and half a deer I had bagged. I met him at the kitchen door delivering ice. He looked at my quarry and beamed on me. I told him to help himself to the venison and the chickens. He took a mess of venison but declined the chickens. From that day on he was one of my best friends and my loyal supporter on the board.

There was a German insurance agent, graduate of a German university, who called me out of my class one day to inform me of the failure I was making on the job. I listened while he "cooked my goose," as he thought; a raw stunt that made me both mad and amused. But I had more respect for his method than for those who whispered their complaints.

Another insurance agent, a native of New York, and an alumnus of Yale, felt the urge, as a college man, to whisper his criticisms. One day he made the blunder of expressing himself to one of my best friends. After listening to his screed, this friend suggested that he should take up these matters with Mr. Templeton. "No, no—I have no children in school. I can't afford to get mixed up in the grouches." Then my friend replied: "I will go to Mr. Templeton myself and report these complaints. He ought to know. And if true, change his methods." So he came and told me the stories. With a chuckle, he remarked: "Now you've got Kreidler by the throat. He will keep his mouth shut hereafter." Kreidler saw me shortly afterward to say that the matters he had discussed with Rev. Weeks were trivial—nothing to worry about.

Before the end of the term practically all the people were backing the superintendent. We closed with a popular play by the high school. The Daily Yellowstone Journal published a most complimentary write-up of the year.

For the next year, 1888-89, I revised and enlarged the course of study. The school moved ahead through the



**Enlow Du Bois Templeton
First Born**

year successfully and without friction. Not so with our very happy home. Every day Enlow was growing brighter and more lovable. On January 9, 1889, he had a slight fever; no appetite. We called the doctor. He diagnosed it is a little stomach derangement, left medicine and said he would be all right in a day or two. At two o'clock the next morning he woke us up. He was in convulsions. We called the local doctor, but he continued to have one convulsion after another; until he "slipped out of our arms" before the dawning of the next day, January 10, 1889; the darkest day in our lives.

On March 2, 1889, Eugene was born. He seemed to have an intuition that his mission was to bring comfort to his saddened home; and, during his whole life up to the night of the fatal airplane accident, Nov. 21, 1932, he never forgot his mission of comfort and love for his parents and his brothers and sister. I have never known a finer man. He was distinguished for his scholarship and his

high Christian principles. We shall not look upon his like again—in this world.

On June 20, 1889, Father died in Sister Blanche's home, near Auburn, Kentucky. He was sixty nine years old. Sister Alice took Mother back home with her to Conesville, Iowa. A year later I made a trip from Miles City to Conesville and took Mother home with me to Montana Wesleyan University for the next two years—the closing years of her life. She was very happy with us and we were happy to have her. Her room was a popular resort for the girls, whom she enjoyed very much. On my knees, at her bedside, I held her hand as she passed into the Great Beyond, March 16, 1892—one of the noblest of Christian women.

In May, 1890, I signed up with the board for my fourth year, but the fates ruled that my tenure at Miles City was not to continue another year. The schools were going very smoothly. The opposition to me the first year had faded.

As we worked toward the closing of school, and I had my teachers engaged for the coming year, the budget filed, and the course of study printed, a visitor dropped in on us early one morning. It was Doctor Freeman P. Tower, president of Montana Wesleyan University, located at Helena. It was a new college (named to grow into a university). Two hundred and fifty acres of land had been donated in Prickly Pear Valley; part for the campus, and the balance for sale as residence lots for endowment. He said his errand was to sell lots. He asked me to ask my teachers where he might meet them and tell them about the new university. I invited him to meet at our house that evening. So the appointment was made. He sold a number of lots that evening. President Tower had spent all day in the school. We wondered why. True, he asked me about the teachers; and about myself as to my plans for the next year. My contract was signed, sealed and delivered, and everything was "sewed up" for the next year. He gave no hint that he was looking for faculty timber.

A day or two after he arrived at Helena, I received a telegram asking if I would be interested in a place on his faculty for the opening in September. I replied that I had signed a contract to continue at Miles City and couldn't

consider it. A few days later I got another wire. Meanwhile the university board had met with Doctor Tower, received his report of the Miles City trip and had authorized him to offer me a salary of \$1,200 cash, and the living of my family; board, rooms, heat, etc. I would be head of the mathematics department, bookkeeper, etc. The position would be permanent, of college rank, no public school politics mixed up with it.

Suggestion: Since it was still the month of May, my board would have time to find my successor. We thought it over and I decided to ask the board to release me. In the light of this proposition, two of the members voted to release me provided I would secure a satisfactory successor; but, the banker member said, "A contract is a contract." So he voted "No." I wired L. A. Ostien at Glasgow Normal, the man who had "pinch hit" for me when I left Glasgow for Miles City. Two hours later I got his answer by wire: He would accept. Next I called the board, handed in my resignation with Ostien's telegram and my recommendation as qualified for the position, and he was elected. Then I wired Doctor Tower accepting the board's offer, and the complex business was done, all in one day. Now I began to feel the additional pressure of closing up my affairs and moving to Helena. My first duty, however, was to wind up the school business in ship shape so that Mr. Ostien could take hold with no lost motion.

The schools closed in fine condition. The people were very appreciative of my work and freely expressed regret that we were leaving, but congratulated me on my promotion to a college position. Now I had time to indulge in a little retrospect. What had happened to me since I had arrived as a tenderfoot in Montana Territory two and a half years before? And what had happened to the school?

After filing my report as superintendent, I decided to attend the meeting of the National Educational Association beginning the first of July in Saint Paul. Some of my Miles City teachers en route home would attend; also, Doctor Tower, my new chief, president of Montana Wesleyan University. We were to take an early train, but one of the teachers was late and we had to wait for the next train. Many were the complaints about the late comer. These com-

plaints were later changed to congratulations. The tardy teacher had saved us from a cyclone! The train we had intended taking was blown over at Fargo, Dakota, and a number of passengers were injured.

On this trip of three weeks into the Mississippi Valley, I missed by a few hours two other destructive cyclones. During the week at St. Paul our delegation spent a day at Lake Minnetonka and Minnehaha. The next day a "twister" struck the lake and blew most of the cottages down. Many of the houses were blown into the lake and many people killed.

At the close of the sessions I took a boat down the Mississippi to Muscatine, Iowa, to visit Sister Alice and to take Mother back with me. As we passed down through Lake Pipin we met a steamer filled with passengers and towing a barge of picnickers bound for a celebration up the river. I remember them as a happy, joyful party. Two hours later a cyclone swept down on them, sank the boat; and all were drowned. The Captain, seeing the storm approaching, had ordered the passengers into the cabin and locked the door for safety. When Mother and I returned to Saint Paul, I roomed with a man who had been a member of a commission to recover the bodies from the locked steamer cabin. He said the boat was lying on the bottom of the lake, upside down, and the corpses were packed in the cabin like sardines. This was in July, 1890. My escapes from these three cyclones made a deep impression on me. Who can say it was a fortuitous accident; or Providence?

One month more at Miles City and it was time to break away from my first job as city superintendent of schools, and say "good bye" to a staff of as loyal and efficient teachers as could be found in the Territory; a board I could depend upon; and a community both appreciative and tolerant. This "cow-punchers" metropolis had provided me the training ground for working out of the "tenderfoot" stage and brought me face to face with a class of people different from any I had ever known. The "wide-open" spaces, the geography, the flora and fauna, the freedom of life (wild, tame, and human); all had contributed to my initiation into the western type. After two and a half years, I was no longer a *tenderfoot*; I had become a "Westerner."

Chapter XIX

*MONTANA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
HELENA, MONTANA*

Arriving at the Montana Wesleyan University (a new college) a fortnight before the opening day, we found everything in chaos: Carpenters, plasterers, painters—all under full steam to get the five story building ready for the opening the second Monday in September. After locating our suite of rooms and Mother's room, and getting the trunks up, I began a survey of the class rooms. Here I was ready to teach "math" and no blackboards. Where was the painter? BUSY! Then it was up to the "math prof" to paint his own boards. So my first service was with a paint brush. From that day on for the next eight years there was no activity associated with the functions of the school from which I could consider myself immune (with the exception of music and art).

My regular work was teaching five hours a day, a big Bible class on Sunday, keeping the books, collecting bills, attending institutes and teachers' conventions, formulating courses, conducting county institutes and supervising the boarding department. It was also necessary during vacations to "beat up the brush" for new students. The hours of service were too long to start with, and grew no shorter as the months went by.

For the first three years the school grew very encouragingly under Dr. F. P. Tower, as president. He was in touch with the churches of the conference and looked after the educational collections.

In 1893 the financial crisis struck the country. Most of the banks closed. Students cancelled their reservations. The prospects for 1893-94 grew darker and darker. On the opening day, the second Monday in September, 1893, fifteen members of the faculty were on the rostrum looking into the "smiling" faces of thirteen students. A week later the enrollment had increased to twenty. Pres. Tower assured me that conditions would get better by October; that the board would take care of the contracts. Those teachers who were also preachers could locate to advantage as pastors of churches; but I, not being a preacher, was ineligible for

that job. There were no vacancies in the public schools. If the board didn't guarantee my salary, the "wolf" would be scratching at my door. Our oldest boy, Eugene, was four and a half years old; Joe, two and a half; and Ruric was three months old.

President Tower said he would submit a plan to the board. If it was accepted he would go East and raise money to tide us over the pinch. During his absence I should take over the management as acting president, assisted by Mrs. M. S. Cummins, the preceptress. I could appoint several advanced students with special training in some branches (art, vocal music, etc.) at small compensations, keep the boarding department on an even keel, and make a special appeal to the churches of the conference to campaign for pupils, collect money for the educational fund, and increase publicity. It was a real crisis for the school. I was to have the living for my family, half my regular salary in cash, and the balance to be paid in town lots bordering the campus (at half price). Mrs. Cummins was to have her living and also that of her husband week ends, plus half her salary in cash. We were to conduct the school jointly, pay current expenses and salaries of our teachers if our income was sufficient; if not, we should draw on the board.

By increasing the schedules of every teacher, including our own hours, and observing strict economy in the boarding department (but not stinting services in teaching or food), we more than paid our guaranteed salaries and those of our teachers. The cash surplus was divided between Mrs. Cummins and myself in the ratio of ten to eleven respectively, as were our salaries before the panic.

When I submitted my annual report in 1894, the board proposed an extension of the contract for three more years—to June 30, 1897. We signed up. For the next three years we were in charge. The school increased in enrollment and reputation. We paid all our bills and showed a profit. We never asked the board for a dollar of our salaries.

In 1896 the State university opened and began to cut into our clientele for students. Within the next two years the effect on our registration became ominous. I realized

that unless Wesleyan could secure a substantial endowment the school could never reach the status of a university, or even compete with the State college which was supported by taxation. President Tower, who for a year or more had been in the East, reported no contribution for endowment; and had resigned as president.

Meanwhile, the board of governors for the State University was considering me for a position on their faculty. Governor Rickards, president of the board, notified me to send in my application for the chair of English literature if I wished the appointment. The several members of my board got "wind" of this move and came to me with the urgent request that I "stand by the ship." With thanks to Governor Rickards, I declined to apply.

Owing to the competition of the State institution, our registration in 1897 showed a decrease; but, I would stay with Wesleyan for another year. Our income was ample for salaries, current bills, and sufficient funds to repair furniture, pay for needed repairs, and complete renovation of the building. During this eighth year of my tenure I realized more acutely than ever that I was working on my "nerve." I must get out of the mountains and down to the sea level, if possible. My childhood dream of California came back; the Klondyke rates were on the Northern Pacific and were good to the coast (Portland). I had saved enough, by close economy and a few small investments, to pay our fares to Santa Ana, California, and return to Palo Alto for a year at Stanford. We had five boys then; Ruric, Wesley, and Robert, being under six, could ride free. All this I had figured out before submitting my resignation to the board at the spring meeting.

Instead of accepting my resignation, with the explanation giving the reasons for leaving, the board laid it on the table for a month and asked me to take a month for reconsideration, and offered me *any* position that I would accept on the faculty. But my health gave me no choice but to get out. So, with many grateful thanks, I submitted a complete report on the financial condition of the school; its character, reputation, and prospects—together with recommendations as to future policy. In reply, I received from the board an official testimonial of my character as a Chris-

tian man, an educator, and a citizen. I prize this most highly.

It was no easy matter for me to leave the State of Montana, with my personal friends scattered all over it. For two and a half years I had been city superintendent and principal of the high school at Miles City; this followed by eight years of strenuous work at Montana Wesleyan University, and a half year covering some official activity in the Montana State Teachers' Association (my last year as president). Take my family into an unknown land, with slender financial resources and broken health. Somehow, I felt that we would return and finish my life trek in this mountain land. But we (Margaret and I) were not to return for forty years. (In 1938 we returned in our new Buick car to see the rubble of the old five-story, brick building (the complete wreckage by an earthquake); the graves of Mother and our first born son, Enlow, surrounded in that beautiful cemetery by the graves of many of our old friends, pupils and patrons of two score years gone by.)

Chapter XX

MONTANA TO CALIFORNIA
A STUDENT AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

The last week in June, 1898, Margaret, Eugene, Joe, Ruric, Wesley, Robert, and I boarded the tourist sleeper on the Northern Pacific at Helena for Portland, Oregon—taking advantage of the Klondike rates. It took two and a half tickets to put us into Portland. Since the special rates were less than half the regular rates, our fare for the family was less than a fourth of the regular fare. Gene was the only one of the boys to pay fare. He had earned enough carrying milk to the school to pay his half fare ticket which he insisted on paying.

Our plans were to spend the summer vacation visiting the Keeches at Santa Ana before returning to Palo Alto for a year at Stanford. This would have been impossible had it not been for the financial panic of 1893. The day my salary went off the books was indeed "Blue Monday." My contract then gave me a *chance* to make *more* than my *regular salary*. The risk I had taken compelled personal economy, but what seemed to be a hardship proved to be good fortune. The panic opened the way for us for a home in California.

We arrived on schedule at Portland. Mrs. Van Scoy, wife of Dr. Van Scoy, ex-president of Portland University and now president-elect of Montana Wesleyan, met us at the station and took us to their hospitable home for a two days visit. She was an ideal hostess. The city was so attractive that I would have been happy to make our home there.

After two days we were off for the second leg of our journey to San Francisco, taking passage on the "State of California" with family room on the lower deck. Pulling anchor at sundown, we glided down the Columbia; asleep until we reached the ocean. The plunging of the boat as it bucked the breakers waked Joe first. He crawled over my bunk under the porthole, peered out, rubbed his eyes, looked again for some minutes; then, crawling over to Gene, said in a stage whisper: "Gene, wake up and see the ocean! It's a big thing! Wake up and se the *OCEAN! IT'S A BIG THING!*" This was the first sight of the ocean for the

Templeton family. The second sight came during breakfast for Margaert and the children as they leaned over the rail and "fed the fishes" with their breakfast mush. I kept my equilibrium and my breakfast. In a few hours they returned to the table and made good their losses.

Arriving at San Francisco, as we passed out of the Ferry Building, we were deafened by the din and babble of hotel barkers. They had no respect for one another or for the truth. I was dumbfounded at their "gall." I picked a family hotel—rates: \$3 a day, open fire heat, etc. But, why heat the second of July? I learned later. When I settled for the three days service, it was \$3 for the room; extra for hack fare, fuel, bedding, etc.; totaling nearly \$5 a day. When I questioned the extras, the clerk looked at me disgustedly and said I was a poor sport to kick at their service. He remarked that *kicking* never got the *kicker* anything.

War time! Fourth of July! 1898. The city was gorgeously decorated; soldiers marching everywhere, bands playing, and the streets jammed with people. Admiral Schley had destroyed the Spanish fleet and taken Admiral Cervera prisoner! It was a great patriotic show. My first acquaintance with San Francisco is an unfading memory.

The next day I went to Palo Alto, walked down the Avenue to the University. The row of palms gave me the feeling that I had landed in the tropics. My errand was to see the Registrar, following up my letter and credentials sent in sometime before, and to register for the fall semester.

Doctor Elliott impressed me as a fine gentleman and a Registrar who knew his job. My personal acquaintance with him continued for many years and my first impression grew stronger year by year.

On the "Circle" I saw the sign: "J. J. Morris, Realtor," and I dropped in to inquire about vacant houses for the coming year. I found the rents ranged from \$12 to \$50. I located one near the corner of Webster Street and Lytton Avenue, then at the edge of a grain field dotted over with poison oak bushes. Five rooms, no bath, no screens, no electricity; but with kerosene lamps and a pump in the kitchen. Rent: \$12 a month.

Returning to the city, I engaged passage on the steamer

Santa Rosa for Los Angeles, and on the next afternoon we passed out of the Golden Gate for Los Angeles. We were all eyes. Everything was new to us. However, Margaret's pleasure soon ended at the rail. She was a poor sailor.

We landed on time at Redondo, took the train to Santa Ana and were met by Mr. Keech, leaning on his bicycle, and Mrs. Keech, in the carriage behind old "Dobbin." They took us to a hotel for the night. Early next day we were on our way to Newport Beach—Keech and I riding our wheels and Mrs. Keech, with the children, driving the carriage. From Newport village to our cottage on the bay it was a mile. It was low tide and the beach was as good as pavement for bicycles. The ride gave me another thrill. The rest of the week was consumed in getting settled for the vacation: Setting up three tents, building a family privy, filling lamps and stoves, laying in supplies, staking out a set line for fish, cleaning up the guns for quail and deer, and so on.

On Sunday morning Keech began to dig a well. I was surprised—shocked! I asked: "Are people *allowed* to work on Sunday in California?" "Yes, California has no Sunday law, he replied. "Well," I said, "I am not used to it. It is against the law in Montana and every other state where I have lived." "No, people do as they please in California," he answered. I sat on the porch and read the Sunday school lesson while he shoveled sand.

In the afternoon, Keech, having finished the well, took the families in his yacht, the "Jeanette" for a delightful sail in the bay. He was an excellent sailor—the movement of the yacht was ideal, but when the water came within an inch of the gunwale my thrill turned into a chill.

Soon life settled down into routine. My regular avocations were the daily trips to the village for supplies, the mail, the paper, tending the set line, killing the sharks, catching sting rays and turtles, gathering, cleaning and distributing the fish to the three camps, and so on. Then an hour's sail with Keech, a swim in the ocean or the bay, and rounding up Rob, (Dink)—everybody's job.

Early one morning Keech and I took the row boat down to Rocky Point, shouldered our rifles and struck

across the mesa to the hills of the San Joaquin ranch on a hunt for deer. After a ten mile hike through greasewood and buckthorn, we jumped two deer. Keech missed his shots. My first shot brought down the mate, which proved to be a doe (barren). Good venison but no horns! Here we found ourselves at 2 p. m.: Mercury at one hundred degrees, ten miles from the boat, a hundred pounds of venison to take to camp, and two guns to tote! We started home. Keech took the deer and I took the guns and impediments. We took turns switching the loads. Thus, for ten miles over the mesa and across washes and through sage brush and cactus, we "hit the grit" to Rocky Point and the boat.

The problem now was to load the deer from the top of a twenty foot bluff into the boat with the tide running like a mill race. Keech got the boat and circled to a point under the deer. While I waited on the rock, Keech rowed around in circles. As he passed underneath I dropped the deer into the boat. The next trip I dropped the guns; on the last trip I jumped in. We then rowed to camp and were greeted by a curious crowd of hungry campers. We had fish and venison sufficient to last a week for both our camps and that of our neighbor, Will Snow's family.

Too soon the month on the beach was drawing to a close. The steamers for San Francisco had booked their entire load before I had thought it time to apply for our family passage. The "Coos Bay" was the only thing left. It was a shore-line tub; slow, dirty, uncomfortable, and had very cramped accommodations. Margaret was sea-sick and in bed the whole trip. The voyage took a week. We stopped at every wharf for all sorts of freight en route. The service was miserable. The smells terrible, and the rolling of the boat sickening. Finally we moored into San Francisco and were off on the first train to Palo Alto. A week later we were settled in our bungalow.

I registered at Stanford as an English major and education minor, a total of eighteen hours. I was familiar with the courses in education. Prof. Cubberley was the new head of that department. On occasions when he had to be out for a day or two he asked me to give the lecture. Some of the class said that my lectures were more interesting than the "mill run" of the professor's. For ten years I had been

working on that line, and perhaps had more on the "ball" than Cubberley *at that time*. But not for long. He was a worker, a writer, and a business man. The English courses called for more time: The course in Anglo Saxon was new to me and hard. Dr. Fluegal was a wonderful teacher—a great scholar. Prof. Anderson, head of the English department, my major professor, was regarded as the most erudite member of the faculty. His course in Shakespeare was a joy. An original research study, under the direction of Dr. Starbuck, took a great deal of time. "At what age do children begin to distinguish between right and wrong?" It was an original round table questionnaire course. Dr. Starbuck expected me to take a semester for my report. But Mom helped with the typing and tabulations. I reported at the end of six weeks. Prof. Starbuck was very complimentary. He was surprised at my speed.

For the first month things went very well. Then insomnia and malaria hit me hard. It was the first year that malarial mosquitos had infested the town and the campus. The football team players were victims; lost the game to University of California by an astronomical score. We were ignorant that the mosquito brought the malaria. I grew worse, took out a leave of absence and left on my wheel for the King Mountain House where I ate quinine, broke the chills, and returned home after a week. I was homesick. I started down the mountain to connect with my wheel in storage below. My head was in a continuous buzz from so much quinine.

The family had gotten on nicely. Eugene had taken my place as head, and Margaret said all the kids had been "good." I dropped three hours of German and continued with fifteen hours, salvaging my strength, and passed in all.

The little Methodist church in Palo Alto was a real comfort. I think no finer group of people ever banded together in the worship of God than I found there in that shack, dedicated as a church. Rev. George A. Miller, pastor at Hanford, lived in Palo Alto with his family and commuted to Hanford. He finished his course at Stanford that year, receiving his "A. B." For some years afterwards he was a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His wife, of the same kind of metal, was a member of my Bible

class; likewise, Miss Harriet Cuthbertson, who afterward became the wife of Dr. Robert E. Swain. It was my privilege ten years later, as a resident of the young city of Palo Alto and as city superintendent of schools, to help tear down the old church and build the beautiful one now in the center of the city, and across the street from the old one.

On February fourteenth (Saint Valentine's day) Bruce was born. And while the mother and the baby were in bed and I was away for an hour, on the twenty second of February, Gene, Joe and Rick celebrated Washington's birthday by cutting and peeling shinny sticks from choice bunches of poison oak bushes. Rob got hold of one of these and presented it to the baby, but Margaret seized it and threw it behind the bed. At midnight Gene awakened me; he was in great distress. I examined his hands and found them covered with dried poison oak sap. Heating a wash tub of water, I gave him the hottest bath he had ever had; softening the encrusted sap on his hands with laundry soap and scraping his hands for an hour with a dull knife before he got relief. But I got thoroughly poisoned myself in the operation. A few hours later Margaret began to itch and sting. In twenty four hours both of her eyes had closed. Her face had swollen the shape of a full moon, and her mouth resembled the stem end of a tomato! But she continued to nurse the baby. In a fortnight she was over it. I suffered for a month before I was over it. In the interim I kept up my courses—sleep or no sleep. Bruce, the baby, was immune.

As commencement was rapidly approaching, and I was assured of receiving my "A. B." degree, and high school credential, I began to scout for vacancies.

Mr. Keech wrote that the superintendent at Santa Ana would resign at the end of the year. He advised me to apply for the position. I mailed in my application, my credentials, references, and photograph. The Stanford appointment secretary had mailed out confidential testimonials. Four of my professors, learning of my application, wrote the board on their own initiative recommending me specifically for the place. A fortnight later Attorney West wired me to meet him next day at ten o'clock at the Palace

Hotel in San Francisco. He was president of the Santa Ana Board.

I spotted him when he applied at the desk for his mail. He said the board had been getting a lot of "puffs," boosting me for the job, and had commissioned him to contact me while in San Francisco and report his reaction. For an hour or more I was under "cross examination" by a lawyer. He maintained a poker face through the hour. There was no hint as to what kind of a report he would make. He did, though, mention that a six room house would be finished soon and would be for rent. This and his farewell handshake were encouraging.

A week later I received a telegram from Mr. Keech: "Elected. Wire acceptance."

With commencement over, our packing finished, and reservations on the "State of California," we were ready to pull out for Santa Ana. It was a restful voyage. Even Margaret enjoyed the deck after a few hours of squeamishness.

Chapter XXI

*SANTA ANA PUBLIC SCHOOLS
SUPERINTENDENT AND HIGH SCHOOL
PRINCIPAL*



"Star Steps"—Left to right: Bruce, Robert "Dink," John Wesley, Ruric, Joe, Eugene

When we arrived at Santa Ana, Mr. West informed me that he had gotten the option on the new house on Washington Avenue at a reasonable rent, subject to my O. K. We accepted it and promptly took possession. That gave me several days for visiting the schools and time to acquire the data for a course of study for the year.

Before schools opened we decided to spend a fortnight at Newport Beach. It was a bad move. Millions of fleas infested the cottage. They were everywhere. After sleepless battles for two nights we returned to Santa Ana and asked for a refund of the rent. It was returned with apologies.

The next week Keech and I drove up to Trabuco Canyon with our camp equipment for a ten-day outing. Keech left at the end of the week and a high school teacher, Mr. Norrish, took his place. He was companionable but a tenderfoot camper. One day I shot a dove. It fell in the bushes.

Norrish started to get it. As he approached the bird I heard a rattler give his warning buzz. Norrish went ahead until he had reached the bird. The snake was there first. As he stooped for the bird he saw the snake and came running back in fright: "My gracious! *My gracious!* Mr. Templeton, it's a rattlesnake!" It was the first he had ever seen. He was an Englishman, and a fine mathematician.

The course of study was running through the press and I had to get back to read proof, find teachers for some vacancies, and check up on the house cleaning of the several buildings.

By the time school opened I had used up all my physical gain through the vacation. Insomnia, indigestion, worry! I was back to my Stanford status of nerve exhaustion. But the load was on my back and I had to tote it. So I tightened my belt and assumed a forced serenity. As the days ground on and on through September, I, just holding on by force of will, felt at times that I must give up the struggle. Then the feeling of disgrace in the eyes of the board and faculty seized me. They didn't know about my infirmity. I had been a good actor. What would become of my wife and children if I quit? The arch fear of starvation rose up in the night before my eyes! So, I set my jaw for another day! Thus it went for the first month, the second, and the third. But Margaret was backing me and running the family. She never intimated that she knew what a nervous derelict I was. I felt the board knew my condition, but they said nothing, even though a doctor was a member.

Teachers' Institute the week before Christmas—I had to attend three days in Los Angeles. Margaret cautioned me to be careful about my eats and to get to bed by nine! On arrival at the first session I was notified that I had been elected a member of the Southern California Schoolmaster's Club. I should attend the banquet that night. I declined with thanks. The committee replied: "You must not refuse this honor. You have been elected over a waiting list of twenty. The membership is limited to seventy five. You must attend the banquet." I went. It was a great meeting of the outstanding school masters of the seven southern counties, with Doctor Jordan and other distinguished guests. A nine course dinner, no wine, no cigars. (It was a

disgrace to smoke a cigarette.) After filling up on the dinner my watch read twelve o'clock! Then the waiters brought in the small coffee and the mints. I had never drunk coffee or munched mints. I must make a sneak and get to bed. Just as I was squirming to get out, the toastmaster called on Doctor Jordan to give us the low down on the faculty faction fight for freedom of speech, led by Doctor Howard, head of the history department. I was interested. The report took an hour. My coffee was before me. No sleep for me tonight, I thought. I'll drink this coffee as medicine. It was the small hours of the morning when I drew the covers up, saying to myself: "No sleep tonight. What kind of a fix will I be in tomorrow at the institute?" The next thing I knew, when the sun shining in my face woke me up, was that I would be late to breakfast if I didn't rise at once. I had enjoyed the most refreshing sleep I had had for months. From that day, December 20, 1899, I have accepted coffee as my good friend. I enjoyed the institute, served on committees for long sessions, and returned home in better fix than for "many moons." I decided that for the past year I had taken the wrong road to regain my health. Instead of starving myself into nervous normalcy, I needed to give my digestive apparatus something to work on—something out of which red blood could be brewed.

My new course of study provided for two promotions a year, for both elementary and high school. Pupils who failed to make their grade would not need to repeat the year; only a half year. It meant two graduation classes a year. It was a popular change, and educationally right. The principle of promotion was to "class the pupil where he can work to the best advantage."

After mid-year promotions, it became evident that the high school could not continue to function under the rafters of the central grammar school building. Measures must be taken for the building of a high school. The only way was for the district to vote bonds. The district owned a site: A half block on Main Street, ample ground for a large building.

"The city has no money to waste on play-grounds for the high school pupils. High school pupils were sent to school to study, not to play," the board said. Then what

should the board call for? Doctor C. D. Ball said \$25,000 would be ample. Robbins, Waffle, West and Freeman stood for \$30,000. Ball felt that the people would not vote more than \$25,000. But the majority stood for \$30,000. The bonds were issued for \$30,000 and carried. They sold at a premium. The building must be ready for the opening in September, my second year.

An architect was engaged to submit plans. A local man got the contract. He found the specifications inadequate and complained to the architect that he had skimmed in material and labor. The building would not be safe unless better braced. The architect said the additional material and labor would put the cost beyond \$30,000. Since the board had no more resources, it had to be built for the bond issue. So the contractor took over the extra expense and lost some hundreds of dollars on the deal. He was "one in a thousand." First of September the board accepted this building, brick veneer, of twenty-two rooms and the high school moved in. It was a great day in Santa Ana.

In March the board offered me an increase of \$200 a year for the next two years provided I would agree to stay the next two. I signed up. Surely the board didn't size me up as a hopeless neurotic. That contract was the best medicine ever prescribed to me. Thence forward the reputation of the Santa Ana schools was one of the very highest in California.

Fifteen years after I had left Santa Ana, Professor Wheat, deputy superintendent of Los Angeles county, spent a day with me in Downey, visiting the schools. He was principal of the Alhambra High School when I was at Santa Ana. He asked me if I had ever heard of the rank that the University examiners (visitors) had given the Santa Ana High School when I was principal. "No, all I knew was that the University of California professors passed all our teachers and their work" "Yes," he said, "that is all the University gives the public; but, one day Doctor Lange was visiting the Alhambra High School and, since I had taken courses in Latin under him at Ann Arbor, we became confidential friends. I asked him what high school in the state ranked first on the confidential records of the University. Anything he told me would be in strict confidence.

“Now, since you have been away from Santa Ana for fifteen years, and Doctor Lange has passed on (as well as many of the high school principals of that day), I don't think it is betraying any confidence to tell you. He said there were several high schools of about equal rank, but when the reports of the visiting professors were all in, and the points cast up we found that the Santa Ana High was a few points higher than any other school in the State.”

Yes, I thanked Professor Wheat cordially, but I had a faculty that was the most efficient and loyal I ever worked with, and the credit of that rating was due in a great measure to those teachers. In this respect I can include the elementary schools and teachers also. The board ruled it one of my duties to pick and nominate the teachers when needed. No one was considered for appointment without the recommendation of the superintendent. My policy was to select on the evidence of efficiency, making their Santa Ana home a secondary consideration. However, if the home girl's educational qualifications were equal to the best of the outside applicants, she was given the place. Not otherwise. Among the best teachers in the school system were graduates of Toronto University Teachers College.

For the first six years of my tenure as superintendent and principal of the high school, the work moved smoothly and efficiently. By my seventh year four of the members of the board were new. West, Robbins, Ball and Waffle had retired and were replaced by a lawyer and three merchants. Politics began to emerge. The board lined up in a pact with other city boards in the southern counties to demand of their county superintendents that the entire week of the county institute be held in the several county seats instead of holding a two day institute in each county and then adjourning to Los Angeles for the last three days. The lawyer member of our board said that the county superintendents were breaking the law in sponsoring such a policy. Teachers forfeited their salaries for those three day attendance at Los Angeles institute. For years that had been the practice. By pooling our funds we could get the best talent in the country as lecturers. But the merchants on our board considered only the holiday trade they lost by the teachers spending four days in Los Angeles the week before Christmas. One member estimated that the merchants of

Santa Ana lost at least \$1500 through this strategy of the Los Angeles *merchants*. He claimed the Santa Ana merchants were entitled to this trade. Since they couldn't persuade our county superintendent to change to a full week at Santa Ana, they ordered the teachers to return to their schools for the last three days of the week, or else lose their salaries or their jobs for insubordination. The last afternoon of the local institute was spent in a vigorous protest. The lawyer trustee asked for ten minutes to explain the law. When he got the floor he rambled on for an hour. He was followed by some of my faculty and two State college instructors. I had previously expressed my strong disapproval to the board. I said nothing to the institute. The lawyer was befuddled—chagrined. At a star chamber meeting he told his fellow members how he had been treated. I sat in the middle of the room and said nothing. He called that base disloyalty to the board. So three members of the board pledged themselves to replace the superintendent at the close of the year. A secret hunt for my successor then began. I knew nothing of it.

The schools continued as usual through the year as if nothing had happened. A week before commencement the secretary asked me to meet him at my office. When I arrived he was waiting. He said the board had ordered him to call for my resignation. Indeed! I couldn't understand for the moment why or wherefore. Had something serious happened for which I was blamed? Then he referred to that institute episode. Anderson had construed my silence as disloyalty to the board, but they would give me a chance to "resign." He went on to say that for the past seven years the board had treated me "mighty white," stood back of me on every issue, had me slated for a fourth increase in salary; but, when I didn't come to their defense, I was disloyal. "However," he said, "you see President Hankey. He is a good friend of yours. He will explain further." I saw Mr. Hankey. He was disgusted. He opposed the merchants' pact. He said it was a disgrace.

The president of the First National Bank came to me and said he had talked to four members of the board (not the lawyer; no use—too pig-headed), and they wanted me to stay. So, if I would talk matters over with Beatty, express my regrets, and so on, it would all be fixed

up. "Yes, I will talk with Beatty." I did. I went over the entire situation. I regretted the occurrence, as he did. But I made no apologies. On the contrary, I said: "Under the same circumstances I would do no other way. If that is disloyalty, make the most of it." Then I walked out of his office.

While this was boiling hot, Doctor Jordan arrived to deliver the commencement address. He was our dinner guest. I showed him two daily newspapers with front page headlines of the news, followed up with editorials.

Chapter XXII

PRINCIPAL CITY SCHOOLS, CARSON CITY, NEV.

In the spring of 1906 Professor R. N. Roark, then head of the education department of the University of Kentucky, wrote me that he was resigning to take over the presidency of the new State Normal school, established by the Legislature the previous winter. He asked if I would be interested in returning to my old home State and joining him in building a real educational institution. If so, he would like for me to take the headship of the "Model School."

I replied by wire: "Yes, I would be interested. Write me the details."

It had been eighteen years since we had separated at the railroad station in Glasgow, Kentucky. I had spent ten and a half years in Montana (as city superintendent of schools at Miles City, and eight years as professor at Montana Wesleyan University—the last five as head); one year at Stanford where I received my "A. B." and the State high school teachers' certificate; and seven years as superintendent of city schools and principal of the high school at Santa Ana, California. When I received Professor Roark's letter, I was completing my seventh year at Santa Ana.

During the whole of the eighteen years absence I had cherished the dream that some day we would be associated again in the work of training teachers. Now, out of a clear sky, the day was dawning when the dream would come true. I was thrilled. He was enthusiastic. We would finish our professional years together. His letters gave me the "low down." I accepted a satisfactory salary and began to plan our move. Then, as suddenly as the call had come, a letter from President Roark advised me that President Patterson, of the State college, had brought suit enjoining the State Treasurer from paying warrants of the Normal School Governors Board. The suit might hang on for six months or a year. Meanwhile, there would be no money available for anyone. Ultimately, the board would win. He advised that I take a position in California for a year, and plan to come the following year.

It was now the first week in July. I had a family of

ten: Eight children, Margaret and myself, to feed and clothe—and the children to educate; so, I must find a job! The Stanford appointment agency and the commercial agencies reported no opening on the coast such as I needed for the support of my family. I wrote to my friends in Montana regarding such an opening. The replies were sympathetic but full of regrets. What could I do? Margaret and I decided that I had better enroll in the university summer school as an auditor, keep my ear to the ground, and also listen to the lectures.

So Mom took over the management of the home and I took the train for Berkeley. Three weeks had passed and I had heard nothing but academic lectures. Then one day a “ring” came from Carson City, Nevada. Mr. Deady, the secretary of the Carson City Board of Education, was calling. I had never heard of him, knew nothing about Carson City except that it was the capital of Nevada. He said that the board had elected me principal of their schools, and wanted to see me. He invited me to come to Carson City that week end, meet the board, survey the situation, and decide on acceptance. I accepted the invitation by wire.

On Saturday morning I arrived at Carson City, registered at the hotel, and while I was shaving, Mr. Deady called from the office. After a half hour’s sparring conversation, we started to the high school, when a man hailed us from across the street. I was introduced to Professor Roberts, district attorney and ex-officio county superintendent of schools. He was a straight, good-looking, affable gentleman, who had come to Nevada from California some years before as a school teacher himself.

Then a second man joined us, as if by accident. It was the hold-over member of the board, John Meador; now serving his fifteenth year. He said he regretted that the new board had decided to change the principal. Professor Howe had been their principal for thirty-six years. While he was a very old man, he was as capable as ever. However, since the new board had decided on a change of principals, he would work with them to the end of his term. Mr. Deady and Attorney Roberts stood by listening. They had heard this before. They were the prime movers for the change of principals. I had never known or heard such

frankness before, but took it all as a favorable gesture. When he finished his spiel, there was no rejoinder from his "audience;" only awkward silence. He broke the silence with an invitation: "Gentlemen," he said, "let's stop into the saloon here and have a drink." Roberts and Deady accepted promptly, with a smile. I declined, with thanks. "But won't you have a glass of lemonade, Professor?" "Thank you, Mr. Meador, I really am not thirsty." Then he took out a cigar and offering it to me said: "You will smoke a cigar with us won't you?" "Indeed, Mr. Meador, I'm sorry. That is another accomplishment that I have never acquired."

He seemed to have reached the end of his resources, and another awkward pause fell on the quartette. So, casting about for an alibi, I said: "I seem to have left my memo-index at the hotel. If you gentlemen will excuse me I will go back and get it. I'll join you here in a few minutes." When I returned Mr. Deady stood alone there in front of the saloon, wiping his chops and presenting only a "poker face." The three old timers probably had some interesting "impressions" to exchange over the bar as to the tee-totaler they had elected "sight unseen." But I never heard what they were. However, I had some impressions myself, but I kept them "under my hat" as "business secrets."

The new high school building was a creditable, modern structure, two stories and basement. It was planned with a capacity for both elementary and high school grades. The several old school buildings had been wrecked. The new building covered most of the site—a quarter of the block; Carson City dimensions, just one-fourth the size of the conventional city block. The city blocks had been laid out thus for better fire protection.

The class rooms were modern as to lighting and size, but mostly seated with desks of ancient vintage. The high school rooms were outfitted with new desks. The office had a swivel chair. The board would furnish a new desk, a typewriter, stand, and a mimeograph.

The auditorium, with a seating capacity of 225, was equipped with opera chairs, and had a small rostrum. It was intended for both school and city uses. I asked what ar-

rangements could be made for an athletic field. Mr. Deady said he thought the school board could arrange for a playground several blocks south of the school on some vacant land.

Across the alley and on an adjoining quarter of block, was a brewery with a bar.

Some of the teachers lived in town. I asked if I could meet them in the afternoon. I would like to see samples of the faculty. He invited them to meet me at two o'clock. He also arranged for a meeting with the board at four o'clock.

Before meeting the teachers I gave the city the "once over." It is a quaint old town, built around the Capitol square of four or five acres of shade trees and lawn. The Capitol is built of stone from a near-by quarry. At one end of Main Street was the old U. S. Mint, long out of use. At the other end the office of the old time daily paper, and a stone's throw away was the red light district. Near by was the Chinese quarter. The stores and offices were strung along Main Street with twenty five saloons and gambling joints sandwiched in among them.

On side streets stood four churches: Three Protestant and a Catholic. I was told that less than a dozen homes had baths and inside toilets. None of those were for rent.

After making this survey I met a dozen teachers. For the most part they looked good. However, up to this point, I had not gotten the consent of my mind to sign the contract, as desperately in need of a job as I was. I would take the measure of the board before deciding.

The board met at 4 p. m. After an hour's conferences, I decided to sign for the year at a salary of \$2,000, and to stick, regardless of any offers I might receive from other boards. They were bitter about the way they had been treated by another California man whom they had elected the month before. After signing the contract, a better offer came to him and he resigned. That made the present vacancy. Dr. Jordan had recommended me as one of the foremost school men in California.

Now I had a job which would provide food, shelter and clothes for the family for the year and serve as a



J. C. Templeton
Palo Alto, Calif.

stop-gap until everything about the State Normal at Richmond had been settled. Next year I would join Roark and finish my professional years as head of the model school. Our move now was to be to Nevada. I must board the first train, for Carson City. I had less than a month to reorganize the school, write a course of study, and block out daily programs.

That evening an informal party was staged at the hotel. It was the home-coming of miners, prospectors, and business men from many parts of the State. Gold had been struck at Tonopah which was proving to be a great field. Goldfield was booming, and many new districts were being staked with mining claims. Some enthusiastic boosters prophesied that at last Nevada was entering her golden age. I was quite impressed with the type of men I met that evening. It did a lot to delete the depressing features of the town and the State, as formerly noted.

On Sunday I attended services at the Methodist

church. A young preacher, C. O. Colegrove, was the minister. About three dozen people comprised the congregation—about the average. In the middle of the sermon the preacher was drowned out by a sudden thunder storm. The people were surprised; amazed. It was so unusual in August.

Next day I took the first train for San Francisco, en route to Santa Ana. When I reached home the day after and went into a huddle with Margaret and the older boys on winding up our business, packing, and getting back to Carson in time to open school on schedule, I found it impossible to cover the moving job and get back to Carson with the family and open school the second Monday in September. So Margaret volunteered to do the moving. I could spend a week at home and outline the business of moving for Margaret.

Before the end of the week at home I received a wire from President Roark saying that the suit had been settled. "Come at once. Wire me when you will leave California." Three days later I had a similar wire from my old Montana friend, ex-superintendent of the Helena City schools, then president of the New Hampshire State Normal, offering me the same kind of a place on his faculty as the Richmond Normal had offered. *Now I was "hog tied!"* If either of these offers had come a week earlier I would have said "good bye" to the Pacific Coast forever. However, next year I could emigrate.

Gene had graduated from high school and wanted to begin his college course at once; so, we packed our grips and took passage on the "Santa Rosa" for San Francisco. There we separated for a year: He went on to Stanford and I to Carson City.

Instead of the railroad trip being a *picnic* for Mom and her brood of seven kids as we had figured, it turned out to be a *nightmare*. She arrived at Los Angeles several hours before the north bound train was scheduled to leave, and applied for tickets to Reno. The agent didn't know the rates, but said he would get them during the hours she would have to wait for her train and have them ready in ample time. They spent the waiting time in a near-by park. When they returned to the station the agent knew no more about the rates than before and took the time they should

have had for boarding their train in getting the information that he promised to get hours before. When he finally had made out the tickets and Margaret had signed them, she had to go to the baggage room and have the baggage released. The baggage man (a smart Aleck) took his time, remarking that she had so many children he would advise her to give some of them away!

With tickets and checks in hand, they rushed for the train. The yard master said: "Madam, your train has just pulled out. Another section will leave in fifteen minutes. It will catch up with the first section at Santa Barbara. You will have time to change there." Her Pullman car was on the first section. As they were entering Santa Barbara, the conductor told her that the first section had pulled out. A lady sitting near her went back to see if the train had really pulled out. She returned and said there would have been time to make the change if they had gotten off promptly—that the first section had not gone until the arrival of the second section, and after changes had been made. An Oakland business man, a fellow passenger, indignant at the treatment of the S. P. to Mom and children, as were the other passengers in the car, offered his name and address as a witness in case Mom brought a complaint action.

When they reached Oakland they were taken into a smoker. Mom had paid for first class tickets to Reno; and got less than second class service. She wrote Mr. Keech, one of the attorneys for the S. P. R. R., and he made a complaint to the president of the company. He replied with thanks.

I met the family at Reno. Mom was a wreck; the kids tired, red-eyed, and sleepy. The trip was no "picnic" for any of them.

Arriving at Carson City next day, we had a sample of the neighborliness of the people, which continued in many ways throughout the year. Mr. Deady sent over a string of seven Teel ducks for our dinner.

I was gratified at the support of the community and the cooperation of the teachers, particularly those three in the upper grades as *subject* teachers in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. These teachers worked as a group, each teach-

ing one third of the subjects for which she was best prepared, in three rooms, instead of *all the subjects of one grade*,—each spending one-third of a day in a room. Each was in charge of a room as the executive for that grade. She kept the register, passed on excuses and presided at the opening and closing of the day. It was a preliminary to the high school set-up.

This was something new in the State, and I expected it to meet with opposition, but such was not the case in Carson City. At the State convention I was put on the program for a paper to explain the method. The principal of the Reno schools followed with criticisms. He got a very little hand.

I think it was this discussion that interested the boards and faculties of some of the larger cities in the State. The secretary of the Reno Board visited our schools several times afterwards. He asked me if I would consider a salary of \$2500 to take the superintendency of the Reno schools—a gratifying compliment—but I had something better in view. We also had official visitors from Goldfield, Tonapah and Virginia City.

The convention elected me vice-president of the organization, with instructions to pilot the new revision of the school law through the Legislature which was to convene in January. I accepted the office but demurred at the order to play lobbyist. I had no qualifications and no experience in that line. Moreover, I was a stranger in the State. But Prof. Adams, chairman, said I was the only man in the State who could do the job. Since I was located at the capital city I could meet the members as no other school man could. The revision was sorely needed; so, I finally consented.

When I examined the new bill the Legislative Committee had framed, I found the entire school law was codified under ninety nine sections. The volume of the old law was reduced to one third. It represented scholarship and covered all legal phases of the public schools except text books. When I called this omission to the attention of Prof. Adams, he said the committee was afraid to include any provision in the main bill for the adoption of books.

For years the American Book Company had furnished 85% to 90% of the books. If the bill contained a section providing for a change the company would doubtless fight the entire bill and defeat it. But the law should provide a way for the schools to have the best modern text books published. It should also provide for an official check-up at least every four years. But the text book bill should be a separate measure. It should follow the passage of the main bill.

“There is no time now to call the committee together to formulate the bill,” he said, and asked me to draw it and see it through to passage.

The following Saturday I turned the key in my office door and spent the day drafting the text book bill.

Then I took it up with Judge Rea, the leading member of the Assembly, and president of the Goldfield Board of Education. He approved it “as is.” He was to hold it until the main bill was through the Assembly and then introduce it in time to pass before the Legislature adjourned.

The main bill passed the Assembly with seven negative votes. A few days later Judge Rea sent the text book bill to the “hopper.” It also passed with seven negative votes, then it was sent to the Senate.

On the last Friday of the session, the Legislature recessed over the week-end. On Saturday night a storm broke over the State, rendering many of the roads impassable. Monday morning the roll call of the Senate showed a bare quorum. For some unknown reason the main bill had been delayed in its passage, and both bills came to a vote at this last session. Both passed—the text book bill, unanimously. An hour later the Legislature adjourned, *sine die*.

Now the Governor had ten days in which to sign the bills. On the eighth day Prof. Adams rang me up and asked if the Governor had signed. I supposed he had; but I had been busy catching up with my school work and paid no further attention to them. He urged me to see the Governor and get his signature. Next day I called at the Capitol; the Governor was engaged for the day. He would see me tomorrow.

I was waiting in the afternoon of the tenth day in the

outer office when the Governor came out. He said he had been thinking of sending for me to give him a synopsis of those education bills; was glad I came. He had not had time to go over them and would not now be able to do so. "What would you advise me to do with them?" he asked.

I took ten minutes to sketch the need of this revision of the school law. I pointed out the high points of the bills, called his attention to the overwhelming vote by which they passed both houses, and how the codification of the law into ninety nine sections plus the text book section covered in brief, accessible form all needed school law, eliminating the jungle of contradictory acts accumulated for half a century.

He thanked me, reached for his pen, signed both bills, and remarked as he replaced his pen in the rack: "Now that's done. I hope it will prove to be for the best interest of the schools." I thanked him cordially, and assured him that this act would place the schools of his State with those of the most progressive states of the Union. Then, returning to my office, I rang up Prof. Adams and told him that the Governor had signed on the tenth day—almost the last hour. His felicitations were warm and gratifying.

Now the legislative job was done and I could give my full time to my school. So I thought, but my conclusion was premature. The text book law must become effective at once. It called for a commission to prescribe a list of books for the next four years. The commission consisted of the State Board of Education and four of the high school principals in the State. It was to adopt a complete list of text books for both the elementary and the high schools, and file it with the superintendent of public instruction before the end of the school year.

A few days later I had notice from the Governor that I had been appointed on this commission. I revolted. My school needed all my time these closing months. I must decline. I would see Superintendent Ring and ask him to name someone else for the Governor to appoint. I probably would go back to California at the end of the year. I called on Superintendent Ring. He listened courteously to my plea, but to no avail. He replied by complimenting my

work in the school and the Legislature, which in one year had placed me in the class of the foremost school men of the State. Now it was very important that I should accept this appointment and finish the work I had done so well so far. The old gentleman was so sincere and appreciative that I had to back down and take it.

Now for the next month I had again let myself in for a lot of overtime service for the State. The books that got my vote must be of the highest merit. The publishing houses and their influence must be eliminated, as such.

As the sample books came in I distributed most of them to my teachers and requested a review of each, together with their recommendations. Thus, I got the low-down on the books I could not review myself.

After three weeks of such study, the commission met for the following week. By a vote, before considering any book, we adopted the rule of merit as the basis of adoption. Book by book, we compared notes and recommendations, and then voted. In this way the list was compiled. It was not an easy role to play. Every day and night a dozen or more book men thronged the Capitol and the hotel lobby, but were circumspect in their attitude toward the board.

When we had finished, we checked up to see how the various publishers had fared. Four of the large companies had gotten approximately 92% of the business, fairly well distributed. When a representative of one of the four companies saw the list he remarked that Nevada now ranked with two or three of the most progressive states as to modern texts and school law. His company had received about 28% of the business.

My board, hearing that Palo Alto had offered me the superintendency of their schools, called a special meeting and offered to increase my salary \$500 if I would sign a contract for the next year. I was surprised and sparred for time. Not hearing from me for several days, Mr. Roberts came to my office and asked if I had tied up with the Palo Alto Board. No, I had not at that time. Then he asked if I would sign up to stay in Carson next year for \$3000; I thanked him, but asked where the board would get the money—the district was taxed to the limit—\$2500 would

be their maximum. Where would they get the extra \$500?

He replied: "If you will promise to sign up I will deposit the \$500 in the bank tomorrow."

"Where will you get it, Mr. Roberts?"

"I will take a paper and go up the street and when I have gotten to the end I will have \$500. Every saloon on the street will subscribe to keep you here."

"Why! they know if I had my way, I'd have every saloon in town closed tomorrow."

"That is just the reason they would go down in their pockets to keep you here. They want that kind of a man to teach their children."

It was a surprising, flattering, tempting offer. If any other position except Palo Alto had been in the offing, I probably would have signed up. But with my family to educate and my home in the "front door yard" of Stanford, it was too good to decline. So I told him that my vice-principal, Mr. Hunting, would accept the job at \$2000. He had proved to be a good man. He already knew the "ropes." So Mr. Hunting became my successor. He held the position several years and then was elected state superintendent of public instruction.

Mrs. Horine also was offered a generous increase in salary to continue in the Carson schools—a very gratifying compliment to her, since through sheer merit she had come to be the most popular teacher in the corps—a radical change from that of the most unpopular one during the first of the year. But she declined it in order to accept a position in the Palo Alto schools, which she held to the end of her profesisonal life—twenty years later.

Another fine Carson City teacher, Miss Grace Herrick, came into the Palo Alto schools a year or two later. She taught there several years, got leave to teach English for two years in Japan, returned home, and applied for a position to teach in the Los Angeles schools. Assistant Superintendent Monlux was in charge. Miss Herrick told him she came to make application for a position in the grammar school.

"What credentials have you, Miss Herrick?" he asked.

She replied, "I came to Los Angeles on a visit. I had not thought of applying for a position in the schools until yesterday. My credentials are in Palo Alto. I can get them in two or three days, if you wish."

"Have you been teaching in Palo Alto?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Monlux, I taught there for several years under Mr. Templeton."

"For several years under J. C. Templeton?"

"Yes."

"Then you may report here next Monday morning for assignment."

"Shall I send for my credentials, Mr. Monlux?"

"No; if you have taught under Mr. Templeton you will not need any further credentials."

Miss Herrick was very fond of telling of her application to Mr. Monlux for a position to teach in the Los Angeles schools. She taught in the Los Angeles schools until she retired a year or two ago under the age limit rule—with two retirement salaries for life.

Now the school was passing into the last days. We had entered a team in the State track meet at Reno the last Saturday of the school year. Gene came home from Stanford in time to see the meet and coach Rick in the high jump; see Joe start on the mile—his shoe came untied, he stopped to tie it and finished the race a lap behind! *But he finished!* Rick astonished the crowd by jumping four inches higher than his head.

The teachers completed their final reports and the principal filed them together with his own in the office of the State Superintendent, and the school closed with the first commencement exercises ever held in Carson City—thirty-seven years after Professor Howe was appointed the first principal. The new auditorium was packed to see three girls awarded diplomas.

This one year as head of Carson City Schools proved to be perhaps the most fruitful year in my life as a school man: Profitable to me, to the Carson City district, and to the State of Nevada in the revision of the school system and introduction of new methods.

Chapter XXIII

*PALO ALTO, CALIF.—CITY SUPT. OF SCHOOLS,
PRINCIPAL OF HIGH SCHOOL*

I had planned to attend the N. E. A. meeting at Los Angeles in July, 1907, and represent the Wylie Camping Company of Yellowstone Park—selling tourist tickets and routings, as I had done in 1899 when I cleared \$300 in commissions.

I engaged my vice-principal, Mr. Hunting, to assist me with the business, paying him a salary. We needed to be on the ground not later than July first. Having finished my reports, I rounded up personal affairs and took the train for Los Angeles, via Reno and Palo Alto.

On the same train Prof. Ring, State superintendent of schools, was my seat companion to Reno. Mr. Ring was a man of few words and very sparing of compliments. This morning, however, he surprised and delighted me with his loquaciousness and compliments. He said he regretted my decision to leave the State after making a place for myself in one year. If I ever decided to return I could count on him to find the best opening in the State for me. He would be most happy to bring me back to Nevada.

I took a lay-over at Palo Alto to meet my new board and survey the new field. Prof. A. B. Show, president of the board, was waiting for me at the station. Seated under an oak, we spent an hour discussing the past year's record of the Palo Alto High School. He asked me if I had heard anything about the trouble they had been having all year in the high school.

"No, I have heard nothing of any kind; have had no intimation of any trouble."

"A full report of this troubled year was due you," he said. "You should have received it with your notice of election before you signed the contract. It might have made a difference in your acceptance. I must confess that the board was very remiss in not telling you of our trouble."

Then, for an hour, he gave me the story; repeated here in substance:

Early in the fall of the year just closed, a Santa Clara High School boy was killed in a football game. Thereupon, Palo Alto High School and neighboring schools prohibited American football and substituted Rugby. The board instructed Principal Hill to notify the student body that there was to be no more American football played by students of the Palo Alto High School.

The captain of the team had already scheduled a game and the boys were practicing for it. The team ignored the order and continued the practice. Hearing of the disobedience, Mr. Hill was ordered to warn the team again that if they played that game it would be at their peril. In spite of this warning, the boys continued practicing and played the game. They were all expelled from school for the year. Later they entered Redwood City High School, regardless of their status as expelled pupils.

This was the beginning of a bitter quarrel which continued all year. Friends and relatives of the boys opened a campaign of trenchant criticism against the board. They were answered by many citizens and parents who looked upon the team's insubordination and defiance of authority as very serious, and not to be condoned. The discussion became quarrels which personally grew more and more bitter, "snow-balling" up to the spring election, when Trustee Cramer's term expired. Those upholding the boys planned to elect a man favorable to them; so, nominated Mr. Simkins, editor of the Palo Alto Daily Times. The faction which supported the board induced Mr. Cramer to become a candidate to succeed himself.

The campaign waxed more vindictive as the election drew near. No stone was left unturned by either faction to win votes. Surely this election would compose the trouble. Not so! When the votes were counted the candidates had tied! No election!

The county superintendent called another election for a month later. Mr. Simkins withdrew from the race and Mr. Lakin became a candidate. Both sides redoubled their activity—the heat increased. This time Mr. Lakin was elected by a small majority. At last both factions "stacked arms" and waited to see what the new board would do.

But the year was too near spent to do anything and closed "as is."

"Meanwhile," continued Prof. Show, "Principal Hill resigned and recommended you as his successor. Doctor Jordan gave you a fine recommendation as an excellent school man, teacher, and superintendent. The Santa Ana Board wrote personal letters of endorsement of your seven years tenure as city superintendent and high school principal. So, among the many applicants, you were chosen as the best man to head our schools. But, the board has been remiss in not informing you of this trouble which the new superintendent is expected to compose. I hope that this account will not be too discouraging. We are confident that we picked the most able one out of the many candidates."

I met the board that evening, but got no advice as to future plans. No apologies were offered by the other board members and no regrets for their failure to acquaint me with their troubles.

Prof. Show was planning to resign soon and try his luck in Nevada as a prospector. Prof. Murray would take his place on the board. Mr. Lakin was in poor health and liable to resign any time (which he did before the end of the year). Mr. Downing was anxious to retire. (He resigned before his term expired.) It looked as if there was to be a new board before the opening of school in September.

As I retired that night the halo of the prospect of a home in Palo Alto had faded and a fog had settled over my job. I felt like an orphan a long ways from home; and "dropped off" to troubled dreams—even of the "flesh pots" of Nevada.

Next day I arrived in Los Angeles, located my booth; and Mr. Hunting and I soon put it in order and hung out the sign:

"THE WYLIE WAY THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK — RESERVATIONS AND TICKETS HERE"

Soon the window-shopping tourists appeared and paused to make inquiries—some to buy tickets and make reservations. As they passed on down the concession line

of booths, a middle aged man and a young lady stopped to give me a cordial handshake, and speak my name! Who could they be? Ah! Now, by reaching back in memory twenty-five years to Knox County, Illinois, I know them! They are W. L. Steele, Knox County superintendent of schools when, at twenty two, I taught the Rambo country school; and the young lady is Miss Jessie Rambo at whose home I had lived.

It was wonderful to see these two old friends again. But imagine the added thrill when they said that one of the strong incentives for attending the N. E. A. was the hope of meeting me there! Even after the lapse of a quarter of a century I was affectionately remembered. (Now, Mr. Steele was city superintendent of Galesburg schools and Miss Rambo was principal of a high school and held degrees from two universities.)

When the "big meeting" closed and I checked up my sales and paid the bills, I had one hundred dollars—just one-third of my clean-up eight years before. But I was abundantly compensated in a social way: The meeting of many old friends, the making of new ones, and the professional kick of the program were sterling dividends.

After the N. E. A. adjourned and the pedagogues departed, and we had sold our last ticket, I boarded the first train for Carson City. Judge West and family were waiting for the Templetons to join them at Lake Tahoe for a month's outing. So, after a few days in Carson, I rounded up my family and our guest, Mrs. Horine. At sunrise, we started up the hill with a truck load of camp stuff for a month of camp life by the blue waters of Tahoe.

What with fishing and hiking and boating and loafing—breathing the mountain air charged with ozone and pine—we felt made over. When our month was up, the Bench called the Judge and the School the Pedagogue, and we folded our tents and reported for duty. I was well seasoned to begin work on the complicated problem of restoring normal relations among the patrons of the high school and estranged neighbors in the city and on the campus.

Chapter XXIV

PALO ALTO CONTINUED

Arriving at Palo Alto we found a comfortable house on Hamilton Avenue. Soon we were settled and I began a survey of the field.

I first called on Mr. Hill, my predecessor, who had recommended me for his place. He had decided to change his vocation as a pedagogue to that of cattle ranching in partnership with his father-in-law.

"The elementary schools," he said, "are in good condition, but the high school and the community are out of joint on account of the football trouble. It has be-deviled the community and school all year. Now, you have inherited it. The board expects you to find the solution and compose the trouble. "But," he continued, "I am turning over to you the finest, most loyal faculty to be found." He "dealt in the verities."

It might be well at this time to mention a few of the most outstanding teachers who served under Mr. Hill, and also list a few others who soon became members of our excellent teachers staff:

Miss Rebecca T. Greene was a Wellesley College graduate with some years experience as a high school teacher and vice-principal; a good scholar and an excellent teacher with a tolerant, but judicial, mind; loyal to the core; a cultured, Christian, gentlewoman. She was one of the finest personalities I have ever worked with. During my tenure of eight years as head of the Palo Alto schools her cooperation was 100%.

Miss Sophia Cramer, head of modern languages, was an ideal teacher of French and German. Original, spontaneous, inspiring. No one ever slept in her classes. Exacting and strict with her classes, and loyal to her superiors.

Miss Maude Stevens was head of the history department and an unusually strong teacher. Thoroughly versed in her subject, she had a fine discrimination as to the important events, and forcible methods of impressing them on her pupils. She was honored with the presidency of the

State Historical Association for one or more years.

Mr. George E. Mercer, head of mathematics and physical science, joined the high school staff in 1908, on his return from the Philippines after five years of work in the schools as supervisor, teacher, and author of their text on arithmetic. He was with me the last seven years at Palo Alto, stayed on under Mr. Nichols, my successor, as vice-principal: "The indispensable man." In my half century of a pedagogue's experience, I am unable to recall a finer blend of gentleman, scholar and teacher than the late George E. Mercer. With him "cheerfulness abounded with industry." He was the most unremitting worker and cheerful story teller among the members of the staff. He worked tirelessly for the school at the hazard of his health. The final call came too soon for George Mercer, and for the school that needed him.

Mrs. Ella W. Horine, teacher of English and Latin, had been with me at Santa Ana five years and in Carson City one year. She accepted a position in Palo Alto High when I took over the principalship in 1907, declining offers of a larger salary at Carson City and Reno. Erle Stanley Gardner and our son, Rick, among others, have spoken of Mrs. Horine as having made the deepest impression on them of any of their teachers.

C. S. (Jum) Morris was a member of my high school faculty for six years. He proved his efficiency in every assignment and in many other ways. Whenever needed, he was there! (When I moved to Modesto I nominated him for vice-principal of the high school at an increase in salary, and good prospects of further increases later. He accepted the position and moved down with us. Now, since 1909, he has reached the top rung of the ladder as a public school master. It is gratifying that the people he now serves at San Mateo and Burlingame show their appreciation by his monthly pay check—among the largest of any public school man in California.) I rate "Jum" the best authority on the Junior College. He is a school man of rare common sense. He has an intuitive faculty for knowing boys and drawing them to him—he can get down on a level with the boy and increase his respect and affection. "Jum" is a double-fisted, rugged soul, who found his "niche" when

he left Stanford and came to the principal's office at Palo Alto with two degrees, to apply for a "practice" teaching job needed for a secondary certificate.

Miss Effie I. Hawkins had been principal of the grammar school for six years when I moved in. She was a specialist in history; an original, enthusiastic teacher, a born executive. (She made a home for her aged mother and a widowed sister housekeeper. After three years as principal of the grammar school, she split her time between college and secretarial work and finished her college course with one of the highest records of scholarship ever made in Stanford. Later, she was a member of the Berkeley High School faculty; then, was promoted to the professorship of history in San Jose State College. She died a few years later.)

Miss Helen B. O'Neill had come to Los Angeles after some years of teaching in a normal in New York State. The same week of her arrival, the Santa Ana teacher of history and geography had resigned and I had applied to Boynton's Teachers' Agency for one to replace her. Miss O'Neill was introduced to me. After thirty minutes conversation, I invited her to attend the pre-opening teachers' meeting the coming Saturday—bring her grip and credentials and take her place on the faculty. She was there in the Santa Ana schools for three years. When I took over the Palo Alto schools, I offered her a place on the faculty. She accepted, and was an exceptionally efficient teacher of English for ten years or more.

Upon meeting various members of my new faculty and getting the "lay of the land" I was surprised to find that the Palo Alto schools were required by law to follow the county course of study, prepared for the rural and village schools. The Palo Alto schools should have the freedom to set up their own courses. That would be acquired with a freeholders' charter. The school board should work for it and formulate our courses.

The new board held its first regular meeting with Prof. Murray in the chair: (1) A petition was presented by the expelled football boys to return to Palo Alto High School. Granted. (2) It was voted to allow the boys in the high school to choose the football game they would

play—this to be by secret ballot and off the record, and the election to be held when the principal had evidence that the boys knew enough to decide on the merits of the two games. (3) It was decided to open the schools the second Monday in September, 1907.

Three weeks after opening of schools I announced at a student body meeting that I would give the boys a chance that morning to vote on the game they preferred to play, and proceeded to take a vote by secret ballot. One hundred boys were present. The vote stood: Ninety five for Rugby and five for American. The board approved. Rugby was to be our football game.

Then I turned the assembly over to President Murray. He congratulated the boys warmly on the way they had helped the board solve this football problem. He said the board would accept their vote for Rugby and hire a coach for six weeks to teach the game. After that their captain would do the coaching. Equipment and supplies would be provided by the board.

The word soon got around Palo Alto and the campus that the boys had chosen to play Rugby. A wave of relief swept over the town and the campus. Coldness between neighbors thawed out, and the community was on the way again to normalcy. During the next eight years (my tenure) Rugby was the football game of Palo Alto High, and continued to be the game for several years after I resigned to take over the Modesto schools, as city superintendent and principal of the high school. Year after year we won the championship of Northern California in Rugby football, and for four years played the winner of Southern California for the State championship—one year winning the game at Palo Alto.

As I became better acquainted with the school and the community I felt more and more the need of the legislation and organization as follows:

1. A free-holders' charter for the city of Palo Alto and its schools. The school board should have the right to set up its own course of study.

2. A bond election for funds to build and equip a

modern high school for a maximum of at least five hundred students.

3. A change in the law of high school boards of trustees from three members of district high school boards—one member from each elementary district composing the high school district—to five members elected at large for all types of high schools.

4. The setting up of a State Teachers' Retirement Fund to provide for those who have spent as many as thirty years in public school work.

5. An extra-curricular organization of state-wide jurisdiction to foster and control high school athletics and forensics, under the elective officers of their sections.

The campaign for a freeholders' charter started with an editorial in the Daily Palo Alto Times, and a call for a meeting of the citizens to take action. At the first meeting, Editor Simkins was chosen chairman. It was decided to take action immediately on a campaign for a charter. Ten committees were appointed, each to draft a section of the charter covering its function.

The school committee was composed of Prof. Murray, chairman of the board of trustees; J. C. Templeton, city superintendent of schools; and three other citizens. The chairman handed the job over to me to write the bill. My years of experience in the schools of California, and connection with the legislative committees of the State Teachers' Association for years had prepared me for the job. A fortnight later I reported that I had finished my draft, and handed it to the chairman. He called the committee together and submitted my paper for criticism. With the exception of a few questions he asked, there was nothing said that would suggest that I had written it. It was adopted as read and passed to the chairman of the committee of the whole; adopted with little discussion, and turned over to the engrossing clerk to become the school section of the Palo Alto charter.

A special committee assembled the ten reports into a bill (charter to be) and submitted it to the Legislature. In due course it passed the Legislature with no opposition and

returned to Palo Alto for the final vote of the citizens. Here it met the first opposition, but was adopted by a majority vote.

Now Palo Alto was free to function as any chartered city. The board of education should proceed at once to set up a course of study. This was the superintendent's job. With the loyal support of the faculty and the secretarial help of Misses Helen B. O'Neill, of the English department, and Effie I. Hawkins, principal of the grammar school, the copy was soon in the hands of the printer, who turned out a fine job.

Before the beginning of my second year the faculty and many parents had been given copies of the new course of study. The courses as set up for the high school and the grades met with gratifying approval. The Palo Alto schools had joined the most progressive of California and have continued to rank with the leaders since 1908.

As the enrollment grew we became more and more cramped for class room. Every square foot of floor space to be found in the garret and basement was retrieved by the school carpenter and fitted up for some kind of class room or closet. When that had all been utilized, the board resorted to setting up temporary structures for new courses in drawing and art, domestic science, and commercial classes. The board was afraid to put on a campaign for bonds to do any real building, and temporized until the grounds were so cluttered up with shacks that no room was left for play. When the people realized the condition the board decided it would be safe to call for a bond election. But it took five years of waiting to reach this decision.

The bonds were voted and sold, the architect hired, plans drawn and turned over to me for a check up. Everything was ready to start on the building. But no provision had been made for a site.

The Stanford trustees offered to lease a site to the high school board for ninety nine years, with the privilege of renewal at the expiration of the term; but, one member of the board held that public buildings could not be erected legally on leased land. For months of discussion and delay no start was made on the building. Finally, the board de-

cided to accept the lease and start construction. The result was the present commodious Palo Alto High School; but, not in my time.

Mr. L. B. Avery, principal of San Jose High School, for several years was president of the high school section of the California Teachers' Association. During my third year (1910) as principal of Palo Alto High School, he appointed a standing committee of five on competitive sports and forensics, naming me as chairman. This committee met at intervals throughout the year, compared notes, and I condensed them and reported to the annual meetings our recommendations.

In 1913 I submitted a paper of findings and recommendations to the high school section. It was received with uniform approval, and printed in the *Sierra Educational News*, the official organ of the association, and was sent to the high schools of the State by the commissioner of secondary education, Mr. Will Wood, as an educational bulletin.

Later in this session, twenty high school principals and coaches of Northern California took luncheon together at Hotel Oakland and decided to form a State organization for the sponsoring and controlling of extra curricular activities—competitive athletics and debating—with J. C. Templeton, chairman, and G. E. Mercer, secretary.

A second meeting was appointed for California Hall in Berkeley to complete the organization a fortnight later. A call was issued in the papers to all high school principals and coaches in Northern California to attend. The response was encouraging. The temporary organization was made permanent. The name "California Interscholastic Federation" (C.I.F.) was adopted. A committee of five was appointed to draft a constitution. As chairman of this committee, I spent the following Saturday drafting a constitution for approval of the committee. Both the committee and the association approved my draft, and adopted it as the constitution of the C. I. F. of Northern California.

I wrote Mr. E. W. Oliver, principal of the Los Angeles High School, and president of the Southern California Athletic League, what we had done in Northern California,

pointing out that the organization would be incomplete without Southern California. I urged him to join us and put the whole State under the government of the C. I. F. If he agreed to name the date and place for the principals and coaches to meet for a State C. I. F. constitutional convention, I would attempt to have the Northern California representatives present.

Mr. Oliver accepted enthusiastically, said he was calling the meeting for March 28, 1914, at the Y. M. C. A. field house on Boyle Heights, Los Angeles. Twenty delegates came with credentials. Mr. Oliver, as host, called the meeting to order; was elected chairman, and J. C. Templeton, secretary. Other delegates from the South came during the afternoon. Not all, however, sensed the importance of the meeting as did the Northern delegates. Mr. G. E. Mercer and Mr. C. S. (Jum) Morris, two members of my stand-by faculty, sat up all night to make a list of the enrollments of every high school in the State. This proved to be an important document in deciding the eligibility of schools for membership in C. I. F. Mr. Oliver had said that he would push the business at hand to a conclusion at the evening session; but, it took another day and evening to complete the job. When the convention closed at 11 p. m. the following day, Mr. Oliver said to me:

“Mr. Templeton, to you belongs most of the credit for bringing this to pass; and this should show up in the minutes and the write-ups in the papers. I will approve anything you write. You can't make it too strong.” (Of course, as secretary, I gave the reporters only the minutes. I was not indulging in personal compliments even when ordered by the chairman to do so.)

Now the set-up was finished, but it must be accepted by a majority of the high schools in each of the *four sections* before it can become the governing law of this extra curricular activity of the schools. This was done. The federated council of eight members held its first meeting in July, 1914. The C. I. F. has continued to function through all the years since that day as the sole agency that fosters and controls competitive sports among the secondary schools of California.

I continued to serve as a member of the federated

council until June, 1915. In May, 1915, the board of education handed me a contract to sign for the next year. I signed it and expected to continue as head of the Palo Alto schools for another year at least. The schools were running smoothly and efficiently, and ranked among the best in the State.

Palo Alto had come to be home for the large Templeton family. I had no plan to move. Our home had been "open house" to many school friends of the boys. It was the Palo Alto "home" for Helen and Cara Keech and Bert West and others from Santa Ana. Erle Stanley Gardner had lived with us as one of the family. There was never any telling how many "pick up" guests might show up from the university for any meal. Mrs. Horine and son, George, holder of the world's high jump record, were almost "regulars" at Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. Seldom did we sit down to a Sunday dinner but what we had some school teacher, preacher, or just old friends as guests.

Our family life had been most interesting: Just watching the boys grow up. Gene had made a reputation as an outstanding scholar at Stanford and was frequently a dinner guest of David Starr Jordan and John Casper Branner; the latter having taken him on a geological tour of South America. Now he was on a big geological job in Siberia. Joe had shown real prospects of becoming a star football and baseball athlete until he quit school for a "practical" business education in a men's furnishing store owned by Henry King in Seattle, where he had made an exceptional record; and now he was the advertising manager for the Gantner-Mattern large knitting concern in San Francisco. Rick had been leader throughout high school and the university in track and football and other activities. At a "Big Meet" at the University of California, after scoring well in the high jump and high hurdles, he had retired to the dressing room. When the relay came off it was understood that the winner of the relay would win the meet. California nosed out Stanford by a whisker in the relay; their rooting section and supporters poured onto the field and started serpentining. But "Jum" Morris, an official at the meet, noted that Rick was entitled to one more jump in the broad jump. He would have to leap farther than he had ever jumped to get a third place for one point; but, if he did,

that one point would give Stanford the meet by a fraction of a point. Such an announcement was made, the California supporters backed off the field, Rick rushed to again don his track suit and spikes; and a half hour after the relay, he was set for a try to steal the show for his Alma Mater. Nobody in those tightly packed bleachers had left the field. Rick jumped. He placed third! Stanford won! The California rooters piled back in their bleacher section and the Stanford rabble almost went beserk as they serpentined the field. Rick was elected track captain for the following year. Also, he was chosen as one of a four-man All-American track team to tour Australia and New Zealand—he to compete in the hurdles and jumps and pole vault. (Reg Caughey of Ukiah, California, took care of the weights; Powers, from Boston, the distance events; and Parker, of Stockton, the sprints.) Rick had also made a fine record in Rugby, being a bit light of weight but more than making that up with his speed and cleverness and his uncanny accuracy at kicking. Wes was an outstanding scholar at the university; and truly an all-around athlete. He didn't concentrate too much on any one sport, but was plenty good in track, baseball, football, tennis, swimming, or whatever he happened to be playing. Dink had practically grown up on the athletic fields at Stanford, having been the "ball shagger" and mascot for the football and baseball teams. Although too small to make much of a showing as a top-notch player in sports (and while still wearing short pants), he had dumbfounded a "full house" of football enthusiasts at a Stanford vs. California "Big Game." The most renowned football kicker of all time, Brickley of Yale, had been imported from the East to make an exhibition of his talents between halves. Dink, as "ball shagger," was waiting behind the goal posts for Brickley's first kick. Brickley spiraled a nice punt in Dink's direction. Dink caught it, took a couple steps, and sailed the ball ten yards over Brickley's head! Another kick by Brickley—and another return kick by the kid in short pants over the expert's head. Then Brickley drop-kicked; Dink, likewise. This too made Brickley back up. The stands roared! It wasn't long afterwards, however, before Dink started to sprout up and graduate into long breeches. No wonder! He was always eating. An inspection of his bedroom would always disclose an assortment of old bread crusts, cake crumbs, parts

of candy bars, apple cores, torn Dick and Frank Merriwell stories, and what-not—between the blankets, under the mattress, and scattered around the floor!

Bruce (see acknowledgments) and Knight were kids coming along, playing the sport in season with various kid teams in town. Knight was beginning to spend all of his spare time at the Stanford athletic fields helping Dink chase and care for the balls and other sporting equipment. He was destined to fall heir to Dink's shoes as the university "ball shagger" and mascot. Alice was in her last year in grammar school and was just a mighty fine young girl; loved and adored by everyone. She was beginning to be a bit of help to her mother at times with small chores in the housework—a help Mom could use a lot more in her unending chores of caring for such a gang of growing youngsters as the Templeton clan and her church and social affairs in the community.

Each summer I had managed to get away from it all for a month with old friends in the high Sierras in Northern California, coming back refreshed for a new year and with my share of deer, bear, and trout. These annual camping trips with Keech, West, Crokshank, King, Shumate, Mercer, and others were looked forward to every year. So, such had been our home life—and Palo Alto had really grown to be our *home*.

But needs of our family were growing more rapidly than my salary. President Hays and others on the board had, for several years, expressed hope that the board could give me a well deserved raise in salary. I was discouraged. It was only through close economy at home under the efficient management of Margaret for a family of many needs that I managed to keep out of the red. I wondered if I should have signed the contract rather than to have gone gunning for another job. I was disappointed over the way the new high school building plans had dragged along. For three years the student body had been increasingly cramped in a grammar school building not half large enough. Now it looked as if it would be a year or more before we could move into the new building.

A visiting high school teacher from Pasadena had dropped into my small office in the high school

and introduced herself as a member of the Pasadena High School staff. She said she wanted to visit the Palo Alto High School; she had heard so much about it she wanted to see it.

“Where shall I find it?” she inquired.

When I told her that she was then seated in the office of the Palo Alto High School principal, she couldn’t believe it.

“What!” she said, “this little grammar school building is not the Palo Alto High School that we hear so much about, and is known all over the State? No school in the State has a better reputation than the Palo Alto High, and no city schools are better known than the Palo Alto elementary schools.”

Professor I. D. Payne, who made a survey of the Palo Alto schools, along with surveys of other schools of the State, incorporated this bit of testimony in his report:

“The writer cannot express too cordially his appreciation of the encouragement and invaluable assistance by this little survey by all who were in any way connected with the local schools. If such a candid spirit were found in all school systems, then the business of public education would soon be placed on a new and better foundation . . . Palo Alto has exceptionally good schools, as assured by prevalent standards . . . The school system is well organized and ably administered. The equipment is good and the teachers are well trained, carefully selected, and their work is well supervised.”

A week after signing my new contract, I had a long distance phone call from a stranger in Modesto; Dr. J. B. Simms, president of the Modesto School Board. He said they were looking for a superintendent, and would appreciate a personal application from me. I replied that I had signed a contract with my board to continue, and was not eligible to make application.

Instead of hanging up, as I expected, he suggested that it was early in the year; my board would have ample time to secure my successor, and doubtless, would accept my

resignation if I should be called by a board that could pay me a better salary than I was receiving.

I listened to his suggestions, but made no promise. I knew almost nothing about the Modesto schools. I knew Mr. Downey personally as the head of the schools there for twenty six years. He was a dignified gentleman and a scholar. Why was he quitting?

But this call inveigled me for several days. So, to satisfy my curiosity, I decided to run down to Modesto that week end and take a look.

Arriving in Modesto, I called on Dr. Simms; found him busy with a patient for another hour, and at his suggestion, I took a cruise around the town and called on the other board members before returning to Dr. Simm's office.

The first two members I called upon were holdovers for the next two years, opposed a change of superintendents and course of study. But, the new members were in the majority and had decided to make changes. One of the members, Mr. Zion, was very cordial and optimistic; he said the three new members had been elected on the platform of modernizing the schools. The new board was committed to just that. They were looking for a man who could do the job.

I had only two hours before train time to talk with Dr. Simms. He gave me a clear idea of the board's program. They wanted a superintendent who would serve also as the principal of the high school; build a loyal, efficient faculty, and set up a modern course of study. A building program had been long over due. Unsanitary shacks cluttered up the school grounds, leaving but little room for play. Modesto must have a modern high school and some more elementary schools—and that very soon. The board must begin to plan a bond campaign that would not fail.

I listened till the train whistled, but made no application or promise. I saw that Modesto had unusual resources for building an efficient, modern school system if kept free from politics. But, even so, I was not yet ready to break away from our ideal home and forfeit the college privileges for our flock. Maybe something would turn up yet and the

Palo Alto Board would put more "rails on my fence." So, if Modesto really wanted me I would expect a much larger salary than Palo Alto could ever pay. Why not send them a proposition contingent on my release from Palo Alto?

I advised the Modesto Board I would consider \$2,700 the first year, to be increased to \$3,000 the second year; conditional upon my release from Palo Alto.

A week later I received a wire: "Elected." But I was not ready to accept until I had a better survey at Modesto and had been released from my Palo Alto contract. I must spend two days in Modesto and get the "low down," before deciding.

Returning to Modesto, I first called on the two hold-over members: Mrs. Hazen and Mr. Leek, who were opposed to a change. I wanted to see if they would obstruct a new program. Both treated me courteously and said that although they would take no active part in the new regime, they would not obstruct it. (Mrs. Hazen remarked to a friend afterward that she didn't know anything about my scholarship or me as a school master, but that she sized me up as a gentleman.) Other interviews made the Modesto set-up look like a good deal.

I returned to Palo Alto and took up the matter of a change with the family. I reminded them that when we came to Palo Alto eight years ago it was to be near the university so that they would be assured of a college education. The older ones had availed themselves of this opportunity during the past eight years that we had lived in Palo Alto; but the younger ones had not yet started to college. With an increased salary I would be able to help them more than at my present salary, but not to the full extent of their expenses. "Think it over and decide if you can take the risk if we move to Modesto."

Margaret, always sensible and unselfish, and having been cramped for years by a small salary and a large family, had proved herself one of the most efficient home-makers and household economists to be found anywhere. She said it would be a cross to leave our Palo Alto home, but that a larger salary and a broader field were very tempting. She would leave the decision to me. If I thought best she would go. The responsibility now was on me. But it was not an

easy matter to "break home ties," since I had expected to finish my schoolmaster work in the "front yard" of Stanford. But "necessity knows no law."

I wired the Modesto Board: "Accepted." Then I began to add to the budget of my congested business: Commencement, the closing of school, reports, and the job of moving again!

At the meeting of the Palo Alto Board when I was granted a release from my contract, all members expressed surprise and regret at my decision for a change. They felicitated me on the condition of the schools and their standing in the State. None had a better reputation than Palo Alto. President Hays said: "Mr. Templeton, when you persuaded me to accept a place on this board, I never expected ever to have to help find your successor. But I think it would be an injustice to you to hold you here in the face of this splendid field at Modesto."

Two weeks later schools closed. Every department from primary up through the high school was fully up to grade. The high school had the largest graduating class in its history.

When I presented the graduating class for diplomas and thanked the board, the faculty, the parents and citizens, with a heart full of gratitude for their loyal support through the past eight years, it was indeed like "breaking home ties."

Mr. Hays replied in the highest complimentary terms, professionally and personally. And he voiced the opinion of the board, he said, as well as his own. His sincere words of appreciation touched me deeply.

I regard Rev. Walter Hays as one of the greatest school board presidents I have ever been privileged to serve under in my many years of teaching in six states, half way across the continent, from Kentucky to California.

Chapter XXV

MODESTO PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SUPERINTENDENT, PRINCIPAL HIGH SCHOOL

As soon as my final reports were in at Palo Alto, I was due in Modesto. A new course of study had to be worked out, bungalows built to provide room for the new courses, and several teachers hired. Mr. E. H. Morris invited me to occupy a room in his home. I accepted gratefully and worked in the basement of the high school—the only cool place available. Meanwhile, Margaret and the boys had taken over the moving job. “Jum” Morris and family were going with us. Margaret and Mrs. Morris came down one hot day in August to look up houses. They were very successful. Then they chartered a car for moving the furniture for both families and set up housekeeping. Soon everything was ready for the opening of schools.

At the preliminary opening meeting I sized up the faculty as unusually good looking; and, as they lined up with their work, proved to be just as good in their respective places. During the months they held their stride to the end of the year. The people were appreciative and complimentary. An unusually small number of conditioned or failed pupils were reported. The prospect was for a long and successful tenure — if that depended on the job turned in -- the conditions of my acceptance of the job.

Now, with the new courses of study functioning, the administration must take time to lay plans for a bond election to build a modern high school and a larger grammar school. The two hold-over members would have no part in the plans. A fortnight before the date set for the election, the editors of the two papers were invited to a conference with the board and superintendent on the election. The board, they said, could use their papers, editorially or otherwise, for the campaign; but, there was no chance at all to carry the election, they assured us. Modesto citizens would not vote bonds for anything. We discussed ways and means until midnight. Before adjourning, Mr. Sherman said:

“Gentlemen, if you will excuse Mr. Templeton from his regular program for the next two weeks to work with

the different organizations in town, and on the campaign as he sees fit, there may be a possibility of winning; but, only a possibility.

I demurred: "I shall not be able to leave the regular school work during hours, but will put in all the time there is outside of hours. This is my plan: I will round up the societies evenings. Then if you will each detail one of your staff to meet me at my office daily at four o'clock to prepare an editorial for the next day's issue for a line of editorials which will set up our needs, I will have a short crisp editorial ready for them to pass on each day.

"Also, I will organize the high school student body and faculty and provide them with a one page typewritten letter, on good stationery, signed by the president of the student body, setting forth the desperate need of a new, modern high school and a new grammar school. These letters will be addressed individually to the voters. Students will be appointed in pairs to personally deliver the letters in sections where the students are acquainted, and the voters will be asked to read them. They will be urged to vote for the bonds if convinced that Modesto is in dire need of these buildings; if not convinced, vote them down; but, at all events, vote! Transportation to the polls will be provided any hour the voter names."

The board and both editors approved these suggestions. I had our president, Dr. Simms, meet the Student body in assembly and give them a "pep" talk. The plans were carried out faithfully in every detail. The election was held March 11, 1916. The grammar school bonds were voted more than six to one; the high school bonds more than three to one.

The election caused a sensation in Modesto. Even the hold-over members felicitated me on the remarkable result; said I was a great planner and campaigner.

The bonds were issued and sold at a premium. Then a flaw was discovered in the high school issue. The board cut the issue down to \$125,000 before submitting them for validation. The grammar school bonds were valid by the first election.

At the spring election several candidates came out for

trustee for the two vacancies in the board—all for Templeton and his course of study.

Meanwhile, a member of the new board, Dr. Rousseau, had died and W. E. Thomas had been appointed to the vacancy as a representative of the West Side. In less than a year he was president. He made a great virtue of "putting all his cards on the table." He was very fond of saying: "I am no submarine!" "Politics," he said, "is the finest game a man can play."

The new course of study had been on test for the year and adopted, and now ready for the printer. Vacation provided the time for proof reading. A very satisfactory booklet was delivered to the board. At the opening of my second year this complete manual was in the hands of every teacher and also many patrons. The prospect was most favorable for a successful year. But the political wrangle over the location of the high school site was just beginning in earnest. The school work however, moved on smoothly, but the new board was determined to accept the Le Hane site on the West Side, and also to secure the active support of the city superintendent. That was business, President Thomas said.

He informed me that my office as superintendent was to be a political office. When I demurred and said that it was clearly understood when I accepted the position that my job was to be a professional one—that there was to be no politics in it—he replied: "That is the way it should be, but not the way it is going to be from now on. If you will take off your coat and work for the West Side site as you did for the bonds you can hold your job as long as you want it!"

My answer: "I am not working for any site. The location of the high school is the function of the board. We need it desperately. I shall be happy to have it anywhere in town: West Side or East Side, but its location is not any part of my job."

He observed that the board wanted me very much to continue as superintendent, but that the location of the high school on the West Side afforded an opportunity to build up the town; that the board needed the cooperation

of the superintendent; and that if I would not give them the cooperation they wanted, they would get a man who would.

This "confidential" interview I accepted as a political bluff, and plowed on with my work.

Finally, the board agreed to leave the acceptance of the site to a straw vote of the district, with the result that the Le Hane site polled seven votes more than that of any other of several sites offered. Then an injunction suit was brought by Mr. Griswold forbidding the board to build on the Le Hane site. This was not settled until July, 1917.

For some months the board had been interviewing architects. Allison and Allison, of Los Angeles, felt that they had scored a contract which they would receive a fortnight later.

Next, Stone and Wright, of Stockton, came for an interview and, since they were in a neighboring city, their terms were accepted and they were ordered to draw plans. The board turned the plans over to me for checking against requirements. I approved them as satisfying the requirements.

A week later a new firm from Los Angeles showed up: Dohremer and Hewitt. Mr. Dohremer phoned me an invitation to lunch with him. I accepted and got his errand during lunch.

I told him that the contract had been let to Stone and Wright, plans had been drawn and accepted, and that he was too late for a "look in." I bade him "good afternoon," not expecting to see him again; but not so.

Mr. Zion was president of the board at this time. Mr. Dohremer invited him to make a survey of the new high schools of Southern California as the guest of Dohremer and Hewitt. Mr. Zion accepted.

Two days later Mr. Allison came with a big case of plans, expecting to line up the contract. I told him that Stone and Wright of Stockton had gotten the contract, had drawn the plans, and the board had accepted them; Moreover, that Mr. Dohremer of Los Angeles had thrown

his hat in the ring, regardless of the fact that the job had already been given to Stone and Wright; that Dohremer had invited the president of the board to make a survey of the recent high schools built in the South though Dohremer and Hewitt had built no high schools since they came to California; and that our board president had accepted that invitation as the guest of Dohremer & Hewitt.

“Well!” Mr. Allison ejaculated, “I don’t like that kind of business; but I don’t intend to let a competitor out-distance me in hospitality. I shall invite Mrs. Zion to accompany her husband as *our* guests.” So, the president of the board and his wife had the trip together.

At the next board meeting, Trustee Thomas moved that the board cancel the contract with Stone and Wright and award it to Dohremer and Hewitt. But Trustee Leek came back with the rejoinder that he would support the motion on one condition; viz., that the plans the board had ordered from Stone and Wright, which had been accepted, be paid for out of Dohremer and Hewitt’s fee as architects. This caused an explosion by Trustee Thomas, but Trustee Leek stuck to his guns, and the clerk drew the warrant to pay Stone and Wright and charged it to the account of Dohremer and Hewitt. Mr. Dohremer was much out of humor over this turn of the business!

With the laying of the corner stone, also began the clipping of the plans. Wherever a cut could be made, it was done to cheapen the structure. So, after a short life time with heavy repairs, the building was condemned and soon out of use when desperately needed.

But the school courses were stream-lined. Under excellent teachers, well trained and loyal, the school work continued without interruption. The annual reports showed a smaller percentage of grade conditions and failures than were reported the previous year. The graduating class was the largest in the history of the school. The people were behind the schools. But this, my real job, in the eyes of the new board, had become a mere incident as compared to my political attitude and line-up for the West Side site. The plans I had made and the work I had done to pass the bonds (which both editors of the two papers said would not pass) had become the core of a community quarrel. The

splendid field, if free from politics, which the board had promised as a compensation for resigning the superintendency at Palo Alto, had become a bone of political contention.

Overtures to stay were made to me by different members of the board, but all were framed in politics. I could not accept the conditions. It was a grievous disappointment to me that after a successful administration of the schools for two years, the situation had become so "political" and "commercial" that I could no longer continue in the office. So I submitted my resignation to take effect at the end of the year.

During the year the twelve room Washington grammar school had been built and a start made on the high school. "Jum" Morris and I had done some prospecting for a Modesto Junior College, which later developed into the present Modesto Junior College.

Chapter XXVI

PROSPECTING FOR A NEW JOB

Shortly after I had resigned, I had a notice from the Pacific Grove High School that I had been elected principal. I was invited to visit the board and decide on acceptance. This was news to me; I had not applied. I accepted the invitation, drove to Pacific Grove, and spent the evening with the board. They had increased the salary to \$2,000 hoping to interest me. They were very anxious for me to accept at once, but I asked for ten days to consider it which was reluctantly granted.

Next day I looked over the field: A most pleasant home place with fine, cultured people; but, I found the district too small for much growth in the schools. On the Fourth of July, 1917, I wired the Pacific Grove Board my declination, with thanks.

Mr. Utter had decided to check out of the Modesto High School if he could locate a position in Southern California. So, he and I drove down in my new "Grant Six." We called on the Fresno Board and the Pasadena Board. We got some encouragement from Pasadena, but not enough. When we returned, Mr. Utter found his place as teacher in Modesto High School was still open. He took it again, and has been in the Modesto schools system ever since.

The Tracy High School principalship was open. I was invited to meet the board. My "Grant Six" was in the garage, as usual; so, I borrowed an old Ford and drove up to Tracy. A dozen applicants were in the front yard, telling stories and waiting their turn with the board. Ten minutes was the allotted time for each. I got the first call, strange to say, and the board kept me thirty minutes! When I came out the candidates were ready to mob me. "No use to go in," they said, "Templeton has grabbed the works." But the salary was only \$1800, and the board would make no promise of any increase. So I declined to consider it.

It began to look as if all the vacancies I could afford to accept were filled. Then letters came from Judge West and Mr. Keech telling me the Orange Union High School principalship was vacant. Both had interviewed the board.

Mr. Keech had taken a straw vote a week before they were to elect and I had a sure thing there if I wanted the principalship.

I filed an application, and afterward found that Chairman Thomas of the Modesto board had written the Orange board a letter giving me a gilt-edge recommendation; explaining that the only reason I was leaving Modesto was a political situation in the board for which he was responsible, and adding that the Modesto Board wanted very much that I should stay but they must have a superintendent who would "take program." When I learned that the ex-principal of the Downey Union High School was elected at Orange, it was something of a mystery how both Keech and West could have been so fooled.

The next day I had a wire from Boynton Teachers' Agency: "Principalship at Downey open. Make personal application at once." I packed my grip and took the next train south.

The following day I was the last of about twenty candidates to see the board. They were to elect "day after tomorrow evening." I saw each member at their respective homes with encouraging results, but nothing sure.

I remembered that my old Palo Alto pupil, Erle Stanley Gardner, a lawyer at Ventura, had a client at Downey by the name of Hass, who chanced to be a member of the Downey High School Board. Erle might help. I went to Ventura to see him; told him my story. "Yes," he said, "I can help with Ernie Hass. I will take you to Los Angeles this afternoon, drop you off there, and drive on to Downey to the board meeting tonight." He met the board and told his story. I got the report next day.

Next morning my telephone rang. It was Mr. Boynton. He said he had both good news and bad. I was elected Principal of the Downey Union High School at \$2,500. The bad news: "Mr. Keech, on his way home from Downey, a trip in your interest, collided with the Santa Fe train at Northam Station and was killed!" Awful! AWFUL NEWS!

I took the first car to Santa Ana and found Mrs. Keech overwhelmed with grief. Mr. Keech didn't know I

was South and, learning of the vacancy at Downey, had driven there in my interest. On his return, as he was crossing the track at Northam Station, the fast passenger train shot out from behind a line of storage sheds unnoticed!

Mr. Keech was one of my very best and dearest friends. I shall always miss him.

The trial of the injunction suit in Modesto was set for that week. I had been served a subpoena as a witness; so, it was necessary to return immediately. The suit was dismissed and the high school ordered built on the Le Hane site.

Chartering a car at Modesto, we loaded the household stuff and sent it to my new landlord, Mr. Stout, at Downey. Then we loaded up in the "Grant Six" and started out for a vacation at Yosemite, en route to our new home in Downey.

We drove without incident to Yosemite Valley, where we pitched camp and spent three weeks on a most worthwhile outing. Dink was already there as a forest ranger. Too soon our time was up and we had to pull out for Downey.

Before we got out of Yosemite the steering knuckle on the "Grant Six" locked as we were heading for a mile deep abyss! We were saved by Bruce's quick action, stopping just a few feet from the brink. My hair was "on end" all the way to Madera. The car's brakes were soon worn to a frazzle; the intermediate gear had "stripped;" and, we had two blow-outs before we had gotten within ten miles of the first garage—so that we made the ten miles on three tires and a rim.

When we arrived at Downey I decided that the "Grant Six" was the most complete hoax ever foisted on the public as an automobile. I had trouble with it ever since I took it off the hands of my Modesto pastor, who was moving to El Paso, Texas. He had bought this car on contract a fortnight before. I could have it for the unpaid balance of \$350. Although new, it needed some minor repairs, half of which he would pay. I never saw or heard from him again—received no answer to my half dozen letters.

That trip to Downey will never be forgotten. With

the jolting over rough roads, climbing most hills and mountains in "low" during hot August days, filling up with water every mile or so and giving the "Grant Six" a chance to cool off, clinched it in my memory forever and a day. But, we finally made it and were soon pulling up in front off our new Downey home.

Chapter XXVII

*DOWNEY, CALIFORNIA UNION HIGH
DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT*

I opened the Downey Union High School the second Monday in September, 1917, with a new faculty, except for two hold-overs; one a conservative. "*It can't be done,*" was his usual reply to all changes in the program or course of study. So, the teachers called him: "*Mr. It Can't Be Done.*" They told me that he had applied for the principalship when my predecessor resigned and showed his disappointment and displeasure in his subsequent failure to cooperate. (At the end of the first year he found another position. This gave me a 100% loyal faculty.)

Discipline demanded much of the teachers' time and energy in the beginning. While the majority of the pupils were studious, teachable, and respectful; there were too many of the other type: Lazy, disobedient, and insolent. They had to be brought under discipline. This was a heavy drain on the teachers. But by the end of the first semester we had the cooperation of the student body; the roughs had changed their attitude, and working order prevailed.

A former patron of the Santa Ana schools (whose two sons had graduated from the high school during my seven years as principal and city superintendent of schools) advised the high school board and the four elementary school boards that they could secure greater efficiency by the appointment of the principal of the high school as supervising principal of their elementary schools. So, at the end of my first year, the high school board offered my services as district superintendent of the grammar schools at a small increase in salary. The Downey grammar school and two country school districts accepted the offer. The fourth elementary school board was not interested.

The president of the Downey grammar school board called the faculty together and stated that the board had engaged Mr. Templeton as district superintendent in connection with his principalship of the high school, to help them in their school work; and asked me to tell them something of the nature of my connection with their school.



Caroline, Catherine, Mrs. J. C. T., Amoretta, Alice

I replied that I joined them in the spirit of helpfulness as supervisor, not as critic. We would work out our problems together for the best good of the pupils.

The teachers showed courteous appreciation; but the principal of the grammar schools sat with a "poker face," and said nothing.

Soon afterward, he circulated a petition among the teachers asking the board to cancel my appointment. He said that the teachers wanted freedom to do their work their own way. I learned that some signed under pressure, and some refused. It was feared by the president of the grammar school board that unless my appointment was cancelled some of the teachers would resign; also, to continue my services against the opposition of the teachers would cause trouble and resentment. He said there would be a change of principals next year, and they would get one who would cooperate. That came to pass at the end of the year.

Gallatin and Old River schools were glad to continue my supervision for the last five years of my tenure. The Downey grammar school, under the new principal, asked for the supervision, and I joined up for the next four years as district superintendent.

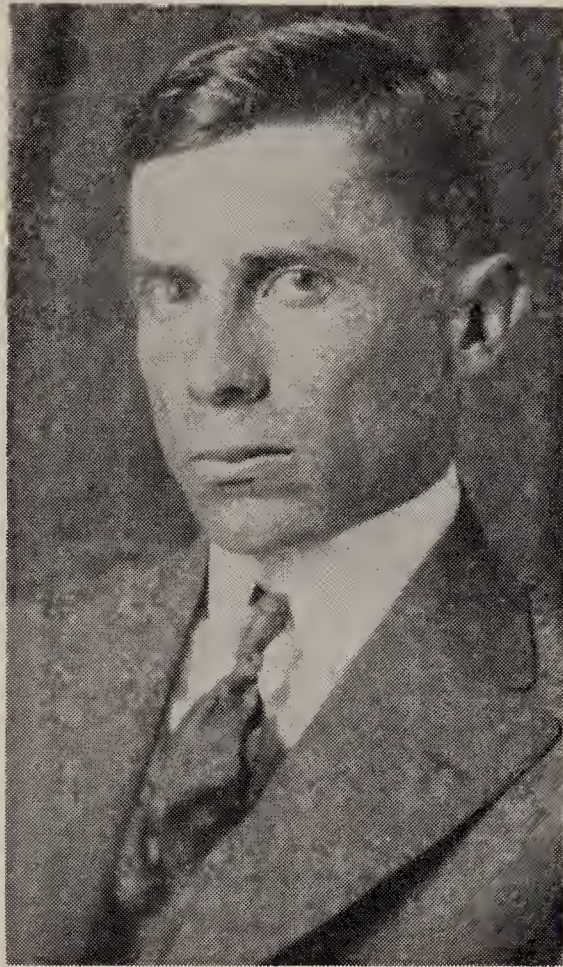
No sooner had the school gotten into good working order than the full crest of the war tide swept the land. The call was imperative for all citizens to serve in some capacity. I was enlisted as a "FOUR MINUTE SPEAKER," as chairman of a group of thirteen men of Downey and three other communities.

I was commissioned to arrange for four minute speeches once a week in connection with church services, movies, and other assemblages within my territory (whenever I could get the time allowed) and notify one of my speakers to report with a prepared speech on the topic assigned for propaganda by the government. The subject was to be assigned to the class by the head of the training school which met weekly in Los Angeles. The program consisted of announcements, reports, and two sample speeches on the topic for discussion by two appointees, each one to be checked by two critics. The speeches were never to exceed four minutes. The critics were limited to 4 minutes also.

It was the business of the chairman to see that as many of his squad as possible attended these weekly meetings. About 140 men belonged to this Los Angeles class. Some were very fine platform speakers, but it was hard to train them down to four minutes.

When the war ended the Four Minute Men received their honorable discharges, signed by President Wilson and the Secretary of War.

Four of our sons volunteered for front line service. Eugene was in Ridder, Siberia, Russia, when the U. S. declared war. He got out on the last Trans-Siberian train before the Bolsheviks took over the Ridder Mine. He had a hard time getting back home to volunteer for engineering service. Rick resigned his appointment as physical director and volunteered also for engineering in the army. Both were sent across to France. Wesley and Robert trained for aviation in Texas. All four qualified for Second Lieutenant's commission and expected to be sent overseas. Instead, Wesley was sent to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to study mathematical gunnery, and Dink was appointed an instructor in aviation. The four were serving under orders when the war ended.



Eugene Crittenden Templeton
Second Son

Gene, more exposed than the others, came through without an injury. Rick was wounded by shrapnel and suffered an appendix operation on ship en route home which almost proved fatal. Wesley had a collision with another plane in flight. Four doctors thought his injuries were fatal; but, his "buddy," Gardner, who had been awarded his commission a day or two before, got the doctors working over the "stiff" and Wesley came out all right in time. Incidentally, newspaper reports throughout the country first reported the two aviators in the other plane and Wesley, too, as killed instantly. Dink had a fall after receiving his commission, recovered and was appointed an instructor of flying in Texas.

The Downey Union High School was sorely in need of a new building. When the war was over, I urged the board to lay plans for a bond election for \$125,000. The call was made and the bonds voted in 1920, over the bitter opposition of some of the property owners. The bonds

were sold for a premium of 6%, yielding approximately \$133,000.

When all red tape preliminaries had been satisfied, the architect selected, and the plans adopted, the "inflation" had receded and building had stopped all over the State. There were only two spots where even a trace of building could be found in California. Los Angeles County was one of these. Contractors and artisans came in hordes. Wages dropped to a fraction of normal. When the board opened the contractors' bids their figures ranged from \$120,000 to \$190,000. When construction began the foreman pointed out to me eight hod carriers who held architects' diplomas from the best universities of the land. They were carrying hod at \$6 a day to keep their families in food and shelter. When the building was completed, school men from over the country came to visit us and find out the cost. Before giving them the figures I had them estimate the cost. Their estimates ran from \$200,000 to \$250,000. Some of these men were principals of high schools of similar construction and size as Downey Union High School, and had been built within the past five years. They were amazed that we got so much "Class A" construction for \$120,000.

The board then ordered the old high school building remodeled into shops, drafting rooms, showers and dressing rooms. The old building was an imposing structure from the outside. It was not economical to wreck. The wrecking would cost \$1,300 to \$1,500.

When the carpenters tore out partitions they exposed cheating in construction. One sample item was the use of 2x4s boxed up to give the appearance of 12x12 columns to support the front archway and upper floor. The joists rested on barely two inches! When I saw this death trap which the school had been exposed to for all the years occupied, I realized as never before how irresponsible a human biped can become for a few dollars. I thanked the Good Lord for the miracle He had wrought in holding this shoddy building together until remodeled and made safe.

It was a happy day when we moved out of the old building and into the new, modern, complete building. But, sad to say, a "fly showed up in the ointment."

Some of our most efficient and loyal teachers had ac-

cepted positions in larger schools that could pay better salaries. Our budget didn't match those of our competitors, and I had to chase out and find teachers to fill the vacancies. Never have I known candidates such as I was hunting so scarce. The appointment secretaries of the universities and the commercial agencies did their best to give service, but the goods were not on the market in sufficient volume for the demand.

Only part of our new comers were satisfactory. These were *good*. And they, with my stand-bys of the years before, saved the day. Some incompetents resigned before the end of the semester; others, at the end of the year. Even so, the school held its "Class A" rating. Deputy County Superintendent Upjohn spent a day with us inspecting classes, noting the organization and "atmosphere" of the school. On the basis of his report, Superintendent Keppel entered Downey Union High School as "Class A" in his records. "The scholarship and organization very satisfactory—with an unusually strong principal at the head!"

On my hunt for teachers for the seventh year, I contacted Mr. Frank Otto, principal of the Hughson Union High School. He was looking for a location in the South. He had to move on account of his daughter's health. I told him I was looking for a man for physical education and mathematics; a man such as I believed him to be. But I had no idea he would consider the salary we paid. He would take a small salary, he said, in order to get a foothold in the South. He would accept it for a year. I recommended him, and he was elected physical director and mathematics teacher.

Then other matters showed up during my attendance at the high school principals' convention at Yosemite. I had stopped over at Winton to see my ranch and my hired man. I decided then that I should either sell the ranch or locate nearer to it. Long distance farming had but one destiny: The chronic red ink.

So, at the convention, I discussed a swap of our principalships with Mr. Otto. Hughson and Winton were in twenty four miles of each other. My salary was \$3,360; his, \$3,000. But he was sure his board would raise theirs to \$3,360 to meet the Downey figure. If not, he would

split the difference, and make the two salaries even. Either of us could have remained in our respective schools if we had chosen to do so.

After a survey of the ranch, a visit with my hired man, and check-up of my books, I decided to make the swap of the Downey Union High School principalship for that of Hughson on the terms offered by Mr. Otto, provided the two boards consented. After personal visits to each board, both agreed to the proposition.



**Sarah Alice Templeton
The Only Daughter**

During the summer (1923) and before our move to Hughson, we experienced the deepest sorrow that had ever gripped our hearts. Alice, our only daughter, our pride and the idol of her seven brothers, had finished a four year course at Mills College. She had specialized in music for public schools.

While at home and looking for a position to start her career, she received a telegram from the head of the music

department of Mills, Mrs. Sweezy, saying she had recommended her to teach harmony in the six weeks institute of the Indiana Normal School at Indiana, Pennsylvania, and asked if she would accept. It was a chance to get a permanent position on the faculty.

Such a position was beyond her fondest dreams. Of course she accepted. She had a wonderful trip East. The Stanford track team, with Dink as coach, was headed East for the I.C.A.A.A.A. track meet. Alice took that same train. She began her course under the most favorable conditions.

Within a week she was attacked by an unbreakable headache. The president sent her to the hospital and ordered the best of medical service. He wrote us a full description of her condition and assurance that she would receive the best of care; assured us there was no cause for worry—the city of Indiana had the best of physicians.

Then the daily bulletins came by wire or mail. I was attending the N. E. A. at Berkeley on July first. At home, Margaret and Rick decided that Alice's condition was serious, and that she needed her mother. Rick bought her ticket and she started within a few hours. When she arrived at Pittsburg, her brother Charley Enlow and a nephew by marriage, Mr. Smith, met her and broke the crushing news that our dear daughter was gone! Alice had passed on the night before—July 5, 1923.

I had sent Alice a wire in the morning of her last day on earth. I said: "Mama will soon be with you, dear. Be of good courage. You are a good fighter and will win. God bless you, honey!" Her cousin, Margaret Smith, was with her when she got my wire. She said it helped her so much!

Rick met his mother with Alice's remains at Chicago and came home with them. Joe and I met them at the Oakland station. I can never describe the sadness of this meeting!

Funeral services were held from Stanford Memorial Church, the Presbyterian pastor officiating, and her final resting place was made in the beautiful Alta Mesa Cemetery. Gene was in Moscow; Joe, Rick, Wesley and Robert were pall bearers; Bruce and Knight sat by father and mother.

It has been more than twenty three years since that day, and her mother and father have not forgotten to bring flowers to her on their every visit to Palo Alto since that day! God forbid that they ever may forget!

Everybody was deeply sympathetic. For everybody loved Alice.

It seemed most cruel for such a tragedy to come to us. I wonder how we stood up under it! Had it not been for the undying hope of meeting and clasping her again in the Better Land, we should have fallen by the wayside, I fear.

Mr. Otto hired a truck to haul his goods to Downey and return with mine; a load each way. It arrived a week before we were ready. The truck driver had planned to visit relatives for three days before his return trip. We worked day and night to meet his date. As he loaded, he observed that we should have rented the Hotel Hughson instead of a five room bungalow. After putting on the maximum load, he pulled out without saying "good bye." We gave our landlady some of the furniture he left and shipped the rest by rail.

Chapter XXVIII

HUGHSON UNION HIGH SCHOOL—PRINCIPAL



Joseph C. Templeton
Prin. Hughson High School

I had decided to make our move to Hughson our last move. So I accepted the terms of sale and bought Mr. Thum's new house for \$3,000. That was August, 1923. We still occupy it, the only home we have ever owned since we left Santa Ana, and probably shall occupy it till we come to the "end of the trail."

At Hughson I found as many vacancies to be filled as I had at Downey. With two or three exceptions, however, I got together a strong faculty. After filling six vacancies in my faculty and checking up the records of the classes and the budget, the list of supplies and necessary repairs to the building, I took up the course of study and daily program.

My program required three years of English, two of

mathematics, one of U. S. history (third or fourth year), one of elementary economics and civics (fourth year), and two years of elementary science.

In previous years, the required studies had been cut to the minimum, as prescribed for entrance to the State university. All mathematics, all science except physics, and economics and civics were elective. One year of U. S. history was required.

I found freshmen too young and immature to profit by even an elementary course in economics or civics before their senior year. As some students had taken these courses already, considerable re-arrangement and diplomacy were required to reconcile those with credits in these subjects to repeat it. But when I explained that the school was maintained for *education* rather than for the *credits* on the cards, the board and parents accepted the change gracefully, and some of the seniors repeated these courses.

By the end of the first year my courses had been accepted, with one exception. The president of the board, one-time a college professor, advised putting geometry on the elective list. I consented, but it made little difference in the size of the class.

Morale of the students had become a serious problem. Among the boys there was a feeling that they could cut classes with impunity, especially when a game was on at Modesto High School or Junior College. So, at the noon hour, they would catch a ride, see the game, and be absent for the afternoon roll-call. This had become chronic.

The county superintendent advised resorting to drastic penalties to break it up. "Use the strap if necessary," he said.

That would have been futile. I had stated emphatically that no pupil would be allowed to leave school without permission of a teacher or the principal. Some of the boys accepted this with an "Oh-yeah?" attitude.

So, the next time two of the big boys felt the urge to spend the afternoon in Modesto, they cut. Next morning their class teacher sent them to the office to explain their absence. Their excuse was not acceptable. I excused them

from school for the day, but ordered them to report to the faculty in the office after school.

They spent most of the day back of the shower rooms, debating whether or not they would run away and not disgrace their families by the day's suspension. One of the faculty, Miss Frances Milnes (now principal of a large high school in Sacramento), discovered their hide-out, went to them and prevailed upon them to stay and face the faculty.

It was a test case. The faculty, as a jury, listened to their alibis; then, I excused them from the room to await the jury's decision. One member of the faculty moved that they be suspended for a week, giving them time to compare the value of school to the attractions of a free life. The vote was unanimous.

I called the boys in and gave them the verdict. I told them to get assignments for the week from their teachers, to take their books home and study, then they could take examinations over the week's work. If they passed and were willing to abide by the rules, they would be reinstated in their classes. Meanwhile they would have a week to estimate the opportunity of getting a high school education.

One of the parents looked upon the discipline as a family disgrace, and interviewed me. In tears, she begged me to rescind the punishment at once. When I refused, she called on the board to reinstate the boys and remove the disgrace! When I told the board that such an act would demoralize the school and be the worst thing that could happen to the boys, they refused.

The boys got the week's assignments, stayed home, and studied for their examinations. They passed and were reinstated; thenceforth, their appreciation of school privileges became a real asset. The affair did much also to improve the morale of the school. For the next five years school cutting was negligible.

(One of the boys stuck to his school, lived down the "*disgrace of being caught*," graduated with a fine record, went on through the university, and became an "M.D." His

“buddy” got a job in a service station, quit school, and faded out of sight as a student.)

The district had put over a bond issue a year before I arrived and built a high school; but plans did not include a much needed community hall. The problem now was to find a way to provide the necessary funds. Another bond issue would probably fail. So the board decided to include the maximum legal tax in the annual budget for the building fund. It took four years to accumulate a fund adequate to erect an auditorium with a seating capacity of five hundred; but, when the board brought it to pass over frantic opposition, and paid for it, the opposition disappeared when the building was finished. Now people wonder how they ever got along in Hughson without it.

In May, 1928, the State Convention of high school principals met in Long Beach. During the week of my absence in attendance, two members of the board called a special meeting. Neither of these members had ever had a child in school. One was childless, the other had been defeated for re-election and would retire in a fortnight. The new member had not taken his seat and didn't attend this *special* meeting. There were four present, two had had children in school during all the five years of my tenure. They were not in favor of changing principals. But the clerk reported that I was intending to retire at the end of the year anyhow and I might as well hand in my resignation now. Then the one whose two children had been pupils during my five year tenure, said that if such was the case I might just as well hand in my resignation ahead of time. The fourth member voted against the change. When I returned from the convention, he said that they had appointed him to report to me on the board's action; adding that he didn't favor it, and that I could do as I pleased about resigning.

I was curious to see why this member who had been my staunchest friend and strong supporter of the school should have voted for my resignation. I called on him. He said he was not in favor of a change; but, as long as I was leaving at the end of the year anyway, as the clerk had said I would, he voted with the others. Then he added:

“Since I was misinformed, I will call for a reconsideration of the action.”

“No,” I said, “I shall resign. I can’t continue to serve under a board that will take advantage of my absence while attending a professional convention as the school’s legal representative, or a board capable of putting over such a deal. No, don’t bother! I had expected to stay another year, but no longer.”

The day before the regular meeting the clerk came to my home. He said that the member whom the board had appointed to see me had not reported. He had come himself, to ask for my resignation according to the board’s action.

“Then,” he continued, “putting in your resignation now, nobody will know but what you resigned voluntarily.”

I assured him that he would get my resignation, but I would like to know why the board took this action. He replied that the board thought it a good idea every so often to keep the school from getting in “ruts.” It was the first time I had ever had the *fear* of “ruts” creeping into my schools. No “ruts” could be shown yet—after five years in charge. Was it a precautionary action only? Or to be the future policy of the board?

As to the public not finding out that my resignation was requested, I soon discovered that this member, the clerk, had been in correspondence with several teachers’ employment agencies for some time before this date, and already applications were in his hands. Several agencies wrote me of vacancies to occur in the principalships of larger and better known high schools in the State and asked for permission to nominate me for the vacancies. This would mean another move and separation from my ranch. I had earned my teachers’ retirement salary from the State for life, and while my health was good, I decided to “call it a day” and turn in my report to the teachers’ retirement board for my *retirement salary* (not *pension*).

The student body surprised me with a token of appreciation: A large upholstered chair—a fitting piece of furniture for retirement. But, while I thanked the students

sincerely for the gift, I had no thought of occupying it during working hours of the days ahead. I would give my first free time to the ranch until it was a dividend paying investment. Meanwhile, I would look for some congenial opening that would give me outdoor activity and a modest income.

So, at commencement, I passed out as a pedagogue; but, not as the conventional, retired, arm-chair loafer!



**Our Golden Wedding Anniversary Party
Templeton and Judge West Families**

During the last week of school, Mr. and Mrs. (Jum) Morris had invited Margaret and me to dine with them at their home in Modesto. It was arranged that I was to pick up Jum at Hotel Hughson on the way over. There, I found both Mr. and Mrs. Morris waiting for us in the lobby. It was explained that because of such a busy week, they had decided to take dinner at the hotel in a private room. I took Jum's arm, and Mrs. Morris and Margaret followed, as we proceeded to the banquet room.

When we entered, thirty or more teachers rose up and broke out with "Auld Lang Syne!" I was literally swept off my feet. I stopped and leaned against the piano for support. It was the greatest surprise of my life!

I later learned that when "Jum" Morris heard that I had resigned, he appointed a committee to notify a

hundred teachers who had worked with me in Montana, Nevada, and California during the past quarter century, that I would retire at the end of the year, that a real surprise party was being planned and they were invited guests.

With "Jum" acting as toastmaster, different guests rose and spoke for two minutes each. Letters and telegrams from absentees were read. Jum closed the toasts with a touching tribute to his old chief who had started him on the pedagogue line. Then he presented me with a beautiful Waltham watch and, Margaret with a complete set of table linens! The guests called for "a speech." I don't know what I said, but from the "hand" I felt I had scored one of my best "four minute speeches." Up to that time I had no idea that I had ever been "so much punkins!" It surely was a high grade banquet—the unforgettable close of my life as a school master! I was deeply grateful.

Chapter XXIX
RANCHING AND INSURANCE

My days as a pedagogue having come to an end, for the rest of the year I spent half my time at the ranch; pruning, digging out Johnson grass from the ditch banks, planting walnut and almond trees around the Thompson vineyard, and raising a seven acre crop of black-eye beans.

Several insurance companies had offered me their best commissions to represent them as a field man. I consulted our boys about enlisting as an underwriter. They were not enthusiastic about it.

Rick said: "Pop, you don't need to do that. Your boys will see you through. But if you would like to try it, go to it. But don't expect any big business. You don't speak the insurance man's language. You have been a school man too long."

I wondered, myself, if I could rub out the pedagogical wrinkles that for fifty years had settled in the convolutions of my brain, but I decided to try. So I signed an agency agreement with the State Farm Mutual Auto Insurance Company.

For the first fortnight I worked full time with no tangible results. The next couple weeks I turned in eleven applications and was awarded the second prize: A \$5 gold piece. The third month I turned in twenty eight applications and got another prize: a \$24 wallet.

Then my friend, a solicitor for the Reliance Life Insurance Company, brought the coast manager around to offer me a contract to solicit; explaining that the two types of insurance would supplement each other. I signed both contracts.

In May, 1937, I had a serious automobile accident which "put me on the shelf" for four months. When I got able to walk alone, I found that "the old grey mare ain't what she used to be!"

But with the help of one of the best friends I ever had, Mr. B. O. Wheeler, one of the cleanest sportsmen I ever

knew, a true Christian gentleman, I hung on, shifted my insurance connections to fire and accident insurance companies, and am still underwriting the good people who need the service and have confidence in the agent's ability to deliver the goods. They come to me for insurance!

I still look after my twenty two acre vineyard of three varieties of table grapes: Thompson seedless, red Malagas, and Ribieras—bordered by walnut and almond trees.

Now, in August, 1948, with "Mom" and me about to celebrate our sixty-second wedding anniversary; I bring these rambling "Chronicles of a Pedagogue" to a close.

In retrospect, we see the years, their trials and tribulations, sorrows and joys. While never gathering much of "worldly goods," we are rich in the accumulation of real friends—scattered throughout the land. We are happy in having contributed to giving so many youngsters in the schools, the churches, and our own home, the right slant on becoming useful, decent, and respectable citizens. We are proud of our children, our grandchildren, and our great grandchildren. We have had a full, rich, interesting life. Our pay?: The satisfaction and contentment of having done our part. Such is *real living*!

—— THE END ——

GENEALOGY OF THE J. C. TEMPLETON FAMILY

NOTE: A part of the following data was taken from the Family Bible of John Templeton, of Iredel County, North Carolina, by my eldest sister, Alice. Other facts about the origin of the Family beginning in Scotland, I obtained from J. W. Templeton, of Chicago, Ill., at Helena, Montana. He had returned from a trip to Scotland a short time before, spending several weeks tracing through the records, army and civil, and personal interviews regarding the Templeton Clan. His trip to Helena was in the interest of scientific apparatus for schools. I was then a member of the faculty of the Montana Wesleyan University. He spent several hours with me detailing the highlights of his research.

Ten years ago, Margaret and I made a ten weeks auto trip to Washington, through Virginia, and out through Iredel County, North Carolina, father's native state. We spent several days in Statesville, looking through the county records, and visiting the two Templeton settlements, one 20 miles south of the county seat and the other the same distance north. We contacted some interesting old timers, one had been born and raised in Iredel county, and had never been out of the county but once, a trip into Virginia. Then in his eighties he never planned to cross the county line again. In the community he was the Merlin (story teller). For the history of his large family the neighbors referred me to this man, Bryant Templeton, as an authority.

From boyhood, up to the present, I have been alert to the lives of my people, and have gathered first hand facts and many legends not to be found in print. One interesting legend down through the Crittenden Family from a century ago, or more, in Ireland, is that one of our great, great, great grandfathers, Crittenden (spelled "Cruttenden" then) lived to be one hundred and eleven years old, and his wife lived to the age of one hundred and seven.

Another story that has come down through the Crittenden line since the Revolution relates the exploit of a Crittenden soldier in General Green's army when Tarleton and his Red Coats invaded the South. Crittenden was detailed to spy out the British position at the Cowpens.

The night was dark, the country was brushy and filled with wild razorback hogs. In crawling through the brush in the dark, Crittenden contacted a British picket: "Get out of my way, you damn hog," and kicked at him. Crittenden took to the brush on his all-fours, grunting like a scared hog. Crit was an expert mimic; the picket thought he was kicking a hog. A few days later the Battle of the Cowpens was fought, and the British were driven out of the South.

The Crittenden family attributed much of the victory of the battle of the Cowpens to the spy exploit and his report to General Green.

THE FIRST GENERATION

John Templeton, born Jan. 18, 1778. Died Sept. 17, 1850. Married Anne Claywell, born 1777, died Aug. 27, 1853. Both died in Buchanan County, Mo.

SECOND GENERATION

Lewis Taylor, born June 22nd, 1805.

Jemima, born March 4, 1807.

Solomon, born Sept. 2nd, 1809.

Wiley J., born Dec. 9, 1811, died unmarried, aged 22.

Peter Claywell, born May 20, 1814.

Mary Amanda, born May 20, 1816.

Sarah C., born April 1st, 1818.

*John Wesley, born Jan. 9th, 1820, married Martha Davis, of Butler County, Ky., in 1829. She died a year later.

He remarried on May 13, 1852, to Mary Frances Crittenden, of Wilson County, Tenn., born Jan. 28, 1828. Died March 6th, 1892 at Montana Wesleyan University, Helena, Montana. Buried in beautiful Helena Cemetery, beside our first born, Enlow. John Wesley died near Auburn, Ky., June 20, 1889. Buried in Auburn Cemetery.

THIRD GENERATION

Alice born at the home of the mother's parents, March 6, 1853. Died April 1st, 1939. Buried in Nichols, Iowa, cemetery. Married John W. Black of Nichols, Iowa, at the McKenney home, Maquon, Ill., Jan. 17, 1883.

One son, Elmer Black.

Blanche, born at Silver Springs, Tenn., Nov. 2, 1854. Married Morton Hayden Rogers—Nov. 27, 1873. Died April 26, 1905. Buried beside her Father in Auburn Cemetery, Ky.

FOURTH GENERATION

Taylor T. Rogers—Born Nov. 6. 1874, died Feb. 22, 1925. Married Edna Price. Children — one, Marshall Rogers.

Mary Leona Rogers—Born March 8, 1881, married Dec. 2d, 1898 to Clarence Johnson. He was born Sept. 9, 1875.

FIFTH GENERATION

Albert Johnson—born, Sept. 5, 1900, married Lilian Smithwick, Waterbury, Conn.

Thomas Floyd Johnson—born, Feb. 1st, 1905, married Cathleen Bumpus, died Oct. 2, 1941.

Robert Thurston Johnson—born, Aug. 31, 1906, married Helen Pendergast, of Troy, N. Y. Two children were born. Address: Hartford, Conn.

Ruth Rosalind Johnson—born, Sept. 9, 1908, married Wm. Browning Jenks, Providence, R. I. Address: Manchester, Conn.

Clarence Ernest Johnson—born, Sept. 18, 1911, married Dorothy Colton, Allentown, Penn. Two children. Windale, N. Y.

Ruby Leona Johnson—born, Aug. 28, 1919, married James Edward Matherly, Russellville, Kentucky. One child. Present address: Auburn, Kentucky.

FOURTH GENERATION

Alice Belle Rogers—born, Dec. 31, 1883, married Ross Woodward, 1914. No children. Address: Russellville, Ky.

FOURTH GENERATION

Elma Louise Rogers—born, Dec. 9, 1885, married Grider Perkins, Feb. 18, 1905.

FIFTH GENERATION

Blanche, born Feb. 18, 1906. Married Gordloe Love. Thomas C. Perkins, born Sept. 6, 1908, married

Dorothy Dalton. Five children.

Edwin B. Perkins, born Sept. 1915. Married Dorothy Wilson. One son.

FOURTH GENERATION

Willie J. Rogers, born Feb. 18, 1887. Died March 5, 1887.

Nellie Blanche Rogers, born March 16, 1889, married James Simmons in 1911. Died June 19, 1921. Two children.

Enlow Dan Rogers, born Nov. 8, 1891, married Margaret Young, 1912. Nine children. Address: Corrinth, Ky.

Morton Hugh Rogers, Hattie Gertrude Rogers, twins, born Oct. 4, 1894. Hugh married Ethel Edwards.

THIRD GENERATION

Joseph Crittenden Templeton, born near Alanthus Grove, Gentry County, Missouri, May 6, 1858. Married Margaret Duncan Enlow (born Jan. 8, 1865 at Bridgeport, Ohio) at the home of her sister, Sarah E. Frasier, Bridgeport, Aug. 17, 1886. Present home, Hughson, California.

FOURTH GENERATION

Enlow Du Bois, born July 24, 1887, Glasgow, Kentucky. Died Jan. 10, 1889, Miles City, Montana. Buried in Helena Cemetery, Helena, Montana.

Eugene Crittenden, born March 2, 1889, Miles City, Montana. Died in Airplane crash, Wharton, Texas, Nov. 21, 1932. Age 43. Remains in niche in mausoleum at Forest Lawn, Glendale, California. Married Caroline Elizabeth Thompson of Cleveland, Ohio, at Peking, China, Jan. 21, 1922. She was born at Bellaire, O., Jan. 26, 1887.

FIFTH GENERATION

Charles Thompson, born Jan. 20, 1923, Peking, China. Died April 1st, 1925, New York City. Buried in Cleveland, Ohio.

John Crittenden, born April 20, 1926, Cleveland, Ohio. Served in Navy during war. Now living with mother in Pasadena and attending U. S. C.

FOURTH GENERATION

Joseph Tower, born March 13, 1891, Helena, Montana. Married Amorette Kaeppler, born Oct. 21, 1891 at Verdun, N. Dak. They were married in Portland, Oregon, June 20, 1914.

FIFTH GENERATION

Kaeppler Enlow, born March 11, 1916, San Francisco, California. Married Elaine Gerren of Cleveland, Ohio at Chicago, Ill., March, 1938. Second marriage August 2, 1947, in Boston, to Ruth Higgins of Boston, born Jan. 21, 1925.

SIXTH GENERATION

Barbara Carroll, born Dec. 25, 1938, Chicago, Illinois. Now living at Jackson, Michigan.

FOURTH GENERATION

Ruric Ruskin, born July 4, 1893, Helena, Montana. Married Marye P. Phillips at Denver, Colorado, Sept. 15, 1919. Now at Westwood Village, California.

FIFTH GENERATION

Leone Margaret, born July 10, 1920, San Francisco, California. Married Robt. S. Farnsworth. Now in Los Angeles.

Marye Ellen, born Jan. 19, 1925, Los Angeles, California. Died 1947, Los Angeles, California.

SIXTH GENERATION

Bruce, born Feb. 25, 1947, at Los Angeles.

Perry Eugene, born March 10, 1948.

FOURTH GENERATION

John Wesley, Born Sept. 28, 1894, Helena Montana. Married Lorraine Roberts (born at Green Valley, Sonoma County, Cal., Aug. 4, 1899) of Santa Ana, Cal., Jan. 7, 1922. Now at La Habra Heights, California.

FIFTH GENERATION

Barbara Jane, born Jan. 21, 1923. Married Richard Jefferson Vogelsang (born Feb. 21, 1920) of San Marino, Cal., Dec. 23, 1934, at Laguna Beach. Died of heart attack, Sept. 6, 1947 at Santa Rosa, Calif.

SIXTH GENERATION

Ann Jefferson, born Aug. 20, 1945, at Pasadena, California. Living with mother at La Habra Heights, Calif.

FOURTH GENERATION

Robert Lyman, born May 27, 1897, Helena, Montana. Married Catherine Williams (born July 31, 1896, Washington, D. C.) of Beverly Hills, California, June 19, 1922. Now living at Palo Alto, California.

FIFTH GENERATION

Jean Easton, born April 2, 1923, Palo Alto, California. Married Robert Emmett Somers Oct. 10, 1945 at Palo Alto, Calif. Home at Palo Alto, Calif.

Robin Enlow, born Nov. 10, 1927, Palo Alto, California. Now in Palo Alto.

FOURTH GENERATION

Bruce King, born Feb. 14, 1899, Palo Alto, California. Married at Houston, Texas, Sept. 10, 1927 to Winifred Bingham. She was born Dec. 18, 1903, at Belle Plaine, Kansas. Now at Montebello Park, Los Angeles, California.

FIFTH GENERATION

Winifred Alice, born July 19, 1928, Houston, Texas.

Richard King, born Dec. 2, 1930, Whittier, California.

Theodore Joseph, born May 2, 1934, Whittier, California.

FOURTH GENERATION

Knight Claywell, born Feb. 3, 1901, Santa Ana, California. Married Lynda Harvey (born Aug. 23, 1902 at Rivera, Cal.) at Rivera, California, June 22, 1927. Now living at Whittier, California.

FIFTH GENERATION

Robert Enlow, born Oct. 22, 1929, Whittier, California. Drowned near Long Beach, Cal., July 31, 1932.

Marilyn Ann, born January 14, 1932, Whittier, California.

William Harvey, born April 27, 1935, Whittier, California.

Eugene Charles, born Oct. 7, 1939, Whittier, California.

FOURTH GENERATION

Sarah Alice, born Feb. 3, 1901, Santa Ana, California. (A twin with Knight.) Died July 5, 1923, Indiana, Pennsylvania. Remains in Alta Mesa Cemetery, Palo Alto, California.

THIRD GENERATION

Mollie Browder, born Sept. 12, 1862, at Alanthus Grove, Missouri. Married Porter Johnson Dec. 24, 1885 at her home near Greenville, Ky. Died Jan. 14, 1943. Age 80.

FOURTH GENERATION

Wilbur Browder Johnson, born Oct. 19, 1886, married Gertrude Robertson, born March 4, 1886. She died May 30, 1930.

Lucian Templeton Johnson, born Aug. 26, 1889. Died June 18, 1912.

Bertha Irene Johnson, born Sept. 14, 1893, married Wm. Marion White, born Nov. 20, 1894.

FIFTH GENERATION

Marion Burr White, born Jan. 22, 1918.

Porter Eugene White, born Jan. 22, 1921. Died on a battlefield March 25, 1945.

SIXTH GENERATION

Paula Jean, born Jan. 8, 1941. Sandra Faye White, June 23, 1943.

Jewell Truman White, born March 27, 1934.

FOURTH GENERATION

Joe Jewell Johnson, born June 16, 1897, married Daisy Wallace, born Oct. 29, 1897.

FIFTH GENERATION

Mary Elizabeth Johnson, born July 18, 1922.

Helen Louise Johnson, born Aug. 30th, 1924.

